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CORRESPONDENCE.

[From the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.]

Paris, Sept. 16, 1844.

At the moment I write, the cannon of the *Hotel des Invalides* are celebrating the telegraphic news of yesterday, which appeared officially in the evening journals, viz., that *Peace was concluded, on the 10th inst. with Morocco*. I enclose the bulletin from the Prince de Joinville. Emotion pervaded the whole capital last night. The interest of the matter consisted chiefly in the suppression of an inflammatory topic between Great Britain and France. In this point of view—as the confirmation of amity between the two countries—the event disappoints and otherwise annoys the war-party, and must be quite distasteful to *Young Ireland*; I mean the more impetuous and exasperated portion of the repealers, who have not been duly impressed with this passage, the finest of the O'Connell speeches:—

"Oh, my Protestant fellow-countrymen, listen to this—they knew that I was the first apostle of that

political sect that proclaims the possibility of effecting all great changes by moral means alone, and that there is no human revolution worth the shedding of a single drop of blood to obtain. No, human blood is not a cement to the public state, it possesses rather a crumbling than a binding property, and it brings down to the ground any public edifice in the erection of which it has been expended. We proceeded without crime; we shuddered at the shedding of a single drop of human blood."

The treaty with Morocco effaces and precludes a multitude of sinister speculations and mischievous alarms on the two sides of the channel. It must delight the Soult-Guizot cabinet and comfort the dynasty; the public would not have been appeasable without some operations against the Moors; and if those operations had proved unsuccessful, it might have become impossible for the king to retain the cabinet. We are told in the bulletin that the French conditions were accepted; but the conditions are not specified; the official evening organs gave no detail or explanation; the *Moniteur* and the semi-official papers of this day are not more communicative. The *Journal des Debats* expatiates on the wisdom and success of the belligerent measures, and describes the peace as

"made with honor." But the opposition editors observe: "The main object of the war was the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, or the confinement of the redoubtable Emir in the interior of the empire; the news may be good and great, yet nothing is reported of him. What would a mere Moorish promise in relation to him signify? You have evacuated Mogadore, and we may therefore presume that absolute guaranties have been obtained; otherwise, the evacuation could not be too severely blamed; the peace would be a delusion—a mere armistice for the Moors, by which they gain time for preparation as vindictive foes. Do we owe Muley's compliance to British mediation? Are we sunk to the level of Spain, whose disputes abroad England settles at will? Has this arrogant power imposed the peace on her humble servant M. Guizot? Until we see the terms, we may doubt the glory and security of the conclusion." You have here my abstract of the opposition perplexities and cavils this morning. The *Debats* of the 14th instant employed a strain which affords color for their doubt and hesitation:—

"We require from the Emperor of Morocco that he should remove from our frontiers and from his empire an enemy at least as dangerous for him as for us. It is possible that he may not be able to comply with this demand; it is possible that Abd-el-Kader may have become too powerful—may have gained too great an influence over the Mussulman population of Morocco, to allow the emperor to get rid of his presence. It is a misfortune; but if the Emperor of Morocco is not master in his own states, we are not obliged to bear the penalty of his weakness; if he cannot carry into execution the police regulations of his own kingdom, we shall evidently be obliged to do it for him. France has no other aim than to assure the security of her possessions of Algeria; but it is a necessity which she cannot withdraw from, and of which she will accept all the consequences. Meanwhile, France ought to do all she can to establish sound right on her side, because right cannot but add to her strength."

Inasmuch as an intermission of hostilities on the coast and in the interior of the Morocco empire was indispensable until the next spring, the French seem to me to act judiciously in concluding a peace on the faith of adequate engagements by the emperor; if he should not fulfil them, the war may be renewed on him, with the semblance at least of double right, and an argument against all British interference or any limitation of enterprise and object. The evacuation of the island of Mogadore (now *Joinville*) is the only real concession, if not a temporary convenience. Muley Abd-er-Rhaman would deserve the execration of all his race and religion were he to deliver up the noble and indomitable champion of their common cause.

The *Bombay Times* of 19th July relates a serious affray between the mob at Canton, on the 17th May, and the Americans. The latter repulsed the assailants from their factory; the *Times* adds:—

"A Chinaman, who turned out to be an innocent and unconcerned shopkeeper, was shot. At 10 P. M., the Chinese soldiers made their appearance and cleared the square. The populace continued in a great state of excitement, and Canton was placarded with threatening notices that the factories would be attacked and burned."

This was from private letters of the 19th, received at Bombay. We may suppose that nothing grave ensued, as the intelligence from Macao extends to the 28th May. The *Commercial Retrospect* takes some views worth noting:

"The increased consumption of goods in China must be met by a corresponding export; hitherto, with the exception of tea and silk, China has been unable to furnish other articles to any amount, suitable to the English market; and so far as is now

known, it is with these commodities that the enormous importations from England and India must be paid. The opium trade is draining the bullion out of the country, and the American bills on London, which have long afforded a safe remittance, are decreasing—the Americans, finding that their own manufactured cottons yield a handsome profit, will send goods to procure their tea charges. That China will, in the course of time, be an outlet for a very large quantity of the staples of British manufacture, is undoubted. But the question now is, how is she to pay for them? With the enormous drain upon her in the shape of compensation money, and the heavy annual burthen of some twenty millions of dollars for opium, all paid in specie—unless there are mines in the interior of which Europeans are in ignorance—a few years will drain the greater part of the silver out of the country, and raise what remains to a factitious value."

The *London Sun* lays awful stress on "the coincident appearance in the Yellow (Chinese) Seas of an American man-of-war with the considerable French force." We might have expected better sense and feeling from the *London Spectator* than the following paragraph of the 14th: "China is threatened with more intrusive negotiations, American and French. Like boys who have seen one of their number rob an orchard, the American and French must noisily step in, too, and even at the risk of spoiling the sport for all." Our opposition press is compensated, in a degree, for the loss of the Morocco question as a *casus belli* with Great Britain, by the annexed disclosure of the *London Morning Herald*, of which the last sentence is not a little curious:

"ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—We are assured that a treaty, the origin of which may be referred to 1840, is on the eve of being concluded, by which England will obtain possession of the port of Suez, free passage from Alexandria to that port, and other advantages of importance in Egypt and Syria. This treaty, to which France is said to be no party, is guarantied by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. We know not by what intrigue the king of the French has been prevented from participating in it, but have reason to believe that England has had nothing to do with her exclusion."

As the *Herald* is believed to receive "inspirations" from both the London and Paris cabinets, our alarm belwethers ring all the changes about the honor and interests of France, and accept the information implicitly and literally. They are a little relieved, indeed, for the untoward effect of the Morocco and Tahiti adjustments, in rendering the management of the Irish question less difficult for the British government, by the intelligence that disaffection prevails in *Australia*! On the 6th of next month Louis Philippe will enter the seventy-second year of his age, and on the 7th or 9th embark on his visit to Queen Victoria, for a week's absence from his kingdom. The *London sheets* received this day, of the 14th, teem with details of Queen Victoria's glorious landing at Dundee, and her progress from castle to castle. The Repeal banquet, in celebration of the deliverance, at Dublin, fixed for the 19th instant, excites expectation of abundant and pregnant oratory.

The weather in the middle and south of France has continued auspicious for the Vintage: the best quality of wine is anticipated at Bordeaux. It is supposed, owing to the removal of all specks or clouds of war, that the next winter of Paris will be more crowded, brilliant, and prosperous than any antecedent. The Polytechnic school, when reorganized, is likely to be translated to the neighborhood of Saint Germaine—five leagues from the capital. Assassinations, poisonings by arsenic, suicides, criminal trials, and cases of hydrophobia, almost surfeit the public appetite, usually strong at this season.

From the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review.

AMERICAN WORKS OF FICTION.

1. *The French Governess; or the Embroidered Handkerchief.* A Romance. By FENIMORE COOPER. 1 vol. London: Bentley. 1843.
2. *The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England.* By the Author of "The Clock Maker." 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1843.
3. *A New Purchase; or Seven Years and a Half in the Far West.* By ROBERT CARLTON, Esq. 2 vols. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1843.
4. *Twice Told Tales.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 1 vol. Boston: American Stationers' Company. 1843.

We should fear that the dotage of the world was past doubt, were it to be proved that Fiction, or a desire thereof, was really becoming extinct. With us, partial pauses from invention cannot be mistaken for total cessation or complete exhaustion. Our stock of wares is not yet used up, nor is the last slide of Fancy's magic lantern exhibited. Let us not then complain. Were it so, men could not but say that we have had the crown!

It is true that we have put forth no Don Quixote, no Gil Blas, no Werter to penetrate and leaven society from one end of Europe to the other. No single prose imaginative work, in short, wherein are contained philosophies so original and startling, as those which give life to those remarkable productions. Till of late we were a people too temperate, and, with all our Swifts and Churchills—too little sarcastic,—to entrust to the utterance of Fancy our persuasion or our scorn,—in short, our deepest opinions and feelings. Defoe's homely sincerity of narration was but a dramatic form of utterance. Richardson's minute moral analyses, however earnestly meant, were too local in color, and too delicate in scale, to influence mankind, as strongly as the chivalric, or roguish, or passionate romance just cited. Nor was Fielding's "Tom Jones," with all its wondrous humor, and artistic completeness, a *manifesto* of such wide scope, and serious purpose, as the above. But on the other hand, what a display of invention, character, and descriptive power, have we indicated, by those three names, even before we mention Goldsmith and Smollett, and Horace Walpole—all inventors in their way,—not forgetting the smooth Eastern tale by Johnson, which, of its academical kind, is hardly less remarkable! Were we to stop short with the Boanerges of Lichfield, we might challenge Europe to produce a series of works, from any one country, representing Imaginative Power, in such fulness and variety!

But with the days of Johnson, the summer of our novel writers, but set in. To recapitulate those who labored in the field is puzzling, so great is their number. In the foremost rank will be found many women: Fanny Burney, with a terrible humility, cloaking a secret avidity for praise, behind whose shyness lurked as quick a consciousness of the ridiculous, as ever made life

and society amusing to its possessor: Harriet and Sophia Lee, who perfected the romance of passion and intrigue, with a mastery over construction and suspense, to which few, if any, of their successors have attained: the Porters, whose historical pictures, though drawn with the flattering mannerism of Westall's pencil, colored with the flower-garden tints of a fan-painter, are nevertheless noticeable, as among the first essays of the kind ventured: Anne Radcliffe, that consummate mistress of the pleasures of Fear, whose artistical power has been only denied its due praise, by those unable to distinguish poetical superstition from ignorant credulity.

Then we are not to forget Maria Edgeworth, the liveliest, shrewdest, most sensible teacher in fiction that ever kept school for Absentees,* Procrastinators, *Ennuyés*, and men afflicted with inability to say "no"—who became positively fascinating, however, as often as she could forget the ferule and the catechism and the sampler, to paint such Irishmen as the Rackrents, or such Englishwomen as Lady Delacour. Nor yet Lady Morgan, who turned her philosophy and politics into prose Irish melodies—half, reckless farce, half, deep pathos—whether right or wrong: among the most brilliant writers of her time, and maintaining half-a-dozen stories, which built up a reputation on one single improbable invention, by the force and vivacity of style, breadth of humor, and fearlessness of speculation. Still less must we omit to honor the greatest of all female novelists, Miss Austen; great in her absence of affectation, in her wonderful knowledge of the secrets of the heart, in her power of investing common-place with interest, and of constructing works which should have the completeness demanded by art, and the unexpected turns which surprise and disappoint in daily life. These and many others little less excellent, will be found in the *interregnum* between the classical and the romantic dynasties of our literature, opening new veils of thought and observation, and enlarging the sphere of intellectual enjoyment, with an ingenuity none the less welcome because all its productions are stamped with the individuality of sex. We have nothing of contemporary masculine invention to produce equally sterling, except the "St. Leon," and "Caleb Williams," of Mr. Godwin—stern and eloquent and wonderful books, in which the vigor of invention they contain is overlaid by the vigor of doubt they so seriously and passionately develop; the incidental thoughts, by their boldness, and the language, by its fervid solemnity, too largely withdrawing attention from the characters and events of the tale. The "Zeluco" and "Edward" of Dr. Moore, which may perhaps be cited as in their day yet more famous, are now deservedly forgotten. They had the hardness of Voltaire's philosophical romances, without the "brilliant

* See her "Absentee," "To-morrow," "Helen," "Vivian."

Frenchman's" wit, or charm of style, or keen, though cynical sincerity.

Need we dwell for even a paragraph upon the next manifestation made in English fiction? which carried the name of the discoverer "from China to Peru," and made the dingles and brooks, and cottages, and nameless ruins of an obscure corner of Great Britain, so many Meccas and Medinas to romantic pilgrims from all ends of the earth? If we do not take the name and triumphs of Walter Scott for granted, and therefore, pass them by, it is because we would point to the vast amount of secondary talent which clustered round him as a centre—to the Scottish novels of Galt, in which the citizen life of the people is so quaintly pictured; and one of whose creatures, Micah Balwhidder, almost deserves for his "Annals of the Parish," to be styled the Dr. Primrose of the North Country—to the animated and powerful tales of Mr. Lockhart, who too early seceded from among the novelists, to become a terror to all such as did not write under tory colors—to the mechanically clever imitations of Mr. Horace Smith and Mr. Ainsworth, (before Mr. Ainsworth began to deal in thieves' Latin,) and to the host of Irish fictions—for Banim, and Carleton, and Griffin, assuredly "walked by the rede" of the Great Unknown, rather than followed the feminine ensigns of the lesson-giving Miss Edgeworth, or the romantically political Lady Morgan. Were we to allow ourselves a glance at the continental influence of the magician at Abbotsford, this prelude would never close; enough that its span and its electrical power were unconsciously prefigured by the poet himself, when writing of his ancestor, Michael Scott the Wizard—

"And when in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

Taking Scott and his school as the last expression of the romantic or picturesque, which the world has seen, we must advert for an instant to the realists of fiction;—to those, we mean, who have taken as the basis of their works, the manners and customs of polished society, in place of the traditions of a by-gone time, or such habits and speech as by their homely and unlettered originality acquire a certain poetical and imaginative charm. It is now some twenty-five years since a host of clever (we must add) unscrupulous writers, perceived that the world was not so monopolized by tales of chivalry, but that it was willing to hear how lords and ladies made love, and aldermen comported themselves—not so exclusively charmed by the "Dorie" of Jeanie Deans, or the Glaswegian of Leddy Grippy, or the thousand and one brogues of Crohoore of the Bill-hook and his following, but that the court jargon of Almack's could also charm, and the manifold dialects of Mark-lane and Threadneedle-street amuse. Unfortunately, at that time, the movements of the

higher classes were rendered disproportionately objects of curiosity by their social position. A court hermetically sealed from the vulgar eye, had succeeded to a regency, whose doings were in every one's mouth, and the exclusivism, by which a few unoccupied personages of fashion endeavored to compensate for the absence of the splendors among which they loved to figure, shone out in piquant contrast to the unrestrained and somewhat dishevelled freedom of manners, which the million had been in the habit of contemplating, till familiarity, according to the proverb, had bred contempt. Thus, though a Theodore Hook might begin in the sheer playfulness of a wit, too little guided, alas! by principle, to hang up fancy interiors of Park-lane and Russell-square drawing-rooms—the irritated curiosity of the reader was too ready to fancy that his characters, and sketches, and allusions, "meant mischief;" and to demand, supply inevitably ensued. The novelist became the scandal-monger—was encouraged to draw less and less upon his powers of combination, and more and more upon his personal experience. A Mrs. Gore, while throwing off her half-dozen of novels a-year, would probably, in spite of all her cleverness, have been found too frequent a claimant on popular attention; but once let it be fancied, that this peer's wife, or the other minister's daughter—that a given man about town, or an eminent woman of the world,—was "put into her book," and who so welcome as Mrs. Gore! It was the next best thing, with a large class of readers, to living with peers and ministers, and fashionable personages. The charm of these revelations is now exhausted; circulating libraries are no longer besieged for "keys" and glossaries—English readers have learned that the loudest talk, the most courageous professions of intimacy, belong to hearsay acquaintance; they are weary of the inanities of those who have attempted the trick without talent to counterfeit experience; but we think no philosophical observer will review the reign of the Fashionable Novel, without recognizing as beyond mistake, the deleterious influence it has exercised upon our imaginative literature.

But the ebb of popularity is sometimes no less disastrous than its flow. The "silver fork" school was bad: but, in our humble judgment, the school of the jail and the lazar-house is worse: the former pretended to no particular import or utility; the latter, ostensibly taking the side of sympathy and benevolence, has, in reality, become a vehicle of coarse criminal excitement, the taste for which will not be easily allayed. Doubtless some of the writers, who have laid bare the hideous secrets of the cheap school, the workhouse, the condemned cell, and the hospital, have been stimulated by imperfect views of employing their gifts for good—of quickening the sympathies of the prosperous for "the desolate and oppressed"—and shaming, by exposure, selfish cruelty and vulgar affectation. But, besides the utter mis-

judgment of the real calling and exercise of imagination herein implied, the course they have pursued is convicted as pernicious, by its inevitable sequel. Where they have given medicine, their successors, more unscrupulous, have unblushingly administered poison. Where they have put hearts on the rack, to make the sane wiser by saddening them, another race has endeavored, by the same process, to produce that horrible refinement of pleasure, which those satiated by luxury have found in positive pain. Let us not talk of the *convulsionnaire* literature of our neighbors the French, without pointing, with contrition, to our own: the effect of which, we verily believe, may be the worse of the two, inasmuch as it is dispensed among a people not so seriously demoralized, and under a faint pretence of liberality and sympathy with human nature. Robert Macaire, we believe, produced less specific effect among the *gamins* of Paris, than "Jack Sheppard," among the apprentices of London; yet "Jack Sheppard," we as verily believe, would hardly have been written, had not "Oliver Twist" gone before it. But this is a question which can as little be settled in a paragraph, as by a jest or a rhapsody; and the subject we propose treating, is the influence of the English writers on American imagination, not the morality of English fiction.

Keeping our purpose steadily in sight, we shall but touch upon one other writer,* and who, strictly speaking, belongs to none of the classes of novel-

* It is with regret we notice an omission in this place on the part of the gentleman who has contributed the paper before us, of the name of the most distinguished of English romancers, G. P. R. James. The *foreign* circulation of the works of this gentleman far exceeds that to which those of Sir E. L. Bulwer have attained, and the same may be said of the *home*. On the well known merit of Mr. James, whose skill in history, and powerful development of its very form and life, whose wonderful fecundity of imagination is only equalled by the exquisite beauty of his imagery, and whose pretensions, in the unequalled possession of the highest rank as a novelist, to high historic excellence also, will, we predict, be further increased by his Henry IV., we think it needless to dilate. Of him alone nearly it may be said, among all that he has written, that he has left—

"No line, which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Or, in the words of another of England's bards—

"Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he,
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single."

When Sir W. Scott saw the "Richelieu," he said that "his own mantle would fall on a worthy successor;" and, in the high Cavalier Loyalty, and stainless faith of the Preux Chevalier, both writers exhibit singular coincidence. We rejoice to hear that a new edition of Mr. James' novels, many of which cannot be procured, will shortly make its appearance. It should further be mentioned to the honor of this gentleman, that when he found that the office of Historiographer of England was without its ancient remuneration, while the Historiographer of Scotland received his, that he immediately tendered his resignation of an office which he considered in a degraded literary position, to Lord J. Russell. Mr. James had received the appointment under his late Majesty William IV.—(EDITOR.)

ists we have indicated. This is Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Belonging to none, however, he partakes of the nature of all; as strange a compound of qualities the most antagonistic, as ever puzzled and tempted analyst. If his name go down to posterity, it will be as an experimentalist, rather than as an artist. In the former capacity, the vicacity of his industry is unrivalled. There is hardly a form of literature he has not flown at, hardly a color of thought he has not snatched up, to tease public attention; like the adroit matador, who waves his harlequin flag before the bull's eyes, when all other means of provoking an encounter fail. If we look over the list of this author's works—amazing in its length, when his age and his occupations are considered—we shall find him one year challenging the fashionable novelist, by his superior knowledge of coat-collars and French dishes—another anticipating the Newgate school, by his animating show of crime and courage, or crime and knowledge passing for virtue;—one year trespassing upon the manor of the Opies and the Inchbalds, by making natural affections and deep feelings take a turn in the dance—another emulating to the fullest strain of his wits, the satirical *insouciance* of the French philosophical novelists; now venturing a tale of art (upon a ground of artistic taste and knowledge, divertingly small)—anon, claiming Scott's vacant throne, by assuming, as he thinks, Scott's tools of conjuration;—here, rummaging classic Pompeii—there, Middle-Age Rome, in search of a sensation. Need we, too, recall (now almost out of breath) poetical essays, in the manner of Byron—of Dryden—of Wordsworth; philosophical conversations about fate, futurity, and *petit-maitre* triflings on the nothings of the hour;—critical essays, and elaborate history writing;—dramatic efforts, vibrating between a flight at the most impracticable character in Britain's annals, none less than Cromwell; and a slight patchwork of translated scenes from French melodramas, borrowed scenes from French novels, to make up a play for the favorite actor, whom he had, but a few years before, so bitterly satirized? Yet all these things exist; and many thereof have been accepted as substantive efforts, abroad as well as at home. The French hate Bulwer, but they read him—an offence against English authors, of which they are sparingly guilty;—the Germans are willing admiringly to follow him, wherever he chooses to direct his busy feet;—and the Americans, we believe, were he to visit their shores, would, by thousands and tens of thousands, act again the same comedy of homage and curiosity and cross-questioning, that they performed for the reception of Mr. Dickens,—even with the chance of Pelham's issue of American Notes, menacing them frankly in the face!

Such are some among the most important appearances in English Fiction. We have adverted to them, from being convinced that the authority

they have exercised over the creative mind of America, is almost unbounded. This is remarkable when viewed in conjunction with that jealousy of the mother country, from which the most liberal and poetical of tourists from the New World are not free. The same American in Paris and in London is not the same being: in the former position he is curious, silently observant of modes, humbly self-postponing in adopting them—but still at ease; when in our metropolis, the mortal will be found no less inquisitive, but receiving instruction—the inevitable impress of our social superiority (Time's fault, and not that of either church or state) with an uneasy, defying spirit, embarrassing alike to host and guest. Let any one who requires proof of our assertion, turn to the published journals of Cooper, and Slidell, and of Miss Sedgwick, honest though she was, and bent on enthusiastic veneration. Yet, strange to say, no trace of French influence is to be found in the literature of American imagination,—the travellers, and the opera, and the architecture, and the cookery, the opera houses, and the toilettes of Paris;—but the novelists will neither cast in their lots with the Voltaires and Marmontels of the *ancien régime*, nor the De Staels and Chateaubriands of the Empire and Restoration,—nor the Hugos and Sands of the July revolution. Whatever be their materials, their models are English, with little or no exception, even in their Annuals—with much, as we shall presently see, that is their own. A will imitate "Vivian Grey," or the late Mr. Praed; B, Dr. Croly; C, the delightful and genial authoress of "Our Village;" E, the melancholy thoughts and musical verse of Mrs. Hemans. The "Hyperion" of Mr. Longfellow, a tale of greater extent, occurs to us, as the one specimen which is distinctly referable to continental models.

But this is anticipating; since, before we attempt some enumeration of what American imagination has accomplished, it may not be amiss to look into its treasury, and determine how large a store it possesses, of available possessions which are strictly indigenous. We shall find this more considerable, than our neighbors appear to be aware. To begin: for the uses of the romancer, a Past is, of course, the first necessity—since how is he to dispense with the poetry of tradition—with the thousand adventures and surprises,—broadly developed passions,—the largely embracing belief, which either civilization has in reality smoothed and tamed and modified, or, else, which require the enchantment of distance to take the forms and colors demanded for the exercise of his art? Now the Americans are not rich in memorials of ancient history; few are their visible or traditional records of human life and enterprise, compared with those which crowd so vast a portion of our hemisphere. Yet they are not utterly destitute. Before Humboldt and Dupleix, and Norman and Stephens, revealed the mysterious treasures of the central continent—there must have been a thousand rumors, passed from the sailor to the settler, from the pioneer to the dweller in towns, of immense cities in ruin, of vast temples and palaces covered with elaborate and grotesque records, which no man can read—far more engaging to the imagination than the precise knowledge which has been revealed to us by the *machete* of the working Indian, or the measuring-line of the artist. What a glimpse into some such a fairy-land of mystery and conjecture, was afforded by the Padre of Santa Cruz del Quiché to Mr. Stephens,—giving rise to a

burst of the true romantic spirit, on the part of one of the liveliest of modern travellers, worth ninety-nine out of every hundred visionary scenes got up by the cruelly taxed invention of the novelist!

After describing other ruins, "the Padre," says Mr. Stephens, "told us more; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch * * * that four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the Great Sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chagul, and was told by the villagers, that from the topmost ridge of the Sierra, this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labor climbed to the naked summit of the Sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain, extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditional account of the Indians of Chagul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language; are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country round; and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium;—no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals, except fowls; the cocks they keep under ground, to prevent their crowing being heard."

Surely, in the above passage, the marvellous is carried to its highest point of fascination—the last touch of minute description adding to its just authentication, sufficient to satisfy the credulity of fancy, ever willing to be cheated! Nor do we doubt but that a Scott might have gathered myriads of intimations and assertions, equally tempting, from the remotest period when the white man set foot in the Western world! It would seem superfluous to mention the advent of the discoverers, as opening a treasury hardly to be exhausted; since we have had a "Conquest of Mexico," by Dr. Bird, and a "Mercedes of Castile," by Mr. Cooper, in assurance that transatlantic novelists have not neglected an epoch so pregnant with every combination which could fire the fancy of an artist. Yet so inflated, and colorless, and *make-believe*, are the productions in question, as to convince us, that faith in these olden heroes must be sluggish, or knowledge small. The "Pizarro" of Kotzebue and Sheridan has more of the persuasion of reality than the first novel. There is more imagination in one page of Washington Irving's "Chronicle of Granada," or more matter of fact biography of Columbus in Mr. Theodore Irving's "Life of Hernando del Soto," than in all Mr. Cooper's fancied scenes. Who has thought of presenting the conspiracy of Guevora and Moxica, with the sudden arrival of the admiral in the midst of the rebels—a juncture as breathless as the famous appearance of Roderick Dhu, surrounded by his clansmen? Who has even attempted a portrait of the ill-fated Princess Anacoana;—or so much as dared to sketch the dignified and pious adventurer in the moment of his disgrace, when sent a chained prisoner home to Spain, and loaded with a shame in those days yet heavier than bonds or fetters—the charge of sorcery! Yet these passages are little more remote from modern American sympathies, than were the offences of the Normans

against the Saxons, or the greenwood life of Robin Hood, from the sympathies of the English, at the moment when Scott wove them into his brilliant "Ivanhoe."

The field, then, of Spanish conquest and discovery, lay still open to the American novelist, rich and all but untouched. It is true that the romancer who would make its treasures his own, must have ripe scholarship as well as powerful genius; command over the highest order of ideal portraiture, as well as cunning in protracting suspense, and in devising fable;—but the Americans have other chambers of history than those tenanted by the glittering Hidalgo and the dusky Cacique. They have the days of the Pilgrim fathers to look back to; and, assuredly, in these, everything that the national novelist could demand,—strongly marked characters—primitive manners—the remembrances of an Old World—the surprises of a New. The patriarch, the prophet, the regicide, the witchfinder, start up in turn, as we glance, ever so hastily, at the history of the early settlements; and with them the perils of a wonderful and savage land, magnified to a terrific grandeur by superstitious fanaticism. Wherein are the Winthrops, and the Mathers less fitted to adorn a tale, than the Burleighs and Bellendens of Scotland's religious wars?—yet, in the course of many years' reading, we can only call to mind one American story of pretension, in which times and personages so eminently picturesque are even touched. It is a reproach to those who boast so proudly of liberty of conscience.

When we come to the scenery and the savage life of the New World, we fare better. The lake, the prairie, the primeval forest, the ocean-like river—the swamp and the cane-brake, have seized with powerful hold upon the imaginations of many a quick and truth-loving spirit. The charm of nature's immensity and solitude and profuse richness, is rendered in many a poem and paragraph with an accuracy and an enthusiasm that fascinate even those, whose conceptions of proportion and beauty have been framed on so widely different a scale as ours. Page after page of unconscious poetry is to be found in the records of naturalists, and giving a life and beauty to some prosy local history of nooks and corners of the world, which we have only seen on the maps since our adult days. But in this literature of description, the realists have the advantage of the romancers. We know of no American novel which contains passages so impressive as crowd the journals of Audubon and Catlin, the more orderly productions of Timothy Flint, and the "Astoria" of Irving, even if we purposely cast out of account some of the most vivid pages in our own literature of modern travel, which tell the wonders of the Hawk's Nest—and the island of Mackinaw—Niagara Falls, and the Mississippi river. It is here, for the first time, that we strike upon a vein of nationality; that we find the romancer in a new and magnificent theatre. Nor is the skilful painting of such scenery, (to follow out the metaphor,) so contemptible in the scale of artistic excellence as some critics assert. It is easier to satirize Anne Radcliffe, when she makes the moon rise twice in one night, than to reproduce the slightest of her Claude-like pictures of the south: and though we cannot commend the transatlantic novelists for as much spirit and discrimination in delineating their figures, as the wild and waste places in which the latter are presented—the praise of well

describing nature, so as to bring unfamiliar scenes before the eye, must be cordially awarded to them.

Ere we have done with the American writers' materials for romance,—the Indian tribes suggest themselves as offering scope for the highest powers. The record of their existence—now, indeed, a Sybilline leaf—at this distance seems a page of the truest poetry. What eloquence in their language! What a fulness of fancy in their names of persons and places! In their deeds, what a combination of the virtues that attract, and the terrors that fascinate! What a mine of dim and picturesque superstitions,—what a chronicle of patience and daring—do these annals present to us! We are grateful to no one more precisely informed, who shall limit our sympathy, and check our enthusiasm, by showing us the savage rather than the warrior,—by representing the indomitable hunter but as a well-trained brute—and the sachem's speech, (sometimes how Homeric!) as the mere lisps of a childish intellect, the poetry of which lies as much in our own condescension, as in its own intrinsic meaning. And the spectacle of the red man, elbowed from his own pleasant life and pleasant lands by coarse speculation and enterprise, hired as a mercenary bloodhound by the bribery addressed to his most degrading passions—dwindling with diseases we have implanted in his frame; a wretched lingerer in the world—abused by his neighbors—abased in his own eyes,—amounts to one of the most painful enigmas of life. Limited though the store of treasure be which is thus furnished, it is unique, and it will be shown presently to what extent the American romancer has availed himself of it. We are inclined, however, to believe, that however ceaseless his draughts on Indian tradition and Indian character, however elaborate his portraits and groups, he has never gone beyond that simple incident struck out by Defoe with the instinct of genius—the surprise of Robinson Crusoe on finding the print of a man's foot in the sand.

To point out the stores which the American novelist has at command, would be interminable, had we the means to sum up in a few pages, the features of a Present and a society ever presenting new combinations. Apart from a hundred habits and usages, which have all the freshness of oddity, we will not consent to believe in the monotony of character, superficially ascribed to the Americans by Mr. Dickens. What chance would a Cooper have had, during a six months' sojourn in England, of finding a Sam Weller, or a Baillie Jarvie!—The best observer of whimsicalities must draw from a ripe, not a crude heap of humors, if he means to reconstruct a character. We have evidence in the grave books of our far-away cousins, in their own travelling selves, that even the average middle class belonging to the cities, whose peculiarities are not called out in the struggle of a rough and primitive life, are overgrown with individualities, "plenty as blackberries."—Perhaps, however, it is a matter of national religion for their authors to abstain from portraying these, whether for jest or earnest, in fictitious composition. An American is rarely to be found lessoning Americans about "manners or want of manners," but he gets into a passion. Whatever quaint confessions may ooze out, unconsciously, through the sermonizing or scurrilous paragraphs of the newspaper editor, or the speeches vented when the avatar of a Lafayette—or a Fanny Ellsler!—excites popular

enthusiasm to a boiling point;—whatever traits peep forth in the comparisons, or the complaints of tourists—or are frankly noted down as commonplace truths by biographers, we suspect that the Transatlantic Rabelais, who bade his own countrymen laugh at their own folly or ignorance, or other peculiarity whatsoever, would run a powerful chance of being lynched, or, at best, would become an object of as terrible odium as Termagant or Mahound were of old to all Christian men and true believers.

Long as our preamble is, it could be extended to the awful compass of a 4th-of-July oration, were we to trace literary results to political causes, and examine the first principles of democracy, by way of knowing "what fruit could spring from such a seed." But we leave this to the De Tocquevilles and Martineaus, and will now, as well as we are able, glance over the list of American writers of fiction of yesterday and to-day.

The first who presents himself, is Charles Brockden Brown. In three words, a coarse Godwin: who had power, nevertheless, to make himself heard across the Atlantic, in his life-time, and to give his name a hold on posterity. Two of his favorite romances, moreover, "Arthur Mervyn" and "Edgar Huntley," may justly claim the merit of nationality: since the turning point of the one is the great pestilence in Philadelphia, and the interest of the other is enhanced to a wilder horror by the introduction of the savage human and brute figures, which prowled about the new settlements in the wilderness. On perusing these tales a second time,—if there be still romance readers in England fond enough for such a folly,—the want of distinctive character makes itself felt yet more strongly than the imitation we have above intimated. The author could manage suspense, terror and wonder, nearly as skilfully as his prototype; but his power over the marvellous was of the second order. The inventor can always insure a certain effect, who deals in monstrous prodigies,—as, in stage-music, bizarre combinations for superhuman situations rarely fail to strike the ear, though requiring small exertion of genius; but he must be a great master who, having seized an impossibility, can so artfully interweave it with the common passions of humanity, and the common characters which flit across the world's stage, as to lull our discriminating powers into forgetting that the whole is a dream. Without the charlatan's vulgar exhibition of "trine, sextant and pentacle," we are convinced of St. Leon's possession of the *elixir vite*, as of a familiar fact, by the wonderful truth to nature with which he describes the operations of the marvellous gift, and the characters of those influenced by it. Whereas, during the whole exhibition of disasters attendant upon the somnambulist's malady, in Mr. Brown's thrilling "Edgar Huntley," we can never forget that it is an outrageous melodrama which is holding us breathless; a little ashamed of the impatient interest conjured up by spell so unrefined. Thus, too, while Arthur Mervyn's strangely complicated adventures put curiosity on the rack with a power little less torturing than the secret of Falkland or Caleb Williams, the masterly strokes of character, the deep philosophical insight into the workings of a noble and perverted spirit, which leave on the mind of the reader who closes the English novel, a shadow, and a power, and a material for question and self-examination—are nowhere evidenced in the American tale. But Mr. Brockden Brown's

tales, however, possess the merits of unity of purpose and earnestness of manner, combined, in no common degree. The master idea of each story is worked out in every possible device, and set off by every most advantageous accessory, no matter how boldly procured. In "Edgar Huntley," we have one sleep-walker's adventures turning upon those of another visited with the same perilous habit; thus, in "Wieland," the prodigious ventriloquial powers of Carwin, produce effects, miraculous as frightful, from their being exercised on one in whom incipient monomania is lurking;—in both, the principal and secondary incidents being interwoven with a closeness and singleness of heart, on the author's part, not even exceeded in Hoffmann's wonderful compounds of the preternatural and the familiar, in his fantasy-pieces. Lastly, the style of these novels is impressive—not unworthy of the selected model. None of those strange neologisms had, in Mr. Brown's time, crept into print, of which the Sedgwicks and Willises of our own day make such triumphant use. The written language of our transatlantic friends might be, then, stiff and cumbrous, and chargeable with prosianness, but, at least, it was English. Possibly, the majority of their authors will now consider it as a merit, that they have put themselves out of the reach of this praise.

But though the novels of Mr. Brown have worn, to the extent of being included in a Library of Standard English Fiction—they are far from having made the same sensation in their day, as was excited by the writings of his successor, Washington Irving.—Dare we say, that, in the extravagant popularity of this writer's "Sketch Book," and "Bracebridge Hall," was more distinctly implied contempt of the Americans, than in most of the attacks which have been launched against their taste and intellect? "*Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien!*" We did not put ourselves out of the way to enter into the dry local humor of Knickerbocker's History—we could not, in the light and graceful sketches by which Geoffry Crayon won his spurs, foresee the chronicler of Columbus, and Granada, and Astoria; but we could raise up eyes and clap hands at the American who absolutely loved Stratford-upon-Avon, and Falstaff's London haunts, and the old-fashioned merriment of Christmas at Brereton Hall, as if it was a miracle that an American should feel the poetry and humor of these things! Or shall we lay Mr. Irving's immediate acceptance here to the account of his taste in style and expression—a gift how increasingly rare in these days? Never was any writer less Puritanical or exclusive in his cast of mind; he sympathizes with, while he smiles at, Fray Antonio Agapida; his whole heart and soul go forth with the *Caballero*, Columbus, on his voyage of discovery; though he loves the old houses of Manhattan well, the obscurest nook of the Alhambra or the Albaycin is dearer to him than could be a wilderness of palaces at home. Yet was never any one more chastely reserved in thought and word than Mr. Irving. He laughs loud, but the jest might be sifted for the pastime of Una herself. He is as delicate in his mirth as in his pathos—"as modest as a maid," while he can use broadsword and quarter-staff like any lusty bachelor. Was it the purity of his mind and the harmony of his language, then, which told on our public, and not the wonder at the source whence such good gifts sprung? Be this as it may, it was his English and European sketches, "The Broken

Heart," and the "Stout Gentleman," and "The Bold Dragoon," and "Annette Delarbre," Lady Lillycraft with her dogs, and Master Simon with his village choir, which won Irving his thousands of readers. We are now inclined to apportion all these a place in the distance, compared with his capital Dutch American legends. In these he is unequalled. Nothing so good of their kind as Rip von Winkle, and Ichabod Crane, and Dolph Heyliger, had been given to the world since the days of the Primroses and the Flamboroughs and Beau Tibbs—and the former worthies had the advantage of being set in a framework of manners at once rich and homely, quaintly elaborate, but curiously in harmony with our sympathies. These few stories, separated from their companions, lay a capital basis for an American *Eulenspiegel*, or Gammer Grettel. It is grievous that their author should so soon have become wearied of telling them. Even at this distance of time, now that he has become an historian and a grave diplomat, we cannot resist crying out like children for "more!"

From Mr. Irving, as the first and most graceful specimen of the travelled American novelist, we must pass to one whose coming, perhaps, thrust his finer graces and sweeter temper into the shade; inasmuch as a loud voice, and a bold step, and a manly presence, will always clear a ring, and for the moment attract the million. And in right of number as well as of merit,—the personal qualities of the author forgotten,—Mr. Cooper must be styled foremost, if not first in point of time, among the novelists of America. His, however, has been the singular and most unsatisfactory fortune, of living to see a brilliant reputation dwindle, and of losing the sympathy of his countrymen, without gaining the compensating hold of esteem among foreign nations. The prophet is no longer honored in any land as formerly. It is worth while to examine the causes of so signal a decline in popularity, by giving a brief retrospect of our author's works.

The first were novels of high promise, and brilliant merit, rather than striking originality: in which an attempt to apply Scott's dramatic and pictorial manner of description to the scenes and characters of the New World, was successfully carried through. Let us observe, however, that, on his own showing, Mr. Cooper was urged to essay this style by pique. In his preface to "The Pioneers," one of his frequent introductory manifestos, the egotism and petulance of which have only been equalled by Sir Edward Bulwer in his introductory harangues, Mr. Cooper frankly declares, that the first of his novels "was written because I was told I could not write a grave tale; so, to prove that the world did not know me, I wrote one that was so grave nobody would read it. * * * The second was written to see if I could not overcome this neglect of the reading world. * * * The third has been written exclusively to please myself, so it would be no wonder if it displeased everybody else." How different this ill-humored affectation of independence and disdain, from the hearty and cheerful submission to public taste, everywhere announced and maintained by Scott! Thus has many a scold plumed herself upon sincere speaking, while in reality indulging the uneasiness of an embittered spirit. Here was distinctly manifested the want of that geniality without which no tale-teller will ever long retain his listeners. Wisely said the old preacher, "Never provoke those you aim to

profit." Nevertheless, there was sufficient animation of grouping and depth of color in Mr. Cooper's first essays to conceal this defect—while in his third, he hit upon his one creation,—it may be added, one of the two real characters added to the world's stock of Figaros and Baillie Jarvies, by Transatlantic writers:—we mean, of course, Leatherstocking the Hunter.

The existence of this being in America it is not ours to question:—neither whether such a compound of fine heart and rough hand, child-like simplicity and profound resource, (not to say cunning,) is possible in any state of society. Leatherstocking is, throughout, a coherent actual being; and so entirely do his exploits and sayings,—given to the public through some eighteen volumes,—satisfy us of his worth and individuality, that we do not even care to know who or what were his parents; how, as a child, he was thrust out into the wilderness for education and maintenance, or, in what course of events was contracted that close and life-binding Indian friendship, which makes him rarely appear—never in moments of emergency and peril—without his red-skinned Orestes at his side. Enough, that his truth, and honesty, and gentleness, never disappoint us: and if the patience, endurance, and keenness of wit, with which he is gifted, be miraculous, they are developed with so gradual a strain upon the credulity, that it is not the breathless reader who will perceive the exaggeration, but the heartless weigher of probability by drachm and scruple,—the critic; who returning dispassionately to consider the proportions of the figure, finds the benevolent and philosophical white savage of the woods of the heroic stature,—that is, above the size of life.

The manner in which the feats of this "noticeable man" are displayed in Mr. Cooper's novels, is calculated to impress the reader as strongly as his individualities of speech, costume, and action. Our author's tales of adventure exhibit an admirable mixture of direct earnestness and minute prolixity. Mr. Cooper narrates an escape through the woods, a siege in a block-house, or a chase at sea, with the deliberate and fascinating clearness of Richardson when he detailed the progress of passion, the conflict of opposing principles, in the female heart. He has a Iachimo's minutely noted knowledge of the sails and ropes of a ship, of the rocks and mosses and herbage of the forest and the wilderness, and with this he can work up a spell as potent as the Ancient Mariner exercised upon the wedding guest, who must needs be held still till the tale be told out! "The Borderers," "The Prairie," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Red Rover," will all bear witness, if consulted, to the justice of our assertion; each of them is more or less built on one main incident, the conclusion of which is artfully suspended. Nothing can be more favorable to the exhibition of a single character than this singleness of purpose; the exercise, however, becomes difficult, in proportion as the means are limited; and the sustaining power which can conduct a story to its close, without plot or episode, must comprise truth to nature, as well as directness of purpose, in no common measure.

Mr. Cooper had hardly struck the right chord, in the introduction of the Trapper to his public, when, with the ingenuity of genius, he hastened to exhibit his one other variety as a novelist, by resorting to the sea for interest. "The Pilot" raised his fame to its culminating point. The

Americans were enchanted at the furious nationality of this tale, in which a mercenary trader in rebellion (to call Paul Jones by no severer name) was invested with the dignity of a patriot hero, and the dark sublimity of a Childe or Corsair of the Byronic school. The English accepted the characters and the invention with good-tempered indifference, for the sake of a gallery of marine pictures, the like of which only exists in the works of Vandervelde. The steerage of the Ariel through the shoals, the wreck of the schooner, the apparition of the sails of the gigantic man-of-war above the fog, were detailed with a clearness and animation so rare and riveting, as to make awkwardness in the management of incident overlooked, and utter inefficiency in portrait-painting accepted as faithful delineation. For we do not imagine that any novel-reader now looks upon Long Tom Coffin as one of the genuine sailor-brood. His terms may be of the sea: but in his nature he essentially differs little from Mr. Cooper's favorite forest heroes. Our remark will apply to the sea-novels which followed "The Pilot." In "The Red Rover," it is the *Dolphin* and the Bristol Trader which are the characters, and neither commanders, crew, nor passengers—so likewise in "The Waterwitch," "The Feu-Follet," and even the awkward English tale, "The Two Admirals," the craft of the stories and their manœuvres absorb us, and the "live stock" is put up with as part of the bargain. It is not so with the novels of Smollett, nor even with the more farcical and slighter productions of Marryat: while neither the old nor the new English author can compete with the American in the arrangement of a scene, or the description of an incident. We have already apportioned a like faculty to Mr. Brown, as his chiefest merit:—let nicer observers decide whether or not we have indicated a characteristic of American authorship.

By the publication of the land and sea romances, upon which we have dwelt no longer than their merits deserve, it might have been thought that Mr. Cooper had earned himself a lifelong reputation. The novels were exactly calculated to flatter national pride to its utmost—primitive life being therein asserted as a nobler thing than the time-worn institutions of civilization—"the stars and the stripes" forever paraded as flying in triumph over the Union Jack. On the other hand, we English, who only very lately, if ever, have ceased to regard America as a prodigal son—self-disinherited, but still akin, looked on with pleasure to see a fresh and vigorous spirit employing new materials in a new manner. Well would it have been for Mr. Cooper's fame, had he then ceased from the pastime of trying the world's sympathy! Instead of this, however, he came to Europe: and from that moment, the wane of his reputation commenced. He brought with him the consciousness of a celebrated man, "and the manner, or want of manner" (to quote Scott's careless words in his journal) "peculiar to his countrymen." From the Europeans he seems to have expected a sympathy, and observance—if not a homage—which he did not find: grew as miserable about precedences as a dowager gentleman-usher, and as disputatious in behalf of his country's supremacy, ere it was disputed, as the American host met with by Miss Sedgwick on the Rhine—who, unable to endure the cheerfulness about him, which had no reference to the privilege of living under a President, or the luxuries of slavery, volunteered

to tell the unlucky king-and-priest-ridden passengers on board the *dampschiff* what "a tall place his country was!" There is hardly an entry in Mr. Cooper's journals in which the ink is not one half bile. And this state of matters is the more deplorable, since we can also therein perceive that the writer is a man who is always in a "positive *fume* of honest intentions," and who, when scolding the loudest, is trying the hardest to admire! Of this, indeed, our author early gave proof in two bulky volumes of expostulations upon their morals, manners, and politics, addressed to his countrymen; where "the Travelling Bachelor" (such, if we recollect, was his assumed name) wrought himself up into a positive rage of righteous zeal to amend that which was imperfect at home—and with such success as irretrievably to affront all addressed by his strictures. Grateful as they had been for the pleasant company of Natty Bumppo and Long Tom Coffin, "The States" were by no means disposed to sit down humbly under the conviction that the novelist was the one finished gentleman, and clear-sighted politician, and unprejudiced philosopher to be found in their borders. The vulgar part of the press answered his lectures on behavior with the coarse jokes in which the Americans excel; the thinkers of a higher order found too much self-sufficiency and inconsistency—too constant a struggle between the man of the Old and the man of the New world, to admit the value of his lucubrations. The laughs laughed, and the doctors denounced to good purpose: Mr. Cooper took formal and angry leave of the unworthy Republic; and, if we recollect right, of authorship also. In reality, however, it was merely bidding a farewell to popularity. Since that time he has written much, and with sufficient force and spirit to command a certain audience; but his name no longer circulates throughout Europe. His readers have long been aware of the scanty store of inventions at his command: the tone of some of his novels has displeased many—the tediousness of such as "The Headsman," and "The Heidenmauer," alienated more. One alone among the romances in which he turned his continental residence to account, deserved a better fate. We mean "The Bravo,"—the leading invention of which—an innocent man compelled by craft to assume the abhorred reputation of a state assassin, under penalty of a parent's life—has always seemed to us worthy of a far better treatment than Mr. Cooper's. On such an idea Schiller might have based one of his tragedies. Our novelist, however, falls beneath the passion of his subject. A boat-race gives him opportunity of exercising his usual skill in exciting curiosity: and he dwells again and again, *ex proposito*, as a sturdy American should, upon the tortuous and unfeeling despotism of Venetian policy—but of the life of the Rialto and the Riva there is not a trace. His gondoliers speak the same language as his sagamores of the prairie and forest; his patricians are after the portraits of Colonel Trumbull, rather than the stately delineations of Titian and Giorgione; and his hero and heroine are now, as ever, automata, which, though constructed on the approved proportions of the Apollo and the Venus—after the fashion of the transatlantic mantua-maker, who had provided herself with a model of the latter, by way of doing *fit* justice to the waists and shoulders of her western villagers—are totally guiltless of human flesh and blood. It is remarkable, indeed, in Mr. Cooper's novels—and must be

pointed out as one of the many causes of their declining popularity,—that the female characters are always forced and unreal. Content Heathcote, in "The Borderers," is beautiful and placid as a creation: and the reader's feelings are strongly appealed to more than once, on behalf of the Indian woman, especially in that scene where the wife of one of the chiefs, who has been forsaken for a white beauty, meekly submits herself to the latter, without anger or remonstrance, sorrowfully craving her protection. But we find nothing to pair off with the Jeanie Deans and Meg Merrilies, the Diana Vernon and the Rebecca, the Elspeth Mucklebackit and the Meg Dods, the Queen Elizabeth and the Hameline de Croye, of the Waverley novels. Some might be disposed, from the flatness of this portion of Mr. Cooper's works, to spin theories as to the condition and character of women in America: but these speculations may be left for another time and place. In the mean time, taking matters in their order, it falls to our lot to consider a single specimen of a single variety of the sex—Miss Sedgwick the novelist.

This lady is the first of the authoresses of the New World whose claims have been recognized in this. In one or two old-fashioned English houses, it is true, may be found a volume of Miscellanies by Mrs. Bleeker, containing a story founded on the vicissitudes of the Border War—but the book is so entirely forgotten in America, that Mr. Stone, in his preface to the "Life of Thayendanegea," laments his inability to procure a copy, even among the descendants of its writer. And the tale in question—though remembered by us as bearing the powerful impress of truth,—was too inartificially constructed to live: its authoress narrating what she had seen and suffered, by way of relief to her mind, rather than exercising a craft for the amusement of her countrywomen. Not so Miss Sedgwick. Her lot has been easy, her life prosperous, her position high; and the fruits of her leisure claim notice among American works of art.

In some respects, indeed, the novels of this ingenious and amiable lady may be cited as the most thoroughly national productions we have yet mentioned. Whereas Mr. Irving writes as a citizen of the world, whose tolerance is as extensive as his learning,—and Mr. Cooper, as an irritable partisan, who only dislikes America less than England,—Miss Sedgwick shows herself honestly and complacently national. She owns a heart awake to the impressions of poetry, and an eye for the beauties of antiquity;—like a gentlewoman, too, she enjoys, with fine relish, social comfort and domestic luxury; but the predominance of her patriotic feeling is so inordinate, that on her arriving in England, and encountering these pleasures in a larger proportion than at home, her temper becomes soured, her judgment warped, and the whole woman is up in arms to defend the superior simplicity and unworldliness of the manners and habits of her country. On the continent, where comparison could be made without rivalry, she recovers her sense and her sympathy, to a degree which would be amusing in one who is a professed moralist, were it not also rather pitiable. To Miss Sedgwick, then, we are indebted for the heartiest pictures of transatlantic life and manners with which we are acquainted. She has not Mr. Cooper's power,—her stories fail lamentably, in point of construction,—being rarely clear of a strain of sentimental incident as flagrantly lack-a-daisical

as if it had issued from the Minerva Press—but she has the finer observation of her sex: and her sketches, though faint, are full of character. To instance a little,—"Redwood," the earliest of her novels before us, possesses almost every defect as a story;—there is a young lady—an outrageous caricature of Julia Mannering—whose coquetry and hardness of heart are not to be believed unless the *genus* take forms in America with which we are unfamiliar;—there is a family riddle thrown down with wonderful adroitness, in the midst of a knot of people most heterogeneously brought together, who are still (such is life!) the precise half dozen whom alone the puzzle concerns;—there is a captain bold and a free-thinking father, one degree more inexplicable than the parent of Miss Hawkins' *Rosanne*. In spite, however, of the dead weight of absurdity, there is life and buoyancy enough in the novel to keep it afloat. The character of Debby Lenox alone would atone for a double quantity of nonsense and improbability. Old, harsh, uncouth, uncompromising, and a spinster with all a spinster's odd ways—the propensity to chase mankind excepted—Debby is still so true, so generous, so available, as to be the real heroine of the book. And she is not English;—her homely virtues have been matured in a more rough and bustling world than ours;—her racy and graphic expressions belong to no shire on this side the water. An attempt at the same character was not unsuccessfully made in Mrs. Trollope's "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw;"—but whereas Debby is all consistent—prejudice and generosity being nicely dove-tailed together with the most congruous incongruity,—Aunt Cli is full of contradictions: at one moment liberal, omnipotent in industry, and keen in foresight as a faëry queen—at the next, blind, hard-hearted, perverted, and foolishly indulgent, in excuse and aid of the infamous projects of the brute, Whitlaw, her nephew and darling.

Our praise of "Redwood" is again justified by its episode of life among the Shakers, in which Miss Sedgwick has courage enough to show the bright as well as the dark side of a state of society so utterly strange, that, without some applicability to the wants and wishes of a certain class, it must, of necessity, have long ago crumbled to pieces. But one of the peculiarities of our authoress is, a certain leaning to sectarianism, totally independent of assent or bigotry; this proclivity being displayed beyond the possibility of mistake, in her real "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home." In "Hope Leslie," the second and the best of Miss Sedgwick's tales, this turn of mind is also characteristically evidenced. The story is laid in the early days of New England; and hence, as we have said, especially to be welcomed among American fictions. "Hope Leslie," too, is far better constructed than "Redwood,"—the old times of the pilgrims were marked by contrast and romantic incident. The Indians were then a fierce and dangerous enemy to the dwellers in the wilderness—while among the colonists every variety of human character, from the stern recusant with the spirit of a martyr, down to those unwillingly dragged from the flesh-pots of Egypt to endure the privations of the desert—presents itself ready and tempting to the novelist's hand. If Miss Sedgwick does not possess force or far-sightedness to avail herself to the full of these advantages, she has here at least, proved herself well aware of their existence. Unequal to the production of a Mause Headrigg and a Lady Margaret Bellenden,

she has, nevertheless, skilfully marked the Puritan *versus* the woman of the world in Jennet and Mrs. Grafton. She has given, too, a portrait of the governor's lady—Madam Winthrop—through all the superficial coldness and formality of which, sweetness of heart and soundness of judgment are discernible. To this group of female characters—the best we can call to mind in any American novel—the Indian girl must be added. We cannot, of course, place Magawisca among the striking savage portraits of Mr. Cooper; though, possibly, her elevated and self-sacrificing heroism is not more flattered than their courage and poetical eloquence. At all events the novelist had noble warrant for her creation, in the well-known incident of the rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas; and by only working out the devotion of that noble girl one step further, has given us a heroine little less highly-toned than the Chimene of Corneille. More might have been made, it is true, of the struggle betwixt gratitude and love to the white man, and fidelity to her red kindred, had Miss Sedgwick's execution been equal to her powers of conception. As often, however, as scenes of high emotion are approached, she alternately rants and falters, and we have to fix a firm eye upon her intentions, to enable us to excuse mistakes in detail, and short-comings as to finish, which are provokingly frequent. The misconstructions and adventures in which she involves Hope Leslie, are as gratuitously puerile, as those by which Fanny Burnay loved to tease all who cared for her Evelinas and Cecilians. It is almost needless to add, that the suspense which was exciting and well proportioned in a tale of London society, becomes repulsively irritating when the greater vicissitudes, and more strongly marked passions, of a ruder and more primitive community have to be settled and developed.

We have said enough to indicate the peculiar merits and demerits of Miss Sedgwick's novels, without pausing over "The Linwoods,"—the last, the most evenly executed, and the least characteristic of the series. As a writer of tales for children, she deserves far higher praise. We have already adverted to the freaks played by her imagination and her patriotism, when she appears in the character of a traveller. That her indiscretion and ill-humor were unconscious—in spite of her wiser and better nature—we honestly believe. Neither are we in a condition to be severe upon tourists who note the dishes at good men's feasts, the wrinkles upon poets' foreheads, with intrusive curiosity.

Here, *à propos* of personality, though not following strict order in point of time, we come naturally to the name of Mr. Willis in the list of American imaginative writers; and this, not merely because the stir made some years ago by his relations attracted some attention to his tales, but because the latter, in themselves, have too much power and cleverness to be passed over. Nothing, to be sure, can be more extravagant than their incidents;—the style is an *olla* made up from the stories of Moore, and D'Israeli the younger, and Charles Lamb, and Christopher North,—with all its faults, nevertheless, having sufficient vivacity and sparkle to carry the reader along with it. There is poetry in the midst of all its affectation and extravagance, a sense of the beautiful, and a quick appreciation of the gorgeous and picturesque. In short, for better definition, Willis may be called the Janin of American light literature,—often offending against

good taste,—often pouring out words when no thoughts will come—unscrupulous, fearless, fantastic—sometimes striking out a new conceit of elegance or humor, and never coarse. His attempts at delineating the superficial peculiarities of our London men of letters (to digress for a moment) are among the happiest things of their kind in modern literature. As regards the right or the wrong of the disclosures contained in his "Pencilings by the Way,"—the virtuous indignation thereby excited in the coteries of London, now calmly reviewed, appears indeed ridiculous. Before we were so open-mouthed to condemn, we should have been convinced that our own purity was immaculate. The American sketches of London society, for the amusement of his countrymen, could hardly have been so indignantly resented had we recollected the popularity of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," in which the wits and worthies of Edinburgh were more minutely, if less gaily pencilled. And ere we went into fits at the desecration of the privacy of Castle Garden, we should for decency's sake have been sure that no Basil Hall was, even then, at the door, with his minute and unreserved catalogue of the furniture and family secrets of Schloss Hainfeld!

It would serve little good purpose, were we to descant upon the productions of the second-rate American novelists. The name of Dr. Bird, however, must be mentioned, because his "Calavar," and a subsequent Mexican romance, "The Infidel," excited a certain sensation among his countrymen on their appearance. Nothing was ever much more tawdry and less life-like than these tales, except it were a tragedy by their author, "The Gladiator," in which Mr. Forrest, it will be recollected, commenced his short career upon the English stage. A third story, "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow," rises, perhaps, to the level of Mr. Ainsworth's average romances, and is at once the most readable and the most powerful of the three, because it treats of the incidents and passions of our own time. A few words are also due to some tales of a more ancient epoch, by Mr. Ware, of which the "Letters from Palmyra" was the first and the best. We have found in this novel a fine sense for the beauties of antiquity, as well as that ripeness and composure of style, which can but result from thorough familiarity with the subject; the incidents carefully arranged, the characters judiciously sustained; every grace and merit, in short, save the breath of life. In spite of its superior propriety, and classic grace, we cannot recollect a single passage which takes hold of the memory, like certain of the scenes in Mr. Lockhart's "Valerius," or even in the objectionably gorgeous "Salathiel" of Dr. Croly. Nor, to compensate for this quietism, so fatal to the belief which a tale-teller's earnestness ought to inspire, have we any of those exquisite and delicate turns of thought and sentiment, which make us take a more intimate interest in the personages of Mr. Landor's imaginary correspondence, "Pericles and Aspasia," than in all the heroes and heroines of classical fiction we can call to mind—from the grand Cyrus downwards.

We may now advert to a far more characteristic class of American tales, devoted mainly to the art of "getting on." Few subjects are invested with so indestructible a charm; while life and hope last, its captivation will never cease; call it genius struggling with difficulties; call it distress seeking to allay the cravings of nature. Who is there so

philosophical as not to be riveted by the stratagems of the half-naked Philip Quarll to catch a fish upon the rocks of his desert island, or by the miraculous progress of the brothers Percy to wealth and success, wrought by Maria Edgeworth's fairy wand, in open defiance of patronage! In the American tales, this theme of universal interest acquires a quaint fascination from the revelations of a strange economy, of strange character, made therein; their writers being apparently more thoroughly at ease, and in earnest, than most of their contemporaries. We have read Mrs. Sedgwick's "Allen Prescott," if once, a score of times, wondering the while that it has not become more extensively known among the young people of England. Yet it is merely a narrative of the steps by which a New England peasant caters for himself education, wealth, position, and the prettiest of American wives—for we recollect nothing feminine in transatlantic fiction so attractive as Love Heywood. To estimate its merit, we need but set it beside some contemporary English fiction on the same argument—say Galt's "Sir Andrew Wylie." The comparison can have but one result. The clever Scotch novelist provides an Open Sesame for his hero at every turn, with a prodigality distancing all human faith or sympathy. The fairy vision which has troubled the sleep of many an apprentice-boy in his garret, how some great lord was, one summer-day, to take a fancy to him, and a beautiful lady spring up out of the ground for his especial delight, with a throne and a royal dinner, by way of *finale*, is not more extravagant. Little less prodigious is the luck of the Percys in Miss Edgeworth's fascinating "Patronage," already mentioned. Not so the proceedings of the American lady in behalf of her hero. His vulgarities are polished away, but only by degrees; his path upward is cumbered by many obstacles, and lengthened by some slips backwards—he is ill-treated, suspected, his dearest hopes are exposed to the triflings of feminine caprice; his *acme* of prosperity being only respectability and competence. In the development, too, of this healthy story, we catch glimpses of characters, which have no longer growth on this side the Atlantic—such as Farmer Heywood, with his stiff notions of consistency; and Lindy Doble, the colored woman, with her lazy, thriftless habits, her goodness of heart, and her want of principle. But for a certain pedagogic air in the narration, "Allen Prescott" would, of its kind, be perfect. It is one of a large family. The "Confessions of a Housekeeper," may be also cited, in which, by appealing to the charm of reality, the matter-of-fact precepts of a receipt-book have been invested with an interest rendering it difficult for the reader to lay down the narrative: should any cavalier bid him be ashamed of his occupation, he may call upon the fastidious *dilettante* to purge his gallery of the homely cabinet pictures of Mieris and Ostade, and Brouwer and Maas. There is one set of these books, however, which the most sensitive contemners of the familiar will not be ashamed to read; those in which "getting on" implies the clearing and the wilderness. The amusing tales and sketches, by Mrs. Kirkland, better known in England as Mrs. Mary Clavers, are already popular among us; and this in spite of obvious affectation of style. The pleasant authoress has taken for model Miss Mitford's "Our Village," a work greatly in request in America. She has forgotten, however, that all the coquetries and pretty simplicities, poetical turns, and dramatic

stress of language which are not wholly natural in the original—become importunately unpleasing in a copy, especially when unaccompanied by the high finish bestowed by the English authoress on everything she touches. We have need of all the good heart, and ready humor, and picturesque selection of incidents, belonging to Mrs. Clavers, to make us forgive her second-hand graces. There is improvement, however, in this respect. "Forest Life" is far less objectionable as to style than the lady's first publication, "A New Home"—while it contains, among other sketches, that picture of the Macgolds, a party of would-be fashionables, in the woods, which, for the sake of its wholesome moral, as well as its characteristic humor, deserves to be circulated as a tract for travellers. But one of the latest American fictions which has made its way hither, written in direct imitation of these books, is warrant for the severest reprobation we could bestow upon the application of the tinsel style of the Old World, to the ruder scenes and characters of the New. This is "A New Purchase," by Mr. Carlton; a book in which every trick of language that has been hunted out of every country's magazines, finds a place among the stick chimneys, and mud walls, and cotton-sheet partitions of the wilderness—with what result need not be told. Surely upon no one does conceit sit so ill as upon the republican. The Kentuckian, smoothed down by a Parisian hair-dresser, and laced in by a Parisian tailor, mincing his way down the Boulevards, in fancy a knowing man of society, and a *merveilleux*, is, perhaps, the most offensive companion a citizen of the world can encounter. On like ground of complaint, with all their rough truth and humor, we cannot praise certain novels, by Paulding and Neal, and other writers, which may be placed in this class. The fun seems to us forced—the eye of the writer to be anxiously set upon his audience, the while he writhes in agonies to extort a laugh by his comicality. We have been more amused by the sincere and grave prolixity of Timothy Flint, when writing about the Mississippi Valley and its settlers, by the quaint but earnest trifling of Mr. Greenwood, when describing the rise and progress of a "Village Choir"—not trained on the Wilhelm method—than by the antics of these melancholy Mr. Merry-men; at a distance appearing so full of spontaneous activity and enjoyment, but with the hardest of hard labor at their hearts!

By following this school of writers, we are fairly brought into the midst of the strange language of the United States. Would any one make acquaintance with peculiar and whimsical jargon in perfection, we must refer him to no less important a person than Judge Haliburton. We have already spoken of Leather-stocking, as one of the two creations added from American sources, to the world's stock of "beings of the mind." If he be the Hero, Sam Slick is the Droll. But we must recollect, that we do not owe the portraiture of the clock-maker to a Yankee artist. There is as much of the Englishman as of the American, in his author. As a British colonist, who treasures up his own budget of grievances against the mother-country, he naturally takes the side of the keen-witted republican, as often as a folly or a form belonging to English institutions is the matter in question; while on the other hand, his position enables him to tell the whole whimsical truth of American self-conceit, and (how shall we phrase it?) acuteness in trading—to use at will the whole

vocabulary of jargon, which has been only given us before charily and in scattered portions, for the purpose of affording us an intimate and familiar knowledge of his hero. There is as little regular story, it is true, to exhibit Sam's graces, as was devised by Addison, to introduce the urbane simplicity of Sir Roger de Coverley; the work being a series of disconnected hints, essays, and anecdotes, which appears to have grown up imperceptibly under the hands of the contriver. Perhaps, however, this very absence of artifice and set purpose enables us to derive a clearer view of the main figure. And a treasure he is, endowed with as sound and sharp a mother-wit, as ever raised its owner from the kennel to the high places of trust and government;—as ready a courage as bully or brave man need command,—a tongue, available alike for discretion's oracles, or cajolery's coarser devices,—an ungainly but not repulsive person; the love of fun which belongs to an elastic and frolicsome temperament—the selfish determination to rise, which betokens a strong head and a strong will; sententious, self-admiring, adroit at every stratagem—Sam resembles nothing in the whole European range of fiction. He is more settled in purpose than Gil Blas if in reality little less of a picaresque,—more independent than Figaro, though not less expert in trafficking with the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures; “tender to the sex” as an Irishman, thrifty as a Scot, fond of parade as a Gaul—he is at once the most wearisome and whimsical companion we have met with since Andrew Fair-service. We groan under the infliction of his callous selfishness, while we cannot choose but laugh at the sly yet fearless eccentricity with which he demolishes old customs and new discoveries. His humor, too, seems inexhaustible: we recollect no modern character in evidence through five long volumes, whose peculiarities are so well sustained. And we have now entered with the attaché into a new field, which will give scope for half a dozen tomes more!—since the attaché ex-clockmaker, will of course ripen into the ambassador, and the ambassador, following the example of his more courteous predecessor, Mr. Rush, will doubtless reveal to us the glories of that august world, which the Americans regard with a secret awe, in proportion to their expressed contempt. Be it so; the mirth is good mirth, with wholesome truth oftentimes at the core of the jest.

We have now, though rapidly, glanced at some of the most important divisions of American Fiction. One remains to be noticed, more unpretending in form than the above, and its artists, perhaps, less famous—yet, we are inclined to think, containing more characteristic excellence than will be found in the library of accredited novels. We have spoken of the imitative tendencies of the herd of writers of such “small ware” as stories for the periodicals. We ought to add that we rarely, if ever, take up an American annual, or an American magazine, without finding some one contribution, individual, racy, and without any peer or prototype on this side of the ocean. Nor is this praise as insignificant as the publishers, by their present *modus operandi*, would make authors believe. “Candide” and “Zadig” are contained in somewhat narrower compass, than the fatal three volumes now prescribed—so are Marmontel's enamel *Contes*, and the *Novelle* of Boccaccio, and the *Märchen* of Tieck, and our own “Vicar of Wakefield.” We have already spoken of Wash-

ington Irving's Dutch Legends; we must recommend, though merely by a passing word, the Quaker Stories of Miss Leslie, sister to the well known painter; and a whole volume of collected Miscellanies of great excellence is here before us. We mean Mr. Hawthorne's “Twice Told Tales,” which will one day or other be naturalized into our library of Romance, if truth, fancy, pathos, and originality have any longer power to diffuse a reputation. He has caught the true fantastic spirit which somewhere or other exists in every society, be it ever so utilitarian and practical, linking the seen to the unseen, the matter-of-fact to the imaginative. To such a mind the commonest things become suggestive; the oldest truths appear clad in a garb of “grace and pleasure.” The pump in the middle of a little town, recalls the days when the spring welled brightly out in the wilderness, and “the Indian sagamores drank of it;” a walk with a child through the range of shop-window sights, enables the thoughtful man to draw aside the veils which hide our deepest associations and our saddest thoughts; the figure of a sleeping wayfarer under a tuft of maples by the wayside, invites him to consider the number of events which *all but* happen to every mortal; and this in aid of a vein of temperate and poetical elegance of imagery, the like of which is possessed by none of our writers of prose—Mrs. Southey, perhaps, excepted. As a recounter of mere legends, Mr. Hawthorne claims high praise. He reminds us of Tieck, in spite of the vast difference in the materials used by the two artists. Whether he revive the tradition of “The Gray Champion,”—that supernatural hero who has existed in every country since the days of Ogier the Dane, to come forth and deliver, when the emergency presses hardest,—or tell how the “Maypole of Merry Mount” was felled by the stern axe of Endicott, the Puritan governor,—or describe the meeting of the pilgrims in quest of that fabulous jewel, “The Great Carbuncle,”—or relate the result of Dr. Heidegger's experiments with the Water of Youth,—he does his spiriting “gently,” in the old romantic sense of the word, exercising his craft with a quiet power which is rare, the time and the subject and the place considered. We cannot too heartily commend this book, as the best addition to what may be called our Faëry Library, which has been made for many years; hoping, moreover, that the author is capable of producing more than the one slim volume which has made its way to England.

We must now have done, when, for the sake of justice, we have pointed out two omissions in the Library of American Fiction, which are worthy of all honor. As far as we are aware, the personality which has tainted some of our best modern novels, has never been used, by any writer of reputation. We have yet to hear of a transatlantic novel with “a key”—of a transatlantic “Cecil-ia,” who thrusts herself into doublet and hose, that, under the flimsy assumption of male coxcombry, she may “show up” such rival authoresses as do not chance to belong to her visiting-list. The fertile soil of the New World has produced, we doubt not, its Mrs. Leo Hunters, among its other curiosities; we have ourselves admired one, wandering through the world with a French watch on her forehead, by way of head-tire—but we have never encountered either lady or watch in print. Let this courteous and moral abstinence,—a shame to a people who pique ourselves on understanding “the point of honor,”—be set against

the offences of a prurient and shameless newspaper press. Bad as the latter is, we had rather see judge A, or militia-general B, run down by name in this *Scourge* and the other *Sentinel*, than be arrested in our elbow-chair, when wishing to escape into fairy land, by the winked and whispered intimation, that the new novel is more edifying than the last—Asmodeus having therein exceeded his usual exceedings, by revealing all the secrets of — House, or the precise grounds of separation betwixt the two personages of distinction "whose affairs have lately been so unhappily brought before the public."

The Americans are scantily if at all chargeable with another mistake—the Religious Novel—and this is remarkable in a society where shades of sectarian difference abound, tempting the weak and the earnest to controversy; and where pastoral discipline, and religious exercise, minister to a large population that excitement which we Europeans are accustomed to find in other objects. Our hearts sink so low, while contemplating the vast field of washy literature of this class with which the readers of England have been inundated, and while recollecting that clever women and learned men have permitted themselves to use an engine of mere amusement for the discussion of sacred things,—that we cannot but record the absence of American "Cœlebs," and "Father Clements," as a sign of health and sound sense, worthy of our serious contemplation. We could say more on this point, which must be one of painful interest to all thinking and believing men—were we not bound to refrain from church as well as from state matters in this article. Here, then, we part from the writers of American Fiction in good will. If we have spoken without reserve of their deficiencies, it is because we think highly of their opportunities; and are too anxious for some new appearance of Imaginative Power, to care whether it comes from North or South,—the bush of Australia, the keys of Florida, or the mysterious ruins of Central America.

From the Spectator.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

THE old road up the pass of Killierankie—the road along which Mackay marched to conquer by defeat—has been reopened for the queen to pass along. The first sovereign of the revolution dynasty who has visited the inner fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands enters them over the field where the last adherents of the Stuart dynasty, who took arms in its defence without subjecting themselves to the designation of rebels, struck their last blow. The Hanoverian queen marches into the Highlands over the body of "bonnie Dundee." It is lucky that the "Ershire of Scotland" is not quite so tenacious of old partisanship and not so susceptible as the "Ershire of Ireland." What would our repealing fellow-subjects say, if the queen, on a progress into Ireland, were to approach Dublin by the way of Boyne Water?

This contrasted feature of Highland and Irish character might convey a useful hint to her Majesty's ministers as to the best mode of dealing with her Majesty's somewhat turbulent subjects the natives of New Zealand, and her *quasi* subjects on the Caffre frontier of Cape colony. Both Ireland and Scotland have been colonized by the Anglo-Norman race; Scotland by Anglo-Norman adventurers on their own account, Ireland under the

auspices of government. *En passant*, it would seem that even in those remote ages the peculiar talent of government for bungling the work of colonization had commenced. Both in Ireland and Scotland, the Anglo-Saxon civilization—the more advanced—has superseded that which was in progress previously to the colonization. In neither can the colonizers take credit to themselves for much regard to native rights or much leniency in their treatment of the aborigines. In both, the indestructible aborigines have survived all the male-treatment they have experienced. But in the Highlands of Scotland they have become assimilated to the colonizing race; they conform peaceably to the *alien* institutions. In Ireland they continue to kick against both. The only difference in their treatment has been, that in the Highlands, though the chiefs were coerced, they were recognized as chiefs: they found it their interest to enter within the pale of the new constitution; they were able to assert a respectable place in it; and they have drawn their retainers after them. In Ireland the native chiefs were systematically put down or cut off. A whole population cannot be brought over to new laws and new customs at once; and the Irish who first became Anglicized did not find themselves so comfortable among their adopted associates as their old, neither did they possess influence to draw others after them. There have been "broken clans" in the Highlands; and, with the exception of the indomitable Macgregors, nothing was ever made of them. The whole Gaelic population of Ireland were pounded down into broken clans; and we are eating the bitter fruits of this false policy at the present day. This insight into the origin of the social malady of Ireland helps us but little to a remedy for it, in its present complicated and chronic state; but it ought to be a warning to adopt with the Caffre and New Zealand clans the wise policy of the Anglo-Saxon adventurers, who were in Scotland the New Zealand Company of their day—not the unwise policy of the Essexes and others, sent out by what may be called the Colonial Office of their day. The former dealt with the chiefs as the natural superiors of their retainers, but as their own equals and subjects of the law; the latter cut off the chiefs, and thus destroyed the connecting-link between themselves and the inferior race.

It is rather presumptuous—and very useless—to read lectures to crowned heads. Her Majesty, however, if in a moralizing mood, might note for herself, as she passed through Dundee, how greatly real power is increased by being concealed. Mary of Scotland was the last queen-regnant who visited that town. She visited it during the honeymoon, on a business not very congenial to that super-celestial stage of existence: it was to apprehend sundry recusant barons, whom she had previously "put to the horn," because they had taken upon them to disapprove of her marriage and refuse their countenance to its solemnization. And those barons and their allies, after playing with her and her husband as puppets—meddling in and exaggerating the domestic differences of the royal couple, to promote their own ambitious ends—contrived, when it suited their purpose, to send the husband (Morton and other kirk barons certainly were implicated in the assassination) flying through the air at midnight, and to bring his consort to the block. Such helpless instruments in the hands of ambitious politicians were crowned heads, in those days of what Mary's son was pleased to call "free kings." A queen is,

thank Heaven, in our day pretty secure even from the incivility of any of her nobles declining an invitation to attend her marriage. Fancy the Duke of Wellington declining to countenance a match of Lord Melbourne's making, or Lord Melbourne refusing to attend a christening because the Duke is minister! The sovereign, too, has gained in real power as well as apparent security, from being jammed into narrower space by the encroachments of Lords and Commons. The very barriers that hedge in the sovereign's will are a shelter against every storm. A king, in the ante-constitutional period, was like a sailor laboring to heave a grapnel on a bare-swept deck: a king, cabined in by a House of Lords in front and a House of Commons in the rear, is like the same sailor at the same job, leaning over a good stout bulwark and stemming his heels against the windlass. Ladies with crowns—and ladies without crowns too—ought always to be thankful for the "rich blessings of constraint." They are never so powerful as when they least seem so. All great powers are invisible.

QUEEN'S SPEECH.—The most notable announcement is the one that the danger which threatened the good understanding between France and this country has been averted, by the spirit of justice and moderation that has animated both governments. Tahiti and Morocco are the chief subjects in question, and some further light is thrown on this statement by the premier and the *Times*. Sir Robert Peel reports, substantially, assurances given by France that she will not annex Morocco to her territory. The terms of the Tahiti settlement are said to be, that M. D'Aubigny is to be recalled, and Mr. Pritchard is to receive some compensation for the needless violence used towards him personally. We hope this is true; not so much with a view to Mr. Pritchard's profit, as to the cessation of tedious bickering. Otherwise, as there is to be no war about Morocco, an empire in our neighborhood, of course there can be none about the distant little island in Polynesia: therefore, if France will not give satisfaction to England and Mr. Pritchard, the most approved method of taking satisfaction would be, to seize on some French consul, to hustle and shake him in a direct ratio to the force put upon Mr. Pritchard, to lock him up and put his meals from home or from the cook-shop under surveillance, and to ship him off to France without bidding good-bye to his family. That might not only restore the injured majesty of England, but make the proud French know what it is for a great nation to feel that its consul has been knocked about.

THE CHRISTENING.

LOFTY was the ceremonial, splendid the feast, in Windsor Castle last night; when Queen Victoria's second son was christened. Royal visitors began to arrive early in the afternoon,—the Duchess of Kent, the Queen Dowager, with Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge with the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince William of Prussia; all suitably attended. Many more distinguished visitors also came—foreign ministers, cabinet ministers, and others, and were admitted to seats in the chapel. The sacred place was gorgeously fitted up for the occasion; the altar covered with crimson velvet and gold, and illumined by wax lights in golden can-

dlesticks. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the altar, aided by the Bishop of Norwich and the Bishop of Oxford, with the Queen's and Prince Albert's chaplains. After six o'clock all was ready, and the royal procession entered the chapel. This was distinguished from previous pageants by the presence of the elder children. First came some officers of the household. Then the sponsors—namely, the Duke of Cambridge, proxy for Prince George; the Duchess of Kent, proxy for the Duchess of Saxe Coburg Gotha; the Duke of Wellington, proxy for the Prince of Leiningen; followed by the ladies and gentlemen of their suites. More officers of the household. The Queen, leading the Princess Royal, walked with Prince William of Prussia by her side; Prince Albert was beside the Queen Dowager, and led the Prince of Wales. Then came the rest of the royal visitors; and lastly, more officers. The Queen wore a white satin dress trimmed with Honiton lace, a diamond tiara on her head, with the insignia of the Garter: the little children were dressed in white satin and lace; the princes in military uniforms. The service began with Palestrina's "O be joyful." When the music ceased, Prince Albert's Groom of the Stole conducted into the Chapel the Dowager Lady Lytton, bearing the Royal infant; who was baptized by the Archbishop; the Duke of Cambridge giving the name—"Alfred-Ernest-Albert." His Royal Highness Prince Alfred was carried out of the Chapel to the sound of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus from *Judas Maccabeus*. A benediction closed the service, at seven o'clock; and the procession withdrew in the order of its entrance.

Within half an hour afterwards, a bevy of guests entered St. George's Hall for the banquet. Numberless wax-lights made it brighter than day: the tables and sideboards, covered with the riches of the household treasury, "shone all with gold and stones that flame-like blazed." The Queen sat at one end of the table, Prince William on her right, the Duke her uncle on her left; Prince Albert sat at the other end, between Queen Adelaide and the Duchess of Kent. More royal guests, the clergy, cabinet and foreign ministers, ladies and gentlemen of the household and of the several suites, surrounded the board. The Steward of the Household gave the toasts, beginning with "His Royal Highness Prince Alfred;" music playing at the meal and between the toasts.

After dinner, the Queen led the way to the Waterloo Chamber; where a concert was performed of instrumental music by Beethoven, Haydn, Mayerbeer, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, and Weber. Spohr's piece was a manuscript symphony, describing the moral career of man—the bright innocence of childhood, the age of passion, and the reign of mature virtue: it was composed for two orchestras, and was performed accordingly, by eleven solo-players in the East gallery, and a numerous orchestra in the West gallery, more than a hundred feet distant; seventy performers in all. Thus the rejoicings terminated.—*Spectator*.

The *Constitutionnel* says:—Almost every day there are sent from Paris to Windsor, for the Queen of England, cargoes of peaches, Fontainebleau grapes, and pears from the gardens of the Civil List. It is probable that these fruits will arrive without hindrance—not like the grouse sent by Prince Albert to the king, which were seized.

From the United Service Magazine.

THE MUSKET.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF FIRE-ARMS.

At a time when every European state is diligently occupied in improving the small arms of their respective military, and their attention awakened to the urgent necessity of placing them on a more rational respective footing with the rapid strides made by tactics in modern times, a retrospective glance at a history of fire-arms may not be uninteresting to the thinking soldier, alive to the necessity and advantage of such improvements in the weapon with which the majority in all armies is furnished, as he will thereby not only readily grasp the rapid advances now made and making in its improvement, but also the efforts in art and science which were required to produce, out of the clumsy fire-arm, (so appropriately termed *Donnerbüchse*, thunder-box, by the Germans,) which was first used in war after the invention of gunpowder, the light, trim and handy musket of the present day.

It is now more than 200 years* that the method of firing has, in principle, remained unchanged; and although, in the present century, in the uses of private life it had received many improvements, yet, to the weapons of war these had never been applied until lately, when the necessity of their adoption to the musket became so urgent, that state after state commenced, and, in emulation of each other, are now hurrying forward on the once entered road.

1330.—Soon after the monk's (Berchtold Schwarz) accidental discovery of the effect of the powder, known long previously, to all appearance, by the Chinese,† we find historical traces of the use of cannon, viz., by the Moors, in 1342, at the siege of Algesiras, and in 1346, by our countrymen at the battle of Cressy. It is not, however, our purpose to pursue its rapid adoption by the Italian, German, and other nations.

In the commencement, when unskilled in the scientific relation and proportion of the charge to the strength of the cylinder, we find cannon of enormous size and weight; and even some years later, cannon were dragged before besieged towns at an enormous expense, both of money and labor, and there worked as effectively as could be expected from engines of such imperfect structure. Nevertheless, the idea gradually evinced itself to

* The French, in 1640, were the first to introduce the flint-lock.

† The credit of its European discovery, so generally attributed to Schwarz, may with great reason be disputed, since we find in a MS. belonging to Hudson Gurney, Esq., a receipt to make gunpowder, written by an English scribe about 1300, in very precise terms, viz., saltpetre, quick sulphur and charcoal from willows; it is termed a powder "ad faciendum le Crake!"

Guns are called crakeys of war in Gawen Douglas' translation of the *Æneid*. Folio, Edinburgh, 1810.

And that our extraordinary countryman, Roger Bacon, in the commencement of the thirteenth century, was acquainted with the composition of gunpowder, may be clearly inferred from the following passages in his works: "In omnem distantiam, quam volumus, possumus artificialiter componere ignem comburentem ex sale petre et aliis." At another time, he still more plainly indicates the ingredients of this wonderful substance, though half disguising the secret under the mystery of an anagram. "Sed tamen salis petre, luru mope can ubre et sulphuris: et sic facies tonitruum et coruscationem, si scies artificium." Here it will be observed that the letters which compose the name of the second ingredient, are transposed, "carbonum pulvere."

lessen the bulk of this all-terror-spreading engine, inasmuch as to apply it to a weapon for the hand. To this end, in 1364, five hundred small barrels, of a span only in length, were manufactured at Perugia, in Italy, which possessed, however, strength to drive a ball through any armor.

In the first application of fire-arms, as in that of almost every discovery, extremes were readily fallen into; and we find them, from the gigantic piece of ordnance, which projected a ball of one hundred pounds' weight, down to the smallest kind of hand-barrel, afterwards designated by the name of pistols. The latter, however, it appears, were held in little estimation, probably because the act of loading, and particularly that of firing them by means of the match, which was carried by the hand to the touch-hole, were too inconvenient in action. The barrels were now made longer, and thus was produced the musket in its original form, called arquebus, whose use became so rapidly spread, that, at the end of the fifteenth century, it had already begun to take the place of the arbalet, or cross-bow, which, up to that time, had always maintained a great superiority. At first, to every company of cross-bowmen a few men armed with the arquebus were attached; a few were afterwards mixed with the men-at-arms; and at length, in every company of 400 men, the half were armed with this fire-arm. In the fight at Murten, the Swiss had already in their ranks above 10,000 arquebuseers.

The fifteenth century was particularly fruitful in discoveries having relation to improvements in fire-arms, which began now at once to be much esteemed. The arquebus was, at first, short, thick and, therefore, very heavy. It carried four ounces of lead, and was fired with the match by the hand. Some time after, the so-called *cock* or *dragon* was affixed to the right side of the shaft, between the lips of which the burning match was fixed each time it was required, and, by means of a simple trigger, pressed upon the priming in the pan. To the trigger was afterwards added a spring, by means of which the ignition and firing of the piece were rendered more rapid.

Imperfect as this arm was in itself, the powder used was equally so, being in the commencement ungrained. It was not until the latter half of the fifteenth century, that the French began to corn it, to prevent the ruinous effects of its binding, and to divide it into three sorts, viz., into siege-powder for guns of heavy calibre, arquebus-powder, and pistol-powder, which consisted of the finest grains. The priming-powder, which was shaken on the pan, and that reserved for fireworks of a description which ignited less readily, remained ungrained.

As ammunition, each arquebuseer carried twelve powder charges, in the same number of little wooden boxes, appended to a bandoleer; a bag containing the same number of balls; a flask containing a pound of priming-powder, of which, in the imperfect mode of firing, a considerable quantity was always required; and lastly, several ells of match-string, which were partly wound round the bandoleer, and partly round the arquebus itself.

When we consider how slow with such an arrangement the act of loading alone could proceed; how before every discharge the match was required to be placed in the cock so correctly, that it should not miss the pan; that then the priming-powder was to be shed into the pan, and how often perhaps while it lay open it was scattered by

the wind; the tedious operation of firing may readily be imagined, and that the twelve charges of powder were an ample supply of ammunition for the soldier in those days. For this reason also, at all sieges each arquebuseer had a shield-bearer attached to him, behind whose shield, (*pavese*), which was planted into the ground by means of an iron spike, he completed the loading of his fire-arm.

About this time also the cavalry were gradually provided with fire-arms, and the French were again the first who introduced mounted marksmen armed with pieces two feet and a half long. For the improvements in this then terrible arm, which at this early period took place but slowly, we must not however look at home; it is to the workshops of Germany and France that we must direct our attention, from whose more skilful armorers we successively derived the different improvements which were made in an arm so little used in England, that the national weapon, the long-bow, still maintained its place till the latter part of the fifteenth century. It was, however, in the following century that the most striking modern example of the influence of the quality of arms upon the destiny of nations was to be afforded, in the conquests of Pizarro and Cortes, who, at the head of a handful of Spaniards, annihilated the numerous armies of two potent and brave nations in that state of semi-civilization in which a people develop the most energy in their defence. This unparalleled success can alone be attributed to the superiority of fire-arms, even in their then imperfect state, over every other weapon.

In the year 1517, the wheel-lock was invented in the city of Nuremberg, which consisted in a small sharply-notched or curbed wheel of steel, immediately connected with the pan, and cocked by means of a strong spring. Upon the priming powder being shed upon the pan, the cock, which was furnished with a piece of brimstone, was let down upon the curb of the wheel, and the trigger being pulled, the little wheel was turned rapidly several times by the strength of the spring, producing sparks from the brimstone, which exploded the piece. This apparent improvement in the method of firing was, however, but little adopted; and we find the infantry of all the European powers still armed with the common matchlock up to the middle of the seventeenth century. The cavalry alone made use of the wheel-locks, as the motions of the horse more readily spilt the priming-powder from the match-locks; the reason assigned for this preference of the latter, was the rapid wear of the brimstone, and the frequent missing fire, which resulted therefrom.

In the sixteenth century, the calibre of the arquebus was diminished to two ounces of lead, and these arms were called the *demi-arquebus*. Besides these, there were also in use the double arquebus, the barrel of which was about four feet long, and carried an eight-ounce ball.

This arm was fired from a crotch or rest made for that purpose. Besides these, the musketoon, with a barrel one foot and a half long, and a calibre of two inches, which was loaded with from twelve to fifteen balls; and, lastly, a fire-arm, which was not however used in war, with wheel-locks and a grooved barrel. In this century target-firing was first generally practised; and at Nuremberg in 1429, at Augsburg in 1430, and lastly at Leipzig in 1498, it was a favorite amusement.

Nuremberg was particularly the cradle of the majority of the most important improvements in

small arms, at which place George Kùhfuss and Casper Recknagel produced the chief improvements in the wheel-locks; Wolf Danner in forging and boring, and Augustin Kutter the so-term-ed rose and star grooves of his barrels.

The more general the introduction of fire-arms among the different troops of the European armies became, the more general also was the endeavor to suggest a mode of increasing the strength of all defensive armor against their fearful effect, and the latter was made at length so strong, that it would effectually resist the ball of a *demi-arquebus*. This suggested the idea, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, of the musket-proper, whose barrel was considerably longer than that of the *demi-arquebus*, and threw a ball of four ounces; from its weight, however, when fired, it was supported by a fork—termed the *fourchette*—which on a march the musketeer carried in his right hand, while the musket was carried for him by another man.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the musket was made considerably lighter. The French diminished their calibre to a two-ounce ball; the *demi-arquebus* throwing one but of an ounce weight. This small arm, however, in the infantry still retained the match-lock, and was loaded without cartridges. The number of ammunition balls for the musketeers was, however, increased to fifteen, and that of the arquebuseer to thirty; a proof that the mode of loading was becoming better understood.

In the armies of Charles V., 1521, the musket was first used. The Spanish musketeers were formed into a separate and picked corps, in order to give greater effect to their attack, and no armor was proof against their balls. The Duke of Alba, however, who in his campaigns in the Low Countries had 1600 musketeers in his army, divided them among the arquebuseers, in such manner that fifteen were attached to every company, in which the Flemings soon imitated him. At length, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the arquebus disappeared entirely in the infantry, and the companies were divided into musketeers and pikemen, the latter in the proportion of one-third. The light cavalry carried an arquebus two and a half feet long, called also a *petrinal*, which was, however, of larger calibre than that of the infantry. When fired, the arm was rested against the front of the breast, and was at first provided with match-locks, but afterwards the whole of the cavalry received the more convenient wheel-lock. As, however, these arquebuses had but a very limited range, the Spaniards introduced at the same time with the musket the use of longer barrels in their cavalry, which they distinguished by the name of *carbines*, and which were three and a half feet long; besides these, each rider, as well as the mounted spearmen, were provided with two pistols. The carbineer at first loaded his piece with prepared wooden cartridges, of which he carried twenty-four in two leathern pockets.

About the end of the sixteenth century, dragoons were first established. It had been found necessary to transport the musket-armed infantry with greater rapidity from one place to another; for this purpose, companies of the usual musketeers were mounted, and trained to dismount quickly on arriving at the place intended, where they used their muskets on foot, still preserving the commonly preferred matchlocks to these pieces.

The most striking feature of this time was, however, that the use of the spear became everywhere discontinued by the cavalry, which were armed alone with fire-arms and the sword. The cuirassiers had now, beside their powerful broadsword, (pallasche,) one pistol of the length of two feet, and the light cavalry, or carabineers, were throughout the various European powers armed as before described.

It may readily be imagined that these changes in the organization of armies influenced greatly the mode of their fighting. In the seventeenth century Gustavus Adolphus introduced considerable improvements in the fire-arms of his infantry, giving to a part the wheel-locks before described, and to the rest the match-guard invented by the Dutch, which consisted of a tin tube, into which the match was inserted, to shield it from the damp and rain. He also introduced throughout his troops the practice of loading with cartridges, in which the French, and afterwards the English, imitated him.

In the course of this century, the present fast-disappearing flint-lock was invented in France, and in Germany each cavalry or Reiterregiment was furnished with arms having these locks, which in 1645 became also more prevalent among the musketeers of the continent. In 1663 the household cavalry of Charles II., as indeed the troopers of all the British cavalry regiments, were armed in the following manner—defensive arms, back and breast-plate, with iron pot or skull-cap; offensive arms, the sword and a pair of pistols, whose length was circumscribed to fourteen inches; the troopers of the former, however, carried besides a carbine. Each musketeer was furnished with a musket, the barrel of which was four feet long, of calibre, fourteen bullets to the pound, with a collar of bandoleers; and every pikeman with a pike sixteen feet long; the sword was worn alike by all the foot. The flint-lock was introduced into the British Guards 1667, but it does not appear to have entirely superseded the match-lock until after 1672, shortly after which period the light fuzee of the French was progressively introduced.

The bayonet, invented at Bayonne about the year 1670, and with which a regiment of fusileers was first armed by Louis XIV., in the year following, (according to some, it was first employed against the confederates at Turin, in 1693,) soon began now to acquire a favorable consideration, uniting as it did in a projectile arm the qualities of a manual weapon. Previous to its introduction, each battalion had been divided into musketeers and pikemen, the first acting the part of a sort of light infantry, destined to assail a distant enemy, the latter forming a kind of infantry of the line, to sustain the more immediate shock of battle. Montecuculi, in his recital of the battle of St. Gotard, fought with the Turks in 1664, represents his battalions formed on four lines of pikemen, preceded by two ranks of musketeers. The latter, upon the charge, arranged themselves either in a stooping posture under the pikes, which defended them by their projection, or, if time allowed, filed behind the pikemen. In 1684, we find the grenadier companies, which had been added to all English regiments in 1678, furnished with bayonets to their fuzees, in the 2d Regt. of Guards. The bayonet, as first introduced from the continent, consisted of a two-edged blade twelve inches long by one in breadth, which was fastened for use into the barrel of the piece, by means of a wooden han-

dle or style, which inconvenient mode of appliance required its removal on each discharge of the arm.

Although Prince Maurice of Orange had introduced in the preceding century the manual and exercise of the musket in given *tempos*, for the purpose of acquiring thereby a more rapid and certain method of firing, yet, whether from a desire to give an increased importance to that arm, or from a predilection for equalized and measured evolutions, these were carried to useless extremes, and in the multiplicity of motions to which the manual and exercise were extended, the real object became wholly mistaken and lost sight of. The pike still maintained itself beside the musket, in the infantry, throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century. The Imperialists alone wholly discontinued its use in 1670, and armed the foot throughout with muskets. The pike was abandoned by the Prussians in 1698, and the so-called "Spanish riders," or *cheveux de frize*, introduced for the protection of infantry against cavalry; it was not entirely exchanged, however, for the musket in the English infantry until 1767. By degrees, nevertheless, the other European nations followed in proportion as they more readily, or with greater difficulty could be induced to abandon the long-accustomed weapon, and overcome the many prejudices which opposed themselves to such a change in the military organization. With equal difficulty also was the light French fuzee, with the flint-lock and bayonet, adopted by the German troops, but the invention of the screw to the bayonet, in 1678, by Philip Russel, an Englishman, by which improvement, even when firing, the advantages of the pike were still retained, soon decided all minds in its favor, as also for the universal adoption of the longer enduring flint in the place of the readily used brimstone for locks, in the structure of which, improvements were now daily making. Nevertheless, the general adoption of the bayonet-fuzee cannot be affirmed to have taken place until the later years of this century, and the length of barrel, as then adopted for this arm, was about three feet eight, the length of the bayonet-blade one and a half feet; its calibre in the German infantry from fourteen to sixteen balls to the pound,—in that of the French somewhat less.

The Swedes, were, however, according to some, the first who fired with bayonets fixed, and then the Prussians, in 1732, but only in the front rank. Even as late as at the battle of Mollwitz, the third rank was unprovided with the bayonet, as appears by the accounts of that day. Simultaneously with the different improvements in the musket, and from the necessity which daily became more evident of a more rapid mode of fire, the method of loading was altered, and the infantry throughout were provided with paper cartridges, of which each soldier carried from twenty to forty in a leathern pocket. In the Prussian army had now also been some time introduced the iron ramrod, in lieu of the old wooden one, which was so frequently broken during action; for which reason, also, the corporals in each company, in the Prussian and Austrian infantry, had previously been provided with spare ramrods of iron, in two parts, which when required were screwed together.

In the commencement of the eighteenth century a most important invention, which was not, however, esteemed as it merited until some time after, was suggested by Gottfried Hantsch, in Nurem-

burgh, who manufactured a pistol, the touch-hole of which externally was funnel-shaped, by which form it became no longer necessary to shed the priming into the pan, as the cartridge, upon being rammed home, primed the piece, and thus increased the speed of loading materially. Geisler, a contemporary writer, the author of a work on the artillery service, much praised this arrangement, but recommended the breech-pin to be cut off diagonally, to prevent the rolling forward of the powder.

The predilection shown by the cavalry for fire-arms at this period was very striking, and every cavalry corps was more or less armed with them; in which, however, continual changes were made, some induced by necessity, but oftener by mere prejudice. The French carabineers received grooved barrels, the dragoons of all nations long flint-fuzeees with bayonets, in addition to two long cavalry pistols. At length, however, the practice of dismounting the latter description of troops in action was wholly abandoned, and they fought like the heavy cavalry; for which reason, in the Seven Years' War, they were deprived of the useless bayonet.

In the Seven Years' War between Austria and Prussia, as well as in the ensuing Turkish war, many changes and improvements were made in fire-arms; and it may be said that the Prussians, under their warlike kings, took precedence of all others in this respect. Thus, as we have already said, they were the first to introduce into their armies the strong, and, for the rough uses of war, more-befitting iron ramrod, and when the Austrians and several other states imitated them, they came forward, in 1773, with the cylindrical ramrod, which had the advantage of not requiring to be turned while loading; although it did not so efficiently answer in the equal lodgment of the ball; for this reason, perhaps, and to give it more lightness, it was afterwards made by the Hessians throughout thinner, and provided at each end with a broader heel. In 1781 the fire-arms of the Prussians were provided with the funnel-mouthed touch-holes, whereby they primed themselves, and at the same time with a covering for the entire lock, consisting of tin, covered externally with leather, to protect it from the wet; with the exception of this lock-covering, they were imitated by the Saxons, Hessians, Austrians, Hanoverians, and others.

At this period the Austrians armed a portion of their light frontier troops with double-barrelled muskets, having a grooved, and a smooth barrel. They did not, however, long retain them, doubtless on account of the weight and inconvenience of such arms; eventually rifled barrels, (stutzen,) with broad-bladed bayonets, the originals of the present French sabre-bayonets, were given to the non-commissioned officers and fuglemen of each section. Similar to these are the rifles with which a part of the Jägers of the present day are armed. With these improved fire-arms the armies of every state were diligently exercised, particularly in the practice of target-firing; which in later times again became neglected, in a manner not readily accounted for, and which neglect *still* obtains, even in the present day, in most of the European armies; but in none more than in our own,—originating in a parsimonious and ill-conceived economy.

Several inventions, which were rejected as inapplicable to the uses of war, were now also

brought forward, as, for instance, fire-arms which loaded at the breech, others with barrels whose bore diminishing at the breech-pin, permitted the ball, by the mere action of its rolling down the barrel, to fix itself firmly on the charge, and, again, guns which loaded themselves by means of a magazine of several charges.

With the exception of the funnel-shaped touch-holes, the fire-arms of the cavalry remained nearly unchanged, and these were almost universally adopted, until the Austrians, in the year 1760, armed the front rank of their cuirassiers with the so-called trombones, a somewhat short fire-arm, the barrel of which increased considerably in width towards the muzzle, and threw a charge of twelve bullets.

The bayonet was, however, taken from the dragoons, as a useless incumbrance, although it was attempted to supply its place with a pointed ramrod, which, on being half-drawn, was fastened in that position by a spring. This was, however, soon abandoned.

An invention, which perhaps merited more imitators, was that of a ramrod attached to the barrel by a joint or hinge, and from which it could not be detached or lost. The Hanoverian chasseurs à cheval were the first to apply this arrangement; they were, however, imitated alone by the Saxons.

The French war, at the end of the eighteenth, and beginning of the nineteenth century, permitted of few important alterations in small-arms; too much engrossed in the struggle itself, men had neither time nor the inclination to apply themselves to new inventions, or, at least, to practical experiments. The only important object which presented itself to notice was the air-gun, in the War of the Revolution, which soon again disappeared from the scene. Meanwhile, however, the rapid development of the modern principle of the art of war, distant combat, induced, as a consequence, the desire and endeavor to render the musket lighter and more convenient in the hand, the distribution of sixty rounds of cartridges per man, while a like quantity indispensably followed on the ammunition wagons.

Notwithstanding this apparent stationary condition of the musket, in the commencement of the present century an invention developed itself which has now induced a most important change in the fire-arms of all nations, and rivetted, as it were, the attention of all men to this previously somewhat neglected weapon. We advert here to the mode of percussion-firing.

The desire to increase the explosive power of gunpowder led, in 1807, the celebrated French chemist, Berthollet, to the discovery of an explosive medium, chlorate of potash, and afterwards our countryman, Howard, to that of the detonating quicksilver, the latter of which is produced from quicksilver, nitrous acid, and spirits of wine. Neither, however, achieved the desired object, as both detonating preparations, which ignited by mere friction, or by a smart blow, were attempted to be applied to the firing of the charges of cannon and small-arms. About the same time, also, Forsyth obtained in England a patent for percussion locks, as applied to arms, by which he produced the ignition of the so-called detonating balls, composed of chlorate of potash, brimstone, and lycopodium, by means of the sudden and smart stroke of a hammer. The same invention was applied by a Frenchman Pauli, to a new-constructed dou-

ble-barrelled gun, and another, Le Page, of Paris, took out also letters patent for a new mode of percussion-firing.

From 1815 to 1818 this successful mode of firing became generally known, applied to fowling-pieces, and was improved upon by the gun-makers of different nations. It was then usual with them to construct the locks with a small magazine, containing a supply of the detonating powder, (composed of chlorate of potash, brimstone, and charcoal, grained or corned,) which, upon the cocking of the piece, supplied the pan with a few grains of the powder, which ignited upon the falling of the hammer. This arrangement entailed, however, many disadvantages, consisting partly in the too complicated structure of the locks, but much more in that the percussion-powder, by the too great affinity of the chlorate to damp, readily imbibed it from the atmosphere, and from its primitive quality would no more ignite. Thus this mode of percussion-lock was never susceptible of appliance to the arms of war.

At length Debboubert, or Prelat, in 1818, invented the *percussion cap*, or capsule as it is usually called, which protects the percussion powder from all damp, permits of a much greater simplicity in the mechanism of the lock, and therefore soon obtained the preference over the former magazine locks, which were soon as little seen in private use as the long banished flint-lock. The soldier alone still retained the nearly 200 years old little altered lock upon his musket. For the soldier only, no one had yet known how to apply the now common and acknowledged advantages of percussion firing. Yet must we not prejudice those whose duty it was to consider and attempt its application; the man of judgment and the initiated can well understand the numerous, nay, almost unconquerable difficulties, which the introduction of this system of firing, for an entire army, presented, and how each must have shrunk from the very thought, before he fully understood how those obstacles were to be overcome. It is one thing, for a lover of field sports, to order the making of a single gun of his gun-maker, who is enabled to turn his whole and undivided attention, his entire industry and skill, on that one single arm; but it is another when hundreds of thousands of regulation muskets, constructed on the old principle, are to be adapted to this purpose; it is one thing, when the former goes a-field with his handsome, well-finished, and costly arm, to shoot partridges, and who, when the weather is somewhat unfavorable, can take shelter with his gun, or exchange it for a second and third when it is spoiled by the rain, but it is another for the soldier, exposed with his musket day after day and week after week in the field to the worst of weathers. There is, in fact, no point of resemblance between the sportsman's preparation for the field, his whole attention and care devoted to his individual fowling-piece and its ammunition, and that of the preparation of this arm for an entire army, of its distribution and substitution. He who will, with unbiassed judgment, consider the late condition of the small arms in the army of this country, and the inveterate opposition made to every expenditure for the service and advantage of the military in England, where, so frequently, in the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, the greatest ulterior advantage is lost sight of, and the ability and will to embrace them is shackled and rendered abortive,—to such a mind it will be

no longer incomprehensible, that since the discovery of the percussion cap twenty years should have elapsed, before the authorities in this country had the courage to introduce a mode of firing as adapted to small arms, which, in addition to its expense, was even somewhat problematical in its appliance on a large scale. The enterprise of foreign states was, however, soon to render it necessary in this country, to place its military on a footing with that of the other powers in the event of war.

Numerous experiments were now made on the continent, where no state remained inactive. Numerous suggestions were listened to attentively, but not enduring the test of proof were again rejected. At length several powers decided in favor of the capsules, and then commenced to effect the alteration with spirit. It is true that all the earlier obstacles were not yet obviated, such as the certain fitting and efficient setting of the capsules on the piston, which in the quantity as manufactured on a large scale, and with the necessary expedition, could not so readily be put out of hand with the nicety the thing required, and which even from the greater or lesser degree of heat applied, acquired a proportionate size and thickness, whence the important disadvantage arose, that either the percussion medium contained in the capsule did not equally rest on the piston, and therefore was defective in the necessary firmness of its hold; or that the capsule, of a greater diameter than the piston, occasioned it to fall off with the least movement. These defects, it was endeavored to obviate by every sort of means, but hitherto it had not been wholly achieved.

Austria pursued another system. An employé in the imperial service of Milan, of the name of Console, projected, to wit, in 1835, a method of firing, in which the percussion powder was contained in a tin cap, seven lines in length by one in breadth, termed the *Zünder*, literally, Igniter, which on the stroke of the hammer delivered the stream of fire to the charge in the barrel in a *horizontal* direction, (which in the common capsule is *vertical*.) Notwithstanding the still imperfect manner in which this suggestion was at first effected, those who grasped the idea in all its bearings, perceived therein, the fast approaching remedy to the numerous disadvantages which still adhered to the use of capsules, and decided in its favor. Experiments on a small, as well as on a more extensive scale, were now carried out. At the suggestion of Field Marshal Baron Augustin the musket lock was constructed on principles more in consonance with the present condition of military technics. The caps, which were previously flat, were now altered to round. The percussion powder contained therein was now composed of detonating quicksilver, as experience had shown that the chlorate attacked the metal of the gun; and thus, in 1840, was begun the alteration of the old flint locks into this description of percussion lock for the whole Austrian army. Convinced alone by this alteration in the method of firing, of the various defects which had for so long existed in the usual and universal structure of the musket, and of the locks hitherto in use, each state now evinced the disposition to lay them wholly aside, and to give to the musket, in all its several parts, that form and structure, which from its relation to the present condition and principles of our mode of fighting, and of our whole system of war, it merited. Several other inventions, as adapted to

small arms, made their appearance progressively. Different modes of percussion firing were suggested, whose object was chiefly to attach the igniting apparatus to the cartridge itself, and by that means to obviate wholly the use of capsules, &c., or to so contrive, that the same cap should answer for several successive discharges. All these contrivances had, however, the defect of comprising an intricacy of construction which was wholly inapplicable to the uses of war.

Not, however, from the laboratory of the chemist issued now alone the knowledge of agents, whose wonderful powers were to produce so great a change in the features of modern technics. A giant power of contemporary birth had now been some time rapidly progressing towards the achievement of results, crowned with a success so startling, as to promise soon to change the long-established and every-day usages of society. That power was steam, and Perkins, our countryman, again in this instance, the first who bethought him of applying it to the usages of war. In 1827 he introduced his steam guns, whose surprising powers presented at once a means so terrific, as to render its practical adoption problematical on the score of humanity. Should, however, its application become at any future time resolved upon, it can alone be to heavy cannon, or to that description of engine termed the organ gun, composed of numerous horizontally placed gun-barrels, which already, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, had been suggested, but which afterwards gave place to the discovery of the murderous grape.

Of much more importance, as a discovery of general appliance to small arms, is the late one of the Frenchman, Delvigne, one whose results are doubtless as yet incalculable, consisting in a construction of barrel, which, while it possesses the advantage of a lightness hitherto unattempted, combines that of an immense range. As a general principle they consist in a grooved or rifle barrel, in which the tightly-fitting ball assumes its place without resting on the powder, forming, as it were, a hollow charge, by means of which the ignition of the powder takes place more rapidly and equally, developing thereby a much more impulsive power. These guns, which possess besides other advantages, attain, with great certainty, a range from five hundred to six hundred yards.

Since the first historical mention of hand fire-arms, now nearly six hundred years ago, thus far have we arrived in the improvements of their construction, and in the present rapid strides of the technical arts and sciences, it is not improbable, that they will be rapidly followed by yet more brilliant results.

From the Polytechnic Review.

THE ALPACA.

The Alpaca; its Naturalization in the British Isles considered as a National Benefit, and as an Object of immediate Utility to the Farmer and Manufacturer. By WILLIAM WALTON. Blackwoods.

AT a moment when the philanthropist, alarmed by the results of the last census, and shuddering at the consequences of that distress which continues to prevail in the manufacturing districts, complains of our over-population, and recommends emigration as a remedy, this neat little volume, with two classical illustrations, will be deemed a seasonable acquisition by the public. The author, who has

evidently devoted much time and labor to his subject, and, besides, must have had facilities in his researches which no other individual could have enjoyed, gives his readers to understand that, instead of being dismayed at the productive powers of our women, and instead of sending forth what is called our "surplus population" into distant climes, there to contend with difficulties and endure the horrors of solitude, we ought to look around us and see whether our waste lands are properly turned to account, and whether we cannot devise some means of employing our spinners and weavers thrown out of work, and at the same time try if we cannot increase our stock of butcher's meat. Mr. Walton does not merely propound the question; but in a clear and powerful manner shows how the three desiderata above enumerated, to a certain extent at least, may be attained by the naturalization of a new species of sheep, the fleece of which, resembling silk, yields seventeen pounds of wool, worth from two to three shillings per pound, while the flesh holds a middle rank between mutton and venison.

Our limits would not allow us to dwell at any length on the utility of this really farmer's manual, or to point out the masterly manner in which the author has performed his task; but we think it our duty to convey some idea of the nature of the work, which will be best done by glancing at its contents. These briefly stand thus: history and properties of the alpaca—its wool and meat—its applicability to our soil and circumstances—benefits which would accrue to the farmer and manufacturer from its naturalization—results of the experiments already made—errors committed by our breeders—diseases and treatment—safe and economical mode of procuring stock—national advantages, &c.

From this little sketch, a tolerably correct notion may be formed of the scope afforded to the author; and in unfolding his subject we may safely say, that he has been ably and patriotically supported by some of the principal breeders in Ireland and Scotland, as well as in England, the results of whose experiments are given in their own words. Among the English amateurs may now be ranked Prince Albert, who, for the last year, has had a pair of alpacas at Windsor, one of which, from over-kindness, there is reason to apprehend, died about six weeks ago; and its fleece, weighing sixteen pounds, we are given to understand, is about to be manufactured, at Bradford, into dresses for the special wearing of her Majesty. Among the English breeders is the Earl of Derby, who is believed to be the largest proprietor of Andes sheep in the kingdom, but who has fallen into the great error of crossing the alpaca with the llama, and besides, keeps these Alpine animals in close parks and menageries, instead of allowing them a mountain range, and stationing them in a congenial clime. Mr. Walton hits his lordship rather hard, and we think deservedly too; for no man has had so fair an opportunity of conferring a great and permanent boon upon his country as the Earl of Derby, one of the earliest possessors of alpacas at a cheap rate, if he had only treated that interesting animal as farming stock, and not as a mere object of natural history.

We could not render that justice to this important subject which our inclinations prompt us to do, by entering into details, but there is one part of it viz., the applicability of the alpaca to our soil and circumstances, upon which it is but fair that the author should speak for himself.

"From the experiments already made, not only in the British isles, but also in several parts of Europe, we are now sufficiently well acquainted with the properties of the tame species of Andes sheep, to feel assured that they are hardy animals, and easily fed. From unquestionable authority, we also know that they were found in the highest degree useful by a race of secluded mountaineers, engaged in the peaceful occupations of pastoral and agricultural life, and who without them scarcely could have existed. Of the two kinds, the alpaca, as before stated, is evidently the most valuable; as, besides furnishing a wholesome and nutritious food, it yields a fine and glossy wool, which might easily be made the staple commodity of a new manufacture, and by thus opening another source of trade, help to remove that pressure which bears so heavily upon various classes in the community.

"By trials commenced more than twenty-five years ago, it is equally placed beyond doubt that this animal may, without any great difficulty, be naturalized among us, and made to propagate; and every day the facilities and the efficacy of the scheme to adopt it, become more apparent. The hardy nature and contented disposition of the alpaca, cause it to adapt itself to almost any soil or situation, provided the heat is not oppressive, and the air pure. The best proof of its hardiness is its power to endure cold, damp, hunger, and thirst, vicissitudes to which it is constantly exposed on its native mountains; while its gentle and docile qualities are evinced in its general habits of affection towards its keeper.

"No animal in the creation is less affected by the changes of climate and food, nor is there any one to be found more easily domiciliated than this. It fares well while feeding below the snowy mantle which envelopes the summits, and for several months in the year clothes the sides of the Andes. As before shown, it ascends the rugged and rarely trodden mountain path with perfect safety, sometimes climbing the slippery crag in search of food, and at others instinctively seeking it on the heath, or in rocky dells shattered by the wintry storm; at the same time that, when descending, it habituates itself to the wet and dreary ranges on the lowlands, so long as it is not exposed to the intense rays of the sun."

"Many of our northern hills would try the constitution of any sheep, and yet there the weather is never so inclement or so variable as on the Cordilleras of Peru. With so many advantages, why then shall not the alpaca have an opportunity of competing with the black-faced sheep, the only breed that can exist in those wild and inhospitable lands? Of the two, the stranger would fare best on scanty and scattered food, at the same time affording to the owner a far better remuneration. When ordinary sheep are removed from a cold to a warm climate, the wool becomes thin and coarse, until at length it degenerates into hair. This is the case with those taken from England to the West India Islands; whereas the merinos conveyed from Spain to Peru, and bred upon the Andes slopes, yield a fleece which, when well dressed, is preferred by the manufacturer to that of the parent stock.

"As regards the alpaca, we bring a lanigerous animal from a dreary and barren situation to one equally well suited to its habits and at the same time infinitely healthier and better adapted for feeding. The result, therefore, could not fail to be favora-

ble. The atmospheric changes in our climate can have little or no influence on an animal constitutionally hardy and so well coated; and by the adoption of this stock we not only secure to ourselves a new raw material for our manufactures, but also an additional provision of butcher's meat.

"If the animals take to the soil, and this, as before observed, they have done even in situations by no means well chosen, an increased weight of both fleece and carcass must follow. An improvement in the quality of the wool may be equally looked for; it being abundantly proved that pasture has a greater influence on its fineness than climate. The staple, also, cannot fail to grow longer, if the animal has a regular supply of suitable food; and, for reasons already explained, this is more readily met with on our mountains than on those of Peru, where the flocks are exposed to great privations.

"In other respects, the alpaca would prove an economical stock. It is freer from constitutional diseases than ordinary sheep, and less subject to those arising from repletion and exposure to rain; neither are its young liable to those accidents which befall the lamb. The mothers are provident and careful nurses; nor do the young ones require any aid to enable them to suck. Except at the rutting season, these animals stand in need of no extra attention; neither are they predisposed to take cold. In this respect, the alpaca is preëminently favored by nature. Its skin is thick and hard, and, being covered with an impervious coat, it is not injured by moisture. Snows and storms never affect these animals. Unhurt they pass through the utmost rigor of the elements, and hence the precautions adopted by our shepherds on some bleak localities, with them would be superfluous.

"Another remarkable feature in the alpaca is, that it does not often transpire; for which reason, and its peculiarly cleanly habits, the fleece does not require washing before it is taken from the back. Although often confined to regions, where

'Snow piled on snow, each mass appears

The gather'd winter of a thousand years,'

the alpaca is not subject to catarrhs, or to those disorders which disable the limbs. The chest being guarded by a callosity, or cushion, which comes in contact with the ground while the animal reposes, the vital parts are not injured should the flock be obliged to pass the night in a damp or unsheltered situation. Besides being free from the diseases incidental to common sheep, the alpaca is less exposed to what are called 'outward accidents.' The facility with which this animal escapes from the fatal consequences of a snow-storm, is a valuable property. One shudders at reading the graphic description, given by the Ettrick Shepherd, of those sudden and awful calamities which have so often overtaken the farmer in the Scotch Highlands, when

'The feathery clouds, condensed and furl'd

In columns swept the quaking glen;

Destruction down the vale was hurl'd

O'er bleating flocks and wondering men.'

"I know not whether, in our hemisphere, the winters have become more severe than in ancient times; but since the well-known 'Thirteen Days' Drift,' supposed to have taken place in the year 1660, at which period so large a portion of the Scotch flocks was destroyed, and so many persons perished, it is a fact that we have had no less than

thirty-six inclement seasons, during which the losses among sheep were incalculable. Nor have these misfortunes been confined to Scotland. The fall of snow, which occurred towards the close of February, 1807, was so heavy in England, that in exposed situations the herds and flocks extensively suffered. Of the large number of sheep, on that occasion, overwhelmed in the Borough Fen, near Stamford, only 600 could be dug out alive, the rest being completely buried in the snow. Upwards of 2000 perished on Romney Marsh, and the desolation equally spread to other places.

"In our islands, sheep are sometimes smothered by the snow falling down upon them from the hills, or perish in an accumulation of drift. Frequently they have not the courage, or the strength, to extricate themselves; but from his greater size, boldness, and activity, the alpaca is better able to contend with the storm. In their own country, these animals have an unerring foresight of approaching danger, and, collecting their young around them, seek the best shelter which the locality affords. After a tempest seldom is one missing, although they are, as it were, left to themselves, and the country bare of trees. Nothing can be more interesting than to see a flock of Andes sheep overtaken by a storm, and crossing a valley, with the drift reaching to their very backs. Raising their heads in a bold and majestic manner, the old males take the first line, and by pushing through the barrier, or jumping upon it when resistance is too great, succeed in opening or beating down the snow, so as to form a path for the weaker ones to follow."—pp. 48—50; 55—61.

We are sorry that we have no room for further extracts; but, before closing this notice, we deem it our duty to state that, sensible of the importance of introducing the alpaca into Scotland, in 1841 the Highland and Agricultural Society offered their gold medal for the best treatise written on the subject, which was awarded to Mr. Walton: and this year, at the Glasgow cattle-show, which took place in the early part of last month, they announced premiums for the best pair born in the country, and the two best imported. The successful candidate was Mr. G. Stirling, of Craigbarnet Place, Lennoxton, an extract from whose letter in reference to his little pet, two months old, and born on his own estate, we have it in our power to subjoin.

August 12.—My chief reason for delaying to answer your letter was my wish to see what would take place at our Highland agricultural show, which took place at Glasgow. The great day of the exhibition was upon Thursday, the 8th instant, and certainly it was one of the most splendid shows of first-rate stock, I believe, ever seen in Scotland; but I need not dilate upon it, as you will see it fully reported in the newspapers. My alpacas, with the youngster, were the only ones exhibited. They were much admired; and, indeed, latterly, they became the attraction of the immense multitude congregated together in the show-ground. The young one was particularly admired, and it was the wish of the committee that its likeness should be taken, but the day was unfortunately wet and cold, and it being so young, I was afraid to allow it to remain, and sent it home. However, it is quite well and was nothing the worse for its journey to Glasgow, and its long confinement in the show-yard. Notwithstanding the bad day, the number of spectators was immense; and, so far as I heard, no accident happened."

From the Fort Folio.

NEW INSTRUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION.

DISCIPLINE AND GUNPOWDER—CIVILIZED AND BARBAROUS LIFE AND WARFARE.

It has been the fashion to look upon the invention of gunpowder as the means of saving the expenditure on the field of battle of human blood. Cursed be such economy—cursed the life that is spared, because some are trebly armed, not by the justice of their cause, but the terror of their weapons. When discipline first appeared, under the banners of Rome, in an array that was alarming to the world, there were, at least, within the breast of that state itself, restraints which mitigated the terrors of the scientific destruction of man; and there was in that people a grandeur and an excellence which made even its victories beneficial, and transmitted, even through its own decay, traditions of excellence and virtue to future ages.

The Goths conquered, not with armies possessed of discipline—they were an organized horde—but this people of marauders was endowed with characters which qualified them to be the founders of states, and which, at the time, commanded the admiration of the most highly gifted spirits, produced by the putrifying civilization of the Roman world.

To the discipline of Rome, and the feudal binding of the Goths, succeeded the chemical invention which has enabled men to destroy each other at a distance. This has, indeed, diminished the frequency of battles, and the loss of life in proportion to the numbers actually engaged; but it has done so by rendering violence more irresistible—giving to mere weapons greater efficacy; making, at once, military nations powerful to coerce their neighbors, and military governments powerful to suppress the liberties of their people. Governments, thus armed, were subjected to strong temptation by this additional power possessed, and by the machine-like character impressed upon the soldiery. Then followed recklessness of mind as of practice—contempt, and utter ignorance of rights and laws; and the love of liberty was extinguished in the lust of conquest. The prostration of the people's judgment was the first step to those interminable contests between government and government of Europe, which have ended by covering it with standing armies, and overloading each separate people with debt; and though, in the struggle, monarchs have been deprived of power, the power, thus accumulated, exists as a whole, and can be set in vehement action by a single touch. But it depends entirely on accident how that touch shall be applied, and who shall apply it. The machine-like perfection of government is indeed spoken of, admiring and commending such a state. But it is not the government, it is the nations that have become perfect, that is, mere machines; yet, when the reason of a nation is not called in to regulate the action of this terrific machinery, its passions may be used to set it in motion.

Two discoveries may therefore be pointed out, of a practical kind, as aiding the changes from the original patriarchal state to our present system of representation, and our condition of faction, pauperism, lawlessness and secrecy. The first is discipline, by which the soldier is separated from the citizen; the second is gunpowder, which multiplies the power of the disciplined body as against the undisciplined nation. But the first change, that of the line drawn between citizen and soldier, was not found in the old republics of Athens, of

Rome,* &c., nor was it in the organization of our Gothic ancestors; indeed, this change has been introduced concurrently with the use of gunpowder, nor can it well be said, as we have shown elsewhere, that, until the present century, or almost till within the last ten years of it, has, in England at least, the soldier ceased to consider himself bound by the laws that bind the citizen.

Now let us suppose some discovery as much surpassing gunpowder as gunpowder surpassed the bows and arrows† that preceded it: what would be the effect? Possibly to counteract the power of discipline and gunpowder; possibly to annihilate fortresses and fleets.

The recent experiments on new modes of destruction have directed speculation to this subject; and had Captain Warner's been successful, as announced, it would be something to strike with dismay those systems, doctrines, and interests, that have grown through the power that arms have given over reason and justice.‡ In this case the result has not been obtained, but means may be discovered, infinitely more terrible than those in this instance pretended to. For instance, the most inventive, at once, and practical of our naval authorities, who also is preëminent as a mechanician, Lord Dundonald, asserts that he has discovered a process by which he can destroy any fortress, or any vessel, and that with small unobtrusive means. Should he be able to verify his words, what would the effect be upon the destinies of the human race? Would it not undo two centuries of crime? It would not indeed restore the sense and internal liberties of nations: but, at all events, it would unlock the grasp of state upon state, and dissipate future projects of rapine and subjugation. Where would Poland be? where the Crimea? where Georgia? where Aland, Cronstadt, Zamost, Warsaw, Sevastopol, Genga, Abassabad? Blown into the air. What a long train of forts, fortresses, castles, and redoubts and martello towers would be leaping from their basements, from one extremity of Europe to the other! nor would the sea be without its corresponding jublations; what a harvest for the flames! arsenal after arsenal, and fleet after fleet!

* "Rome has left us the example of the severest discipline, joined with the strictest justice. The Roman soldier was not called upon to draw his sword by orders emanating from the will of a minister or the decision of a cabinet; he was not even called upon by the authority of the chief of the executive government, sanctioned by the most solemn forms, and announced in the most public manner. The Roman soldier drew his sword only after the Senate had decided upon the war; after that decision was referred to a body of religious judicature (the Fœcial College;) after that body had addressed itself to the foreign government with whom existed the grounds of quarrel; after it had sought in vain redress, and had made solemn proclamation of the war throughout the Roman state, and to the people constituted enemies by the act. Thus, by respect for the forms in which alone justice can live, were united the severity of Roman discipline with the integrity of Roman citizenship."—*Duty of the Church of England in respect to Unlawful Wars.*

† The bow and arrow, man for man, is now a more deadly weapon far than the musket. Witness the war in Circassia, where the chiefs and distinguished men retain by preference the bow and arrow. No noise or smoke reveal the point whence the shaft has sped and when the critical moment has arrived, shaft may follow shaft in quick succession, and always with surer aim.

‡ *Punch* represents the sudden despair of the great naval and military authorities at the assumed success of this experiment; the murderer of Poland, the ravager of Spain, (Soulé) the infatuated Thug, sent out to govern India, are selected as those horrified at the discovery.

Lord Dundonald's plan has been submitted, now thirty years ago, to a committee of qualified judges. Their conclusion was, that his plan, made known, would place it within the reach of a few individuals in any country to destroy its maritime force, or its land fortifications. At the request of the Prince Regent, who dreaded the consequences for England, the discoverer has retained from that time the secret in his own breast. When he went out to Greece, in 1827, it was his intention to have used it there; an intention he abandoned, not finding sufficient necessity to justify him in making it public.

The effect of such discovery we hold to be exactly the reverse of dangerous for England. Her life depends upon justice being done, and everything benefits her that prevents injustice—a thousand-fold does it benefit her if it prevents her from being unjust.

If discipline and gunpowder have produced such consequences upon the condition of European nations who have been reciprocally armed with them, the one against the other, what has been their effect upon those whom we term barbarous and uncivilized? Witness the departed grandeur of Mexico. Witness the perished virtues of the Incas; witness the India of to-day as contrasted with the India of Ackbar; witness the desolated and blood-stained regions of Algeria; witness, above all things, the unearthly traffic in human flesh; witness the subjugation, the degradation, or the extinction of every unequally armed people with whom we have come in contact.

Of the eight great states of Europe, there are but three who are in contact at present, or in collision, with nations whom we call barbarous. The days of assault of Spain and Portugal are gone by; Prussia has not yet reached them; Austria is otherwise engaged; Italy is nothing; Sweden and Denmark are out of the lists; there remain therefore but Russia and France, besides ourselves, who are occupied by aggressions of this sort; to these is to be added the United States.

These four nations represent the side of civilization as against barbarism; and they go forth to what is supposed necessary and absolute triumph; it is their "MISSION" to civilize; it is their duty to conquer; it is their task to destroy. Their governments are powerful, their people are obedient, their authorities are informed, their subordinates are submissive, their armies are disciplined, their gunpowder is strong: they are men with hands of iron and hearts of brass. Who shall dare to defy—Who shall have strength to stand! Shall the painted savage, or the marauding African, or the effeminate Asiatic, or the Caucasian bandit defy such a combination of bodily strength, mental purpose, and slaughtering science?

Against these four nations, stand arrayed as the representatives of barbarism, the Seminoles, the Africans, the Circassians, and the tribes of Central Asia. Now it is curious that the success does not seem exactly to be either always sure, or at any time easy on the side of the civilized. Success, of course, is what we have a right to expect—what we do expect—what we do not doubt of; this reasoning is very clear, only the facts are the other way.

The United States has indeed triumphed over the Seminoles; but there was no proportion between the two people in mere numbers. There were fourteen millions of men on one side, and eight thousand on the other. Yet, so goodly was

the stand made, that the mere expenses of the war amounted to nearly one half of the expense of a war of equal duration with England;* and of Indian warfare we have not seen the end.

Now, as to the *Russians* and *Circassians*. Of this war, too, we have not seen the end; but we have seen enough to show the hollowness of the expectations of European civilization; in Russia, as a test, it signally fails. There is an enormous empire against a small population; and its efforts are assiduous, and have been so for two generations; and there have of Russian soldiers fallen in that war, twice the number of the men bearing arms that could be brought against them.

England and Tribes of Central Asia.—Here, again, civilization rather seems to fail in the trial—here the war is ended to the advantage of barbarism. It must also be admitted that the barbarous were taken here by surprise. "Civilization" has withdrawn, after a loss of 15,000 men, and nearly twenty millions of money. This, of course, is of little importance; for England has both more money and more men than she wants; but the result is, that the uncivilized have caused her damage, and that the civilized have failed.

The *French* and the *Africans*. This contest is not yet settled; it is a much graver one than either the Seminole, the Central Asian, or the Circassian war. The Americans against the Seminoles calculated their objects; they were inveterate, but not indiscreet. The English had no purpose whatever in their war; being cheated into it, there were no national passions that prevented retreat after success was proved impossible. The Russians in their war have a purpose, and their acts are subordinate to a high and mature judgment. The English could therefore withdraw when they failed, not only without danger, but with great internal satisfaction. The Russians would only sacrifice as many men as they had made up their minds to sacrifice. The French act by passion, and they are a free people, and a warlike people, and their pride and honor is in success.

The field of contest is not here limited to the Peninsula of Florida—it is not a strip of a Caucasian range; it is a continent that is before them—a Caucasus in front, innumerable tribes its garrison, and behind the desert with its indomitable vastness. Failure then in this contest exasperates into continuance; there is no limit to the difficulties she may incur, the dangers in which she may be involved. With the facts which we have examined before, we must come to this question, perhaps, disenchanted of our complacent conclusions about the superiority of discipline, and the infallibility of the platoon exercise. And what are the facts in this case? France has been engaged for fourteen years in a continual and mortal strife and combat, and has only secured certain fortresses, and some lines of military communica-

* "The last three years' war with England, the most powerful nation in the world, cost the United States about 90,000,000 dollars. The three years' war in Florida, with a remnant tribe of Seminole Indians, and a few runaway negroes, has cost us 40,000,000 dollars, or nearly half the whole expense of our war with England. In the war with England, our navy and army, after covering themselves with glory, achieved an honorable peace. The war against the miserable Indians and negroes was wickedly commenced, has been ingloriously conducted, and threatens to be interminable. There is not in the history of wars among civilized nations a parallel for the wantonness, imbecility, and corruption which distinguish this humiliating, dishonorable, infamous crusade."—*New York paper*, Dec. 7, 1839.

tion. She actually occupies in that country a force greater than that with which the Moguls conquered China, than that with which the Romans subdued Gaul, twice as large as that with which the English established their dominion throughout India, and ten times as large as that with which the Romans held the whole of northern Africa. These warlike disciplined troops of France in Africa, where they struggle only to hold their ground, have within the region of Algeria to contend against a population of arm-bearing men, at this moment, of only *twice their own number*. Apply this case to England; a foreign army occupying the principal fortresses of the United Kingdom, (supposing we had any,) would, to make the case parallel, require to amount to 2,100,000 men, we being a barbarous people, and the occupiers being a civilized one. How would a stranger rate such barbarism and civilization?

Of course, the Easterns are a very savage people; the Turkish is a weak and distracted government. It must evidently be so, when 20,000 Fellahs could march to and triumph at Koniah. Of course, Turkey is not subdued by Russia, because of Russia's excessive moderation; but still there is the fact, a capigi of the Sultan could exercise more influence on Africa, than a French commander of 120,000 men. But then they are wild fanatics. When the French did land in Africa, they were hailed as deliverers. It is not then a question of mere arms and discipline—there are other things besides to be considered. Do you think if the Romans had had a tariff, 12,000 men would have secured to them those extensive regions, and an army of 20,000 men sufficed to subdue a Jugurtha or a Tacferinas? Would a couple of legions have held England if the Romans had established a passport office, or if there had been royal ordinances issuing from Rome, or bills passing its senate for a united legislature of England, Scotland, and Ireland! Oh! but you are attacking civilization—it is these things that constitute civilization. Precisely so; and therefore is it, that your improvements in machinery give no fruit to Europe, and your increased military means and discipline are shorn of strength. You use them not with justice, and even you do not know when you commit injustice. You rush into wrong and you are unconscious of the wrong you do. Therefore is it, that the tribes and people you come in contact with receive new force for their limbs, and determination in their hearts, by the abhorrence which you inspire.

France rejoiced in having made a plunder in the first instance of about a million and a half sterling, clear net profit over the expenses of the expedition, robbed from the treasury of Algiers. Her expenses since that time have been between 40 and 50 millions sterling for Algiers, and between 50 and 60,000 men killed there or perished; destroying of her fellow-creatures an equal or a larger number—the tribes that have submitted to her only bide their time. The Mussulman emigrants from Algiers have scattered in all directions hatred and animosity; religion is mixed up with detestation of political oppression and savage warfare, and an insignificant chief has raised himself to the station of hero and high priest, as representing the general detestation of which she is the object. This prince she is now pursuing into a neighboring state—Morocco—a state exceeding in resources six-fold those of the Regency of Algiers. From the moment that she involved herself in an attack upon Morocco, she involved herself in a

difficulty amounting perhaps to an impossibility of retreat, because she calls down upon her in so much more direct a manner, the animosity of the inhabitants of that region, that they will no longer leave her unassailed. It becomes now an evident question to the inhabitants of that country, of being reduced to the condition of the inhabitants of Algiers, or of driving the French into the sea. The same will take place in the bordering principality of Tunis, on the other side; their operations will be connected, their judgments united, the remotest points will be brought into harmony, internal and international differences will subside, and all feeling will gradually be absorbed in that master necessity, of driving the French into the sea: and this will be hastened by the anticipation, on the part of France, of such combination, concert, and result. It is very true, that France may bring to bear upon the constituted government of Morocco, through the assault of Spain, through the assault of northern potentates, through the mediation of England, overwhelming power, and the government of Morocco may yield. This will only be to invite the French onwards,—first, in pretension, and then in conflict. We have therefore the prospect before us, of an extension of military operations in Morocco on the one side, and Tunis on the other; and Tripoli stands, though remoter in point of geography, in all other respects in the same relation to the power engaged in civilizing Africa.

Now, in Algiers, the government of the town did not command the country,—it was a government detested and despised, and yet in that regency we have seen the troops of France, beginning at 37,000, gradually raised to 120,000.

In the Beylick to the east, and in the empire to the west of Algiers, there exists at present a better condition of things, between governed and government than existed in 1830, between Algiers and the Regency. The Regency itself is not yet reduced to that condition, that it becomes a safe basis of operation, but, on the contrary, the avowed object of the movements of France against Morocco, is in self-protection. In operating, therefore, upon her neighbors, France will not be relieved from care and anxiety in respect to Algeria. She will require the same forces at least as now to hold that territory in check, and she would be liable to internal convulsion as the result of any serious check without. At present, as we have said, she requires 100,000 men to hold on; how many men will be required by the new danger, projects, operations, and enemies? This will go on increasing. The triumph over Morocco, supposing she triumphs at once, as in the case of Algiers, would only be as in Algeria the commencement of the necessity of an increase of her troops. Now, if any one said fourteen years ago, that in 1844 France would have 120,000 men in Africa, who would have believed it? If it had been said that with this enormous force she was only struggling and looking forward to conquest and ulterior sacrifice, who would have believed it? If we say that five years hence France will have 300,000 men in Africa, we are saying what is far less improbable than it would have been in 1831 to say, that in 1844 she would be there with her present military force. When France has 300,000 men in Africa, she will be in the same position that she now is, placed between expectation and fear—with nothing in possession, with no glory to gain in conquest, and equal shame to expect from inability and failure.

But it may be said all this evil depends upon the life of Abd-el-Kader. If Abderahman will only secure Abd-el-Kader all will be right; or, another solution might be found in words that have been printed in Paris. One of their Journals, the *Courier François*, says, "There is however much reason to think that the illustrious Amir will perish by assassination." This is a curious illustration of the effect of warfare between barbarous and savage states, and of the change that takes place in this traffic of wrongs, so that after such a war has continued for some time, it happens, that our assumed virtues go to the other side, and the atrocity we impute comes over to ours. To be sure, much depends upon the life of Abd-el-Kader; he may perish by an assassin's hand as by a musket bullet, by an accident, or a quinsy, but he seems a man of that mould and temper, that changes the current of the times:—it is nowhere written, that Africa and Freedom shall not find a defender. The persecution of Abd-el-Kader by France, and her assault upon Morocco on his account, may have the effect of placing him in command of the resources of Morocco; may have the effect of making him the Emperor of that state! There has been as much folly in the conduct of the French as turpitude in their purposes;—they have made Abd-el-Kader what he is; and they are now about to make him the greatest man of the present generation.

However, as we have said, this contest between the French and the Africans is not brought to a close, and there is little prospect of its being so, and none whatever of its being so to the advantage of the civilized state. The civilized state has been able indeed to inflict great misery upon the uncivilized one; let us strike the balance. France gained 1,500,000; she has expended £40,000,000, and 50,000 lives; France is paralyzed in Europe, for any great important or warlike purpose; general indignation is excited, which may excite a general combination to put her down. The hundred thousand, or presently perhaps the half million, of soldiers, on the coast of Africa, England may dispose of by a single admiralty order. On the African's side of the account must again be placed the armaments of France in 1840; to his account the alarms and the danger through which she then passed, and through which the civilized race of Europe passed with her; to the African's account, also must be placed the fortifications of Paris; to the African's account, the gradual prostration of the liberties of France through those fortifications, the subsequent convulsions and revolutions that will follow, and the finally Cossack garrisoning that will close the scene.

The aggression of France upon Africa has already entailed on her more injury than she suffered from the defeat of Waterloo; and it is but the commencement both of her course and of her retribution; the one suffering was the penalty of past passion, the other has been entailed at the very opening of its sluice. England with a word could have prevented the evil—she will pay the penalty as much as France. She was guilty in connivance in the first stage of the proceedings, she is now guilty in coöperation. She is, in fact, as guilty against France, as France is against Africa. They are both, therefore, obnoxious to punishment, and as justice will require, will each deal that penalty upon the other, and upon each shall it be dealt from the other, but the blood that will be shed will not be in expiation of guilt, because it will not be by the hand of justice, but of passion.

From the Spectator.

A SECOND CHAPTER ON PRIVATEERING.

THE favorable reception of our remarks on privateering has been gratifying, as showing that the moral sense of the community is alive to the atrocity of the practice, and as inspiring a hope that public opinion may embolden or compel our government to adopt measures for abolishing it in any future war.

The subject has been taken up by the press; and—more satisfactory still—the editor of the forthcoming *Nelson Correspondence** has been induced by a perusal of the paper to send us an extract from one of Nelson's letters to a prime minister, to encourage us by knowing that we had his, the highest of all authority, to support us. Nelson says,—“Respecting privateers, I am decidedly of opinion, that, with very few exceptions, they are a disgrace to our country; and it would be truly honorable never to permit one after this war. Such horrid robberies have been committed by them in all parts of the world, that it is really a disgrace to the country that tolerates them.”

The *Morning Chronicle*, in adverting to the subject, objects to the plan for putting an end to privateering which we last week threw out for consideration. If one more efficacious can be suggested—or even one equally efficacious and likely to be more generally acceptable—we are ready to support it in preference. It is true that we do not see much force in the *Chronicle's* objections. A doubt is hinted, that naval officers might not be able to distinguish between a privateer and a king's ship: the truth is, that the distinction is broader and more palpable than between a disciplined regiment of the line and a rabble of undisciplined militia; and the privateer dares not carry the flags which distinguish a king's ship. Again it is suggested, that, in sinking a privateer, the crews of prize-ships may be sunk with it. Privateers are not in the habit of retaining prize-crews on board: that would seriously incommode them, and it is not necessary. A privateer is not built for fighting, but for skulking and running; a privateer is manned to enable her to overpower by numbers. Retaining prize-crews on board would crowd the already overcrowded vessel, and cramp its manœuvring; and would accelerate the consumption of its stores. And nothing would be gained by it: the crews of merchantmen are not so strong-handed as to expose the captors to any serious danger of their retaking the prize on its way into port. It would be only the crew of the privateer that would go down in her; and two or three cargoes of them sacrificed to deter others from engaging in adventures which exposed them to a certain destruction, would be a cheap price to pay for the extinction of licensed piracy. The writer in the *Chronicle* seems to lie under an impression that privateers are equipped as supplementary to the ships of war—as intended to fight fighting-vessels. A privateer never fights a ship of war, unless brought to bay, and not always then; nor can we tax our memory with an engagement between two privateers of hostile nations—“Hawks dinna pick out hawks' een.” Privateers are the Thugs of the ocean.

There is another mode of suppressing privateering, which we would have suggested, but that it requires in the minister who shall adopt it a superi-

ority to the mere formalities of his trade—to notes, protocols and memorials—that is scarcely to be hoped for. Britain commands the ocean: when she is forced into a war, no power, or powers, can keep the seas against her. She can declare her determination to employ no privateers in future wars, to recognize no letters of marque issued by other governments, and to treat the crews of captured privateers as pirates. Such a boldfaced exercise of British power—without taking into account the likings or dislikings of any nation or government—would be insolence in matters of inferior moment; but so important an end as putting down connivance at piracy by governments, would justify the means. And there might be good policy in formally communicating such a resolve on the part of the British cabinet to foreign governments in time of peace. It would diminish the war-interest. There are traders who incline to war or peace according as they think they are most likely to profit by the one or the other; men who shrink from war, solely because modern wars are likely to be too brief for working out *their* combinations—who would be clamorous for war to-morrow if it could be insured to last six years. Of this class there are many in the numberless small harbors on the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, and in every part of the United States, and even in our own country, who remember their privateering gains in the last European war, and look forward, with gleeful anticipation, to another. The suppression of privateering would detach them from the war-faction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Many of your observations on privateering are excellent; but you do not go to the root of the evil, which is the acknowledged practice of governments—not privateers only—seizing the property of individuals when found on the high seas. Privateers are not the “Thugs” of naval warfare, but the sutlers and marauders of the camp, who complete the devastation, and carry further the plunder which the regulars have begun. According to this view, the remedy for the evil—the one suggested by you having in it something repulsive to humanity—is, that governments should cease from plundering the property of individuals belonging to a nation at war with them, when found on the high seas, and should refuse by their courts of admiralty to confiscate it for the benefit of the captors, whether vessels of war or privateers. Were the governments of Europe, or were the government of England, regardless of the demand of its patriotic naval officers, to lay down the principle that private property shall be respected at sea, as on shore, there would be no temptation for any men to fit out privateers; and I doubt whether a single letter of marque would ever be applied for. The remedy, then, for the scandalous evil which you have brought under notice, is, at once, simple, honest, just and humane. Let governments be honest and just—let men-of-war's officers have no prize-money but for the capture of the hostile government's forts, ships and stores—let our rulers respect the private property of unoffending individuals—and privateerism will at once die a natural death. That the governments of Europe will adopt this principle, I have no immediate hope; but you may do something by your writings to recommend it to their notice. You will be aided by the honest and the peace-loving, and may, in time, compel the governments to their duty.

Your obedient servant,

T.

* “The Despatches and Letters of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson,”—preparing for the press by Sir Harris Nicolas; of a form and size to range with Colonel Greenwood's “Wellington Despatches.”

[We have not altogether neglected "the root of the evil;" for, at the outset, we attributed the crimes of privateering to government sanction of the plunder of private property in time of war. Our intelligent correspondent, however, is right in reminding us, that, in order to put an end to privateering, the privilege to plunder must also be withheld from the regular navy. The development of his admirable suggestion will oblige us to enter more fully into the principle of letters of marque than our present opportunities permit: but, encouraged by the expressions of interest, which our remarks on this subject have elicited, both from private correspondents and the public press, we will embrace the earliest opportunity of returning to the subject.—ED.]

From the Spectator.

THIRTY YEARS OF PEACE.

THIRTY years of peace have not, it must be confessed, been thirty years of quiet and of unalloyed enjoyment. It is not enough for men to be placed in circumstances to enjoy unless they are also in a mood to enjoy themselves. "The mind is its own place," remarked the first student of psychological phenomena, when, to his surprise, he found himself uncomfortable even in Paradise. This is the brazen, not the golden age; and men's tempers are too perverse to admit of peace bringing an absolute Arcadian or Idyllic felicity.

Accordingly, our thirty years of peace have been marked by constant grumbling and squabbling among ourselves at home. Since Waterloo, we have passed from one state of internal ferment to another. There have been a Cato street conspiracy and a Queen's trial; the Clare election and the Catholic Relief Bill, the Repeal sedition and the imprisonment of O'Connell; the great Bible Society controversy, and the Free Church schism; Rebeccaism. These are not a tithe of the quarrels which in the course of thirty years have split up the country into banded sections of inveterate partisans. There have been Trades Unions and strikes, Anti-Poor-law agitation, Anti-Corn-law agitation, Anti-Factory agitation, Anti-Slavery agitation. The court has been unpopular—as when the windows of the prince regent's carriage were broken; popular—as during the brief enactment of a citizen king by William the Fourth; again unpopular—as when the cry was raised, "The queen has done it all!" Minor and local episodes of strife are too numerous to recount. The national mind has been haunted by dreams of bankruptcy and by dreams of revolution. In fact, John Bull's thirty years of peace appear to a hasty retrospect one long lasting dream of horrors under a visitation of the nightmare.

It is ridiculous enough to look back and note how ephemeral were the most lively apprehensions and angers elicited by these squabbles. The exaggerated language of orators under their influence, for the time sympathized with by all of us, would make men ashamed of allowing any circumstances to disturb their equanimity in future, had not men a lucky knack of forgetting the past in the present. The continual rupture of old alliances and formation of new—the abrupt termination of eternal friendships and eternal hatreds—lend a confused and shifting character to the scene on which we look back, which is but faintly paralleled by the crowd of pismires in incessant motion tumbling over each other in an ant-hill. The Whigs have

been both the idols of the mob and the aim of its brickbats. The Scotch Dissenters and the High Churchmen who lately seceded from the establishment are not the only parties who have alternately lauded and vituperated each other with equal unction. Profound religious enthusiasm—a strong though imperfectly-informed sentiment of humanity—nay, mere material interests—have repeatedly formed coalitions of the most discordant ingredients, and effaced in one angry moment the friendship of years.

To listen to men's inflated declamations at any one moment—or to mark their feebleness and imbecility of purpose—would create the impression that thirty years of peace have been thirty years of inglorious waste of time. The contrast, however, between England in 1814 and England in 1844, will show this to be a most erroneous inference. Steam-navigation was a curious experiment in 1814, and railways with locomotive engines running fifty miles an hour were not dreamed of: now, from Glasgow to near the Land's End the country is intersected with railways, and a rapid and regular communication is maintained by means of steam between this country and China on the one hand and the West Indies and America on the other. Since 1814, the quantity of our exports has nearly doubled, and the value of our imports been increased by nearly two-thirds. Since 1814, mechanics' institutes, cheap publications, and schools, have carried not merely elementary but scientific knowledge into circles of society to which it never penetrated before. Since 1814, there have been a marked revival of the religious spirit and extension of its influence among all classes; there is more of decorum in the manners of all, more of a wise and even tasteful self-denial in their pleasures; the Temperance movement is rather a symptom than a cause of improved morality. Since 1814, the best works of Moore, Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, have been published, with a host of minor efforts in imaginative prose and poetry; in painting and sculpture we have had Wilkie and Chantrey, and rivals worthy of them; steady and honorable progress has been made in every branch of science. The Test and Corporation Acts and the Catholic Disabilities have been abolished; the Reform Bill has increased the power and importance of the middle classes; a better police has repressed the fiercer and more violent crimes. The navigation-laws have been consolidated; many restrictions on industry and commerce removed or alleviated. Public sympathy has been excited for the condition of the poorer classes, who have hitherto participated least in the gains of the last thirty years; and the controversy among the possessors of political power is not whether anything ought to be done for the poor, but how it is to be done.

Thirty years of peace, then, have left us freer as regards our laws, more capable of self-control, richer in the possession of all sources of enjoyment, material, intellectual, and moral, and more capable of enjoying them. Our blessings have been dashed with evils—that is the lot of mortality; but there has been more of real enjoyment, and shared by a larger proportion of the population, than in any previous period of our history of equal length. And more has been stored up for future enjoyment, and better precautions have been taken to insure its continuance.

These blessings have been not merely coincident in point of time with the blessings of peace, but

caused by it. Peace set our national energies free from the anxieties of self-preservation; and the restlessness of man's mind did the rest. We have extended and rendered more accurate our knowledge of the universe which is our home; we have occupied a larger space in the world; we have learned to be more tolerant of each other; and we are now beginning to take measures for sharing our stored-up blessings more equably among all. Society is sound and healthy at the core, though faction and spite have crept over its surface, as the black scurf creeps most rapidly over the finest silver when exposed to the atmosphere. The experience of society has been but on a larger scale the experience of every family circle—that those who would die for and with each other in the hour of peril, are but too apt to misuse the hour of prosperity in conceiving groundless jealousies, in attributing undue importance to passing bursts of spleen and petulance, in mutual and self-torment. It is the original sin of man to take advantage of the absence of important evils to magnify in his imagination those of minor consequence—

"For human beings are such fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
When they've nae evils to perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first annual convocation of the British Archæological Society was opened in the Guildhall at Canterbury, on the 7th Sept.; Lord Albert Conyngham presiding, and several eminent antiquarians and literary men attending from divers parts of the country. On Tuesday, the members met Lord Albert at Breach Down, eight miles from the city; about a hundred and fifty persons proceeding thither in carriages. Here several Saxon tumuli were opened, in spite of a heavy rain that sent many less ardent visitors scampering away. After a luncheon in the president's hospitable mansion at Bourne Park, the opening of tumuli was resumed within the park; and some interesting remains were discovered—including a glass urn. Dr. Buckland arrived in the midst of the process: taking off his coat, and binding his head with a handkerchief, he jumped into a grave, and worked with his own hands at the disinterment. In the evening, the relics were discussed at a full meeting in the town-hall. Among them was the thigh-bone of a man, so well preserved that Dr. Pettigrew surmised it to have been the bone of some person murdered by a robber who infested that neighborhood. Dr. Buckland cautioned the meeting against drawing such inferences from the state of the bone—

He had bones in his possession more ancient than the creation of man, which, having been preserved from the access of air, were as perfect in every respect as bones recently buried. They were not in the least degree fossilized: when found, they were perfectly brittle, and would have crumbled into dust; but by allowing them to become dry, and then immersing them in gum-water, they became hard, and on striking them they would ring like ordinary bones.

At a meeting of the Mediæval section, on Wednesday morning, a paper was read by Mr. Wollaston on some fresco paintings recently discovered in East Wickham Church; which an "improving" church-warden is about to conceal

with a mural monument, from a puritanical desire to destroy "Papistical decorations." Resolutions were passed for taking means to intercede with owners of ancient relics for their preservation. Canterbury Cathedral and its history occupied the Society in the evening.

Thursday was devoted to the antiquities of Richborough, Barfreston, and the cathedral.—*Spectator.*

ANTWERP AND THE ZOLLVEREIN.

WHILST the French have been emulating the warlike fame of the Cid by discomfiting the Moors and running after empty possessions in the Pacific, untenable by any but a first-rate maritime Power, Germany has stolen a march upon them, and dealt them a home-blow almost under their very noses. The French government has long been carrying on a commercial coquetry with Belgium, the latter ready to make all sacrifices, in order to obtain the opening of the French market to their linens, coal, and iron. This coquetry between France and Belgium was of course at the expense of England. France agreed to exclude our twist, if Belgium would do the same. Belgium consented, and went even further, lessening her duties on French wines and other commodities. But all these concessions proved vain. The French iron interests were too powerful, and Belgium could wring no substantial advantage from the French.

In this state of disappointment she turned to Germany, and besought the *Zollverein* to allow Belgic iron into its market. Prussia has been long deaf to her demands, but all of a sudden the cabinet of Berlin has relented, and an important treaty between the countries has been concluded almost with the celerity of magic. The German Union has been long struggling and buzzing, like a bee in a glass case, to find an issue to the great high road of commerce, the ocean. Hamburg is its natural port; but Hamburg cannot afford to limit itself to the trade of a country in which the prohibitive system is daily becoming more and more rigid. The eyes of Prussia were then turned towards Holland, to which was granted certain preferences in the supply of sugar and colonial produce, and which was besought to open the Rhine and free it from exorbitant duties. But the close-fisted Dutch would not consent to transfer from Rotterdam to Cologne the facilities and immunities of a sea-port.

Prussia therefore turned to Belgium, and besought the loan of Antwerp as the port of the Union. The railroad, completed between it and Cologne, could of course waft to it all *Zollverein* produce if there were no transit duty. And if Belgium would consent to treat Prussian vessels in its harbors on the same footing as her own, then there would spring up such a thing as a Prussian or a German marine. Belgium has consented; and German capital will soon make the docks of Antwerp alive with ship-building and its port with vessels. This Germanizing of Antwerp is a great political annoyance to the French, and no commercial advantage to us. The interests of England have, as usual, been sacrificed by both parties, the Germans admitting Belgium iron at half the price of ours, and Belgium admitting German cottons. It is some time, indeed, since Belgium excluded our cottons in order to take those

of France; now it excludes those of France to take German cottons. The French are but rightly served: the measure which they enforced to our prejudice has been turned against themselves. The wines and silks of Germany are admitted to Belgium on an equality with those of France, as are modes and ornamental figures. Germany takes off for Belgium her export duty on wool, and the transit duties are abolished or rendered trifling on both sides.

All this is a considerable approximation to the absorption of Belgium in the German Union, and may lead to consequences unforeseen by either party. Prussia may but aim at alarming Hamburg, and compelling it to join the Union; the same intimidation may render Holland more tractable; but if the outlet of Antwerp prove commodious, and German trade take that direction, advantages may be found in it that would defy change or competition.—*Examiner*.

From the Spectator.

WASHINGTON FOR THE MILLION.

Now that the resultless din of Parliament is over, the plans of men who seek only in sober seriousness the public good may chance to find a hearing. Party warfare ended, the mind of England may set to work in earnest for "despatch of business."

During the last few days, a movement towards a very obvious yet long-neglected duty is understood to have been effectively commenced. The lower classes of London have hitherto been familiarly known by the generic title of the "great unwashed,"—a phrase pleasantly indicative of ingrained filthiness; and one which when used reproachfully, as it usually is, by Conservative orators, would seem to imply the failure of unwearied exertions to induce more creditable habits. But it has at length become matter of inquiry, upon whose shoulders the reproach really rests; and whether the stain upon the poor man's skin does not denote a less removable stain upon the consciences of his betters. Year after year we have increased our acres of smoky-brick-work, environing the laborer in a huge prison, without providing the common prison requisite of a bath; while the Thames, which seems to flow for all and to invite all, is as effectually withdrawn from him by stringent penalties as if the curse of Kehama had lighted on his head. The indecency of public ablutions is too much for sensibilities which can heedlessly contemplate the foul accumulation of well-covered impurities: so, driven from the river, to the use of which he is at all events entitled until a proper substitute be furnished him, the offensive being is left to achieve in one dense room—his parlor, nursery, dormitory, and kitchen—such daily purification as he may stand in need of.

A remedy is called for; and as its accomplishment requires no corporate or legislative sanction, this measure of justice to the people may happily be carried out without exposure to the obstacles which the people's representatives would, it is probable, characteristically interpose. The hearty aid of a large number of the leading city men has been secured; and this, if backed by a judicious coöperation from those for whom they strive, will be sufficient to insure success.

It will be objected, that if the needful accommodations were furnished to the poor, the difficulty would be to induce a resort to them. At best,

this argument merely seeks a continuance of our neglect on the plea of its having existed so long that men have become corrupted by it; just as it was deemed hopeless to raise the respect of the masses for works of art, on the ground that they had always been excluded from them. Experience, however, has shown the apprehension to be unfounded. The establishment of baths coupled with wash-houses for clothes, as proposed in London, has already stood the test of experiment at Liverpool.

It is contemplated to begin with four foundations; three on the Middlesex and one on the Surrey side of the river, at a total expense of 30,000*l*. The annual charge thereafter to be met by the payments of those who use them a penny for a cold and two-pence for a warm bath (the use of a towel inclusive) being the rates for the bathers, while at the wash-houses, all appliances and means for six hours scrubbing, drying, and ironing, are to be supplied for twopence. With the aid of an income to be derived from a few baths of a more expensive kind, the institutions are thus expected shortly to compass their own support.

It cannot be doubted that the 30,000*l*. will speedily be raised. A sum not more than equivalent to what at any time can be collected with ease to erect an unmeaning column to the dead, will surely not be denied to atone for the long neglect of an imperative duty to living men, to redeem our people from the disgrace of attending only to the outward show of cleanliness, and to prevent, instead of waiting for the more expensive necessity of curing, the long train of diseases which impurity engenders. To gain the coöperation of the classes personally interested, a few popular addresses, such as those by which Mr. Simpson has recently stirred up the working-men of Edinburgh, together with the distribution of pamphlets quoting the remarks of Dr. Andrew Combe and other physiologists, could advantageously be adopted. The widest impression, however, might be produced both on rich and poor, if the clergy of the metropolis, without regard to denomination, would for one day devote their pulpits to the cause. It presents a theme for their highest efforts. Purity of mind cannot exist with impurity of person; and the feeling of worship is utterly inconsistent with the habits of those who, while they would shrink from entering the presence of a great man without a previous washing of face and hands and the outward assumption of cleanliness, are unabashed to remain, day by day, negligent and filthy under the eye of their Creator.

A LAND-SLIP has occurred at the back of the Isle of Wight, at Atherfield; where upwards of an acre of land has slipped into the sea. No one was hurt, but a cottage and its inmates had a narrow escape; the slip having extended to within a yard of the spot where the house stood. The cottagers were astonished, when awakened by the noise of the land-slip, to find themselves on the verge of a precipice.

We are informed by a remarkably fine officer in the National Guards—(the gentleman, by-the-by, is also a remarkably small dealer in coke and charcoal)—that, in the event of a war, it is intended to placard the Paris fortifications with "lists of impositions upon English visitors," under the conviction that, if they could not keep the British out of Paris, nothing else would.—*Paris Correspondent of Punch*.

EGYPT.—A letter from Alexandria, dated the 8th August, states the result of Mehemet Ali's late escapade; which now appears to have been by no means made for nothing—

"A Council was held at Cairo, on the evening of the 5th instant, of all the pachas, beys, and men of influence in the country, to take into consideration the different reasons of complaint his Highness Ali had to make against them; and they all acknowledged at once their guilt in not having duly made his highness cognizant of their acts, and having done things without his authority; and they also represented their readiness to submit to any punishment which his highness might be pleased to inflict upon them. Mehemet Ali left them to pass judgment on themselves, and withdrew; and the council came to the determination, at the proposal of Ibrahim Pacha, the president, that he himself (Ibrahim Pacha) should be deprived of one year's salary, and the other members of six months' salary. Mehemet Ali, however, found the award too great, and reduced the punishment to the loss of six months' salary to Ibrahim Pacha, and four months' salary to all the others. After this decision, Mehemet Ali seems to have been quite satisfied; and the profit that his highness will make by it has been calculated to amount to upwards of 250,000 dollars. His highness then sent down instructions to Artin Bey, at Alexandria, to inform the five consuls-general of his perfect reestablishment in health, his renouncement of going to Mecca, and his determination to direct affairs himself as hitherto. On the 6th, his highness ordered his steamer to be in readiness to bring him down to Alexandria; and he is expected to arrive here in the course of this night."

CHINA.—The date of the intelligence from China is the 21st June. Sir Henry Pottinger had left Hong-kong on that day, in the queen's ship *Driver*; and, stopping at Bombay, he intended to proceed to England by the steamer that was to take the September mail. Mr. Davis, the new governor, had arrived at Hong-kong on the 7th May. His appointment had given great satisfaction, not only to the British, but, it is said, even to the imperial government. He was accompanied out by a troop of official people. The colony was healthy and flourishing; and most of the British merchants had removed thither from Macao.

New negotiations had taken place and were in prospect:—

"The Imperial Commissioner Keying," says the *Hong-kong Gazette* of 19th June, "has arrived from the North, empowered to treat with the American and French ministers. Mr. Davis and Sir Henry Pottinger have both had interviews with Keying at the Bogue; where they proceeded with the *Castor* frigate and the *Spiteful* and the *Driver* steam ships. Keying visited Mr. Davis on board the *Castor*, when he was received with a salute and manned yards. It is said the negotiation with the American and French missions will be at Macao, where his excellency Mr. Cushing has been residing for a few months. The French plenipotentiary has not yet reached China, but he is almost daily expected. The precise objects of these missions, and whether they will proceed to the North, is quite unknown. The commercial interests of the United States in China are very great, and the appointment of a special mission at the present juncture has nothing in it extraordinary. French commerce here is a mere trifle."

VISIT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—We understand that the visit of the King of the French to her Majesty is now definitely fixed for the early part of next month. It is arranged that his Majesty will embark at Treport on the 3d October, and proceed at once from Portsmouth to Windsor. The Queen of the French will not accompany his Majesty, but it is expected that King Louis Philippe will be attended by two of his ministers, and by his youngest son the Duc De Montpensier.—*Times*.

From a paragraph in the Windsor correspondence of the papers, it seems that arrangements have actually been made at the Castle for the reception of Louis Philippe—

"The portion of the state-apartments which will be devoted to the exclusive use of his Majesty the King of the French, will be the Queen's closet, the King's drawing-room, the King's closet, the Council-Chamber, and the ante-throne-room. This is the only portion of the state apartments which have at present been arranged to be appropriated for the use of the French monarch. His Majesty will sleep in the apartment known as the Queen's closet, in which is the superb state-bed of George the Fourth. This room was also used as the dormitory of the King of Prussia during the visit of his Majesty to the queen at the period of the christening of the Prince of Wales."

The *Morning Chronicle* gives some particulars of Louis Philippe's intended visit to this country—

"His Majesty will leave Treport on the 7th or the 9th, by the evening tide, so as to disembark the following day, before midday, at Southampton, and the same evening to dine at Windsor Castle. The two of his ministers who will accompany King Louis Philippe are, M. Guizot, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Admiral Mackau, the Minister of the Marine. His Majesty will also be attended by the Count De Montalivet, the Intendant of the Civil List, by Baron Fain, the Secretary of the king, (who is the son of the celebrated Baron Fain, so many years Secretary to Napoleon,) and by three general officers and four aides-de-camp. Louis Philippe's stay in England will be very short. He will not be absent from his own kingdom for more than seven days, and it is not his intention to visit London. We understand, likewise, that it is his Majesty's wish that the visit should be a strictly private one; so that it is probable few or none will be invited to Windsor Castle during his stay but the members of the court. The king will hold no court during his stay in England."

The *Constitutionnel* quotes this passage from a letter by an officer, who had read letters from Muley Abd-er-Rahman to his son, seized in the prince's tent—

"We have laughed heartily at the epithet with which the Sultan salutes her Majesty of England on communicating to his son the note of Mr. Hay. 'See what is demanded of me by this witch of a Queen' (Chilana, in Arabic, signifying a cursed or devil of a witch, or anything that may be thought equivalent.) The whole of the great Christian family is placed on the same level by the spirit of these fanatics."

COLOGNE.—For some days past a printed prayer for O'Connell and the Martyrs of Catholicism has been circulated here; it is in the French language, and was sent from Namur.—*Allgemeine Zeitung*.

From the Colonial Magazine.

THE CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

It was evening as our vessel rapidly neared St. Jago. One vast and lofty peak towered high above the others in the shape of a huge irregular pyramid. All eyes were directed towards the mountains as we sailed along abreast of the land, not more than four or five miles from the shore; 't was an enchanting sight: the irregular and wildly-broken peaks, hurled and piled in careless grandeur one above another as they stretched inland, presented a more striking outline than the heights of Madeira. There we sat in a row, mounted on the top of a long-boat, feasting our eyes with the pleasant sight of land, rendered more delicious by the hope that in a few hours we might be treading those shores that now appear to us like some oasis in the desert, or some bright dream realized, as we watched with feelings of admiration fresh peaks, and glens, and ridges of golden-green, presenting themselves in succession to our view; then, gradually they grew darker, the mists began to settle in the deep valleys, the outline of every mountain became sharp and cutting, and a thousand rich mellow tints of brown and purple spread over their steep sides as the full burst of a tropical sunset flashed up its splendors behind them, leaving a back ground like glowing amber, above which lay masses of heavy gray clouds looking as dense as though they were charged with the thunders of a tornado—peak after peak yielding up its parting gleam, shed from the setting sun—and melted into the repose of night so rapidly, that almost before we were aware of it, the stars shone out, and darkness surrounded us, not heralded as in our northern lands by the gently glooming twilight that makes the day steal imperceptibly into the night—but sudden and impetuous, stretching like a vast extinguisher over the bosom of the ocean.

Before the first gleam of day-break I was up. We were at least twelve miles from our destination at Porto Praya, which lies at the southern point of the island, in a small bay. The wind was light, and I feared we should hardly reach the port before noon. Telescopes were in great request. The mountains seemed, if possible, more beautiful and inviting than they did on the preceding evening. A grove of tall cocoa-nut trees, and a few scattered date palms reminded us that we were approaching the climate of tropical Africa. But little cultivated ground was visible, and flats of elevated land above the shores, seemed covered with parched grass, on which the cloudless sun poured down its withering and fervid rays. Clusters of pulga bushes sprinkled the sides of the valleys with patches of a vivid green color; higher up the mountains I could discover tracks of forest and scrubby brake interspersed with bold gray rocks, and above all, rose a conical peak like that of a volcano, which I believe is an extinct crater, and the highest point in the island, with thin vaporous clouds hanging round its sides, and spreading along the summits of the less elevated mountains. Indeed, the whole island presents volcanic appearances, and lava soil is noticeable in many places. Huge flocks of cattle and goats were scattered over the sunny, brown-looking plains above the sea, and small clusters of thatched huts constituted the farms to which they belonged. The surf, rolled in by the N.E. trade-winds, beats violently against the shore the whole

length of the coast, and as we rounded the S.E. point, the rocks assumed a bolder form, strewn at the base with black fragments, over which the surf boiled like a whirlpool, dashing up to the height of perhaps twenty feet.

On rounding the point we came within sight of the town of Porto Praya, which is built on an eminence of rock overlooking the bay, exhibiting a row of wooden houses painted white or buff color, and roofed with red or white tiles, while to the right extended the cane-thatched huts of the Black Town. The descent from the town is steep, and leads to a fine shingle beach; to the left the shore is sandy, and a stream of water runs into the sea. Cocoa-nut trees were scattered pretty thickly along the water's edge, till the beach terminated in barren sandhills with a rocky bluff, against which the angry breakers lashed their violence. In the back ground rose the mountains, clustered in a variety of picturesque and romantic forms. The glow of a tropical noon gilded the whole. The feathery leaves of the cocoa trees moved gracefully in the air, large hawks hovered fearlessly around us, and all had a strange and foreign air, as we cast anchor about half-a-mile from the shore. After an hour's delay the consul came off to us in his boat, under the shade of a huge umbrella, bringing with him the health and customs' officers. The usual ceremonies being over, we were permitted to land: the gig was lowered alongside, and the chair rigged for the ladies and children to go ashore. No sooner had the ship's boat pulled off towards the land, than other craft came round us, with oranges and cocoa-nuts for sale, eager to convey equally eager passengers at the rate of sixpence a-head. Several of us descended into one of these boats, and were rowed safely enough till we reached the commencement of the surf about a dozen yards from the shore. Instead of landing us at the rocks as they should have done, they pulled across to the sandy shore to the left of the town, fully a mile from the ship. A whole group of negroes were drawn up on the sand awaiting our arrival, and no sooner had we entered the breakers than we were swamped in the surf, and drenched from head to foot. In a moment, eight or ten black fellows were around us, up to their waists in the foam, with no other artificial adornment than the beads around their necks. At first we imagined that they were going to carry the boat, with ourselves in it, instead of which, it appeared that we were to mount their backs, whilst they waded with us through the surf. In an instant we were all astride their shoulders, each man triumphantly bearing off his load as fast as possible. We presented a most ludicrous sight, all laughing at one another, and several on the point of upsetting. They set us down on the hot sands, that extended some little way above high water mark, and were covered beyond that point by a trailing plant of great beauty, which is called by the natives "La Cocoon." It grows about eighteen inches high, with a round leaf, and a fleshy-jointed stem, ligneous near the root, the blossom convolvulus-like, and displaying a disc seven inches or eight inches in circumference, of a brilliant lilac color. We plucked the delicate blossoms almost instinctively, as if to admire them still further by the sense of touch, though they withered almost immediately in our hands. We met several negresses on the sands in their gay costume, consisting of a petticoat of painted blue or brown cotton, worn tightly

round the hips, and reaching to the ancles in loose folds; a portion of it was twisted up at the waist, and descended on the left side like a scarf. A white body, or jacket without sleeves, and a red or yellow kerchief tied round the head, with necklaces, ear-rings, and bracelets on one arm, completed their dress. Goat skins are an article of trade here with America, and bundles of them lay on the sands ready for exportation.

On reaching the stream, we directed our course inland, following its banks amongst the luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nuts and bananas, with a profusion of "La Cocoon" blossoms starring the surface of the ground. We hired one of the negro boys called "Jokim," who accompanied us as a guide, and who promised his services all day, first for three shillings, and afterwards for one. But it was useless hiring a single lad; we were fated to have them all for our guides, whether we liked it or not, to the number of seven. One carried my insect net, another the forceps, a third the collecting box, a fourth my sketch book, and so on; thus escorted, we sallied forth with our negro "phalanx." The stream, which empties itself into the sea here, is the remains of a mountain torrent, after the greater portion of it has been led off for the use of the town, where it is received into a tank or fountain—a deep translucent basin, brimming with the cool element—whence the damsels of Porto Praya dip their water, in calabashes or jars, which they carry on their heads. Brilliant tropical butterflies floated swiftly through the sultry air, sporting like spirits of light and beauty round the tops of the palm trees, and chasing each other among the broad leaves of the banana and the plantain. Other species were hovering about the pulga bushes, or expanding their gay wings on the mimosa thorn, or the drooping leaves of the sugar-cane. There had been recent heavy rains, and in some places the ground was exhaling moisture, and cracking on the surface with the heat of the sun. The mosquitoes along this glen were numerous and troublesome, the stream was stagnant in places and muddy, large sows with their numerous progeny were wallowing in the mire, and wasps and other noxious insects buzzing about us continually.

Wishing for some cocoa-nut milk, we knocked at a garden-door by the wayside, leading through a shed into a luxuriant garden, of rich black soil, filled with lofty cocoa-nut trees, bananas, tamarinds, papaws, mammees, and other fruits. Presently a little black fellow, in a state of nudity, climbed dexterously up a cocoa-nut tree, clinging with arms and legs round the tall trunk of the palm; down came the heavy green nuts bump upon the ground, and beneath the shade of a large spreading fig tree we rested ourselves on some felled dates, whilst our young guides were busy dashing the nuts against the stone wall to break the green husk; they pricked a small hole in each, and, pouring the colorless milk into a calabash, gave it to us to drink. Behind us grew a plantation of millet, and vines were trained over bamboos, but they bore nothing but unripe grapes. Seeing a fine goat and her kid outside the hut, I explained to the old negro man there that we wished for some milk, when two boys each laid hold of the udder and commenced milking her into an old teapot without a spout, whilst the man held her by the horns. The teapot was filled with froth, and the difficulty now remained how to get at it, for the rim rendered it next to an impossibility;

however, it was too great a treat to refuse, and although the teapot had been used for every purpose except the right one (for tea is not drank here,) and the milk had flowed through the little black hands, yet we enjoyed the draught as a luxury after our sea voyage. We next tasted the bananas and the papaws, which they gathered off the trees; the latter fruit resembles a soft pumpkin, being of a reddish or yellowish-green color, about six inches long, and grows in clusters at the top of a high stem, above which branch out the leaves, something like those of a gigantic mallow. To me this fruit is anything but pleasant; a soft juicy pulp surrounds a mass of globular seeds, like mustard-seed, very hot and disagreeable: the pulp is the part eaten, but the skin has a fetid odor which pervades the whole. The blossom appears like yellowish wax, of a jessamine form, and grows out of the top of the trunk, without a stalk; it emits a faint primrose-like scent. We paid them for our fruit, and I presented the little black who gathered our nuts with a mother-of-pearl umbrella handle which seemed to delight him exceedingly. It will no doubt form the centre ornament in his string of beads. The back part of the town overlooks this valley of vegetation, and the owners of the gardens sit at their doors and look down beholding all that goes forward there. The negro who sold us the fruit pointed to his master who was sitting in a distant verandah upon the cliff above. A well of clear water stood near the entrance of the garden. It was thatched with canes, and the water was raised by means of a large wheel set round with red earthen jars, placed one after another so that as the wheel revolved they kept coming up full.

We followed the course of the stream till we reached another large well, where several negro women were engaged in washing. They beat the clothes with a baton as the continental Europeans do. The gay bright hues of their cotton dresses imparted a liveliness to the scene which was here very picturesque and pleasing. This valley runs a long way inland, the vegetation marking its course by a belt of richer green that mingles with the golden brown of the hills on either side. As we advanced troops of locusts rose up from the ground at every step, reminding me of the multitudes of these insects I had noticed when crossing the arid plains between Syracuse and Catania in Sicily; then, old Aloseo was my guide—now I had Jokimses and Johnnys, Marsalins, Vincents, Penas, and many more, quite an army, with which one might have penetrated into the opposite forests of the shores of Senegambia. We ascended a deep winding path back to the town, by the side of which stood a wooden crucifix supported by a rude heap of stones.

As the island belongs to the Portuguese, the prevailing religion is the Papist faith, though but few priests, or in fact any other visible demonstration of their creed, are to be seen.

About two leagues inland, lies Trinidad, where the governor resides—in its neighborhood, the oranges and lemons, for which the island is famous, are cultivated, and, also, most of the articles which supply the market of Porto Praya. We now reached the commencement of the huts, or cottages, of the colored population. They are chiefly square, substantial-looking sheds, built of rough stone one story high, with but few containing a second or third apartment, a screen of canes being used as a partition. They are thatched with

the leaves of the date palm, or dried reeds. Inside there is no plastering; a hole in the wall serves for a cupboard, and the windows are merely square apertures, closed at night by a board that fits in like a shutter; the back door is usually opposite the entrance, so that, in looking through the open doors of the cottages overhanging the glen, the eye is feasted with the refreshing sight of leafy bananas and cocoa-nut trees, shutting out the view. The streets consist of rows of these low cottages, varying but little in outward appearance; some are detached, but mostly they are built close to one another. Not a single wheel-carriage, cart, or conveyance of any description, is to be seen in the streets, which here have a dull and deserted appearance. The only beasts of burden are mules and asses, slung with panniers, and in this way, the fruit, sugar-canes, poultry and vegetables are conveyed to the market, being brought from the interior. We saw but one mode of travelling that bore any marks of difference from the plebeian style. An officer was riding out, seated on a mule, whilst a slave ran behind him, holding an umbrella over his head to keep off the rays of the sun. The shops consist of stores of various descriptions, but they are neither commodious nor well supplied. At one end of the town is the square, in the centre of which stands a stone column, not very ornamental, nor classical, nor useful either, I should imagine. The houses surrounding it are, in some instances, two stories high, with large verandahs, and constitute the residences of the Portuguese inhabitants. The soil is a parched, barren earth, scattered here and there with tufts of scanty grass. The best I can say of Porto Praya itself is, that it looks like a deserted village, through which some plague has swept its blighting influence, especially when the colored people are lying asleep on stools outside their doors, or taking a siesta on the floor, and a solitary, formal-looking Portuguese in military uniform struts along the grass-grown streets, during the heat of the mid-day sun. The women lay basking on narrow stools, apparently too indolent to turn their heads to obtain a view of the English strangers as they passed, and contentedly raising their eyes just during the moment of passing; though they were evidently inquisitive, still it was too much trouble for them to move, and the lazy eyeballs just rolled round mechanically from one corner of their orbits to the other, and all they did not take in during their revolution, was probably to become a subject of speculation or nightly gossip. We next went to the Portuguese inn, which they had the face to call an hotel; the room *pour l'étranger* was furnished with a table, a sofa, and a few crazy chairs, and the walls were hung with English and Portuguese prints of rather ancient dates—there was a picture of Mary Queen of Scots landing at Loch Leven Castle, and another of a monstrously stout queen of Portugal. On one side, was a door opening into a kind of store-room, filled with a confused medley of bottles, jars, bundles, &c., where, probably, the old Portuguese landlord kept his dollars hid away in some sly corner. Opposite this, were the bedrooms, with a mattress in each angle of the apartment, while the floor was strewn with immense oranges. The landlord was evidently a character—a short, dark Portuguese, dressed in a long frock coat, with a navy cap and a gold band,—and he looked at us, all the while thinking to himself how he could make the most out of us. I am sure of it: there was as much of the cunning Jew in

this fellow as ever I saw indicated in the countenance of any one. He could not speak English himself, but his interpreter, a knavish-looking boy, about twelve years old, was as expert a rogue as the other: this little creature was lank and sallow, with very sharp black eyes, not like the mild, love-speaking black eyes of the beautiful Sicilian, fringed with long shadowy lashes, but rolling like ripe sloes, and every glance was cunning. His dress consisted of an old white cotton garment, with large red flowers upon it, something after the fashion of a dressing-gown, made, I imagine, out of his grandmother's skirt. At the window stood an intensely black slave, and, near the door, playing a slow, melancholy air on a guitar, sat a placid-looking creole; he was perfectly blind, and the nails of his hand, with which he touched the strings, were half an inch long. We took a slight refreshment, for which they charged most exorbitantly. I asked them what they would require for a night's rest on the sofa, when the urchin here completed his roguesy by asking us ten shillings. After telling him pretty plainly what I thought of him, we rejoined our guides, who were laughing and talking in a body under the passage-way leading from the road. A fine turkey I had seen sitting on the wall, was to form part of a feast that afternoon, and the little interpreter, with flowered dressing-gown, caught it with a fishhook and line, hooking it in the fleshy part of the throat. A novel method of catching turkeys, truly!

Leaving others to feast on the turkey, we roamed along in the glory of an afternoon's sunshine, descending a steep ravine to the shore, through a brake of pulga bushes, aloes, and other plants, the names of which were unknown to us. The delicate trumpet-shaped blossoms of the stramonium grew amongst the bushes, and many of the native grasses were exceedingly curious. The sea sands were like emery, scattered over with purple echinidæ and small crabs. Some remarkably brilliant blue and orange spiders, with backs like mosaic work, were busy weaving their webs amongst the fleshy leaves of a small species of spotted aloe. A large and fruitful plantation of bananas extends from the sea up a valley, apparently, in the rainy season, the channel of a watercourse; madder, spurge, and many curious creeping plants, grow along the sands. On each side of this valley, the cliffs rise rather precipitously, scattered with straggling and stunted date palms jutting from their rocky declivities, and the vulture wheels, in slow, steady circles, high above their summits. Bushes of naked gray thorns, of enormous size, were clothed with creepers, and on the topmost spray, the brilliant jacamar sat, like a feathered king, conscious of the beauty of his own gay plumage. The sun was rapidly sinking, and, aware of the few moments of twilight that would elapse before night came on, we turned our steps homewards. Not choosing to visit the Portuguese hotel, we agreed to take up our quarters at Jokim's house; he promising to make us beds and prepare us some coffee and cakes of Indian corn. We traversed the dark streets, serenaded by the barking of the lean hounds, that ran out, as we passed the open doors of the negro cottages.

We now arrived at Jokim's dwelling, taking by surprise his mother, a respectable-looking negress, who rose on our approach: there were ourselves, Jokim, (now filled with vast importance in the character of host,) Marsalin, a pretty colored boy with a Moorish countenance, Johnny, a lazy rascal,

whom one could not help liking withal; Vincent, Pena, and little Antonio. Our guides here left us, and while our hostess prepared our supper I had time to survey our novel habitation. It was a substantial stone cottage, with two apartments; the inner one was the sleeping-room of the family; this inner room, too, formed the repository for all manner of household utensils, articles of cooking, fruit, onions, &c. Here my sketch-book and other articles were carefully deposited by Jokim's mother. As there are no fireplaces or chimneys in the houses, the cooking goes forward in a small round hut outside the back door: this hut is a very snug and picturesque little place. We discovered the one in which a negress was preparing our coffee; there was no aperture but the entrance, it was sunk partly below ground, and, in the centre, over a charcoal fire, raised on a triangular iron-stand, supported by three round stones, stood an earthen pipkin, holding our coffee; the cakes were baking in the embers, and a semicircle of drowsy turkeys, apparently enjoying the warmth of the place, stood with their tails to the fire, not unlike some old commercial gentlemen we have sometimes seen in the coffee-room of a country hotel on a frosty morning. I was so delighted with the primitive appearance of this hut, and the habitual composure of the row of sleeping turkeys, that I at once made a sketch of the scene by the dim light of the central fire. The chief apartment of the house contained but little in the shape of furniture. Some of the utensils were formed of red clay, of unique and not inelegant proportions, far more shapely than the generality of English jugs. Above the table, occupying a small niche in the wall, stood a little rag virgin, like a sixpenny doll, with a string of beads round the neck, and a piece of blue printed cotton fastened down the wall beneath. The window was closed to keep out the night air, our hostess set our repast on the table, and we ocean wanderers were comfortably seated at the humble yet inviting board of a negro cottage, cheered by the light of a brazen lamp, with long protruding beaks. The night was remarkably sultry; a piece of matting was laid on the earthen floor, and some sheets, beautifully white and clean, were spread out for us. The grasshoppers in the thatch above sung loud and long till the time of the rising sun, and the lean and miserable dogs that rambled up and down the streets during the night howled most dreadfully. A little before daybreak we were stirring. Jokim opened the back-door, and we saw a sky, half the breadth of which glowed with rose-color and pale saffron, fritted with myriads of small scattered clouds. Presently all was gilded with the sun, and we walked abroad in the first blush of a tropical morning. It was delightfully cool, and a fresh north-east breeze was blowing; the negro women were stirring briskly about, balancing large calabashes and earthen vessels on their heads with the utmost grace and ease: some were milking the cows and goats into these vessels, from which the milk was immediately put into glass bottles and corked up for the market, which takes place at six o'clock in the morning; it is held in the square at the end of the Rue Direnta de Pelorinho. The skin panniers are taken off the backs of the mules and placed promiscuously about, together with calabashes of hens and guinea-fowls' eggs, bottles of milk, fish, bananas, cassava, sacks of oranges, and heaps of limes, cocoanuts, and onions, all displayed on the ground.

We now prepared to return to our vessel. We

were favored with a second ride through the surf, and narrowly escaped being swamped again by the rolling in of the breakers. As some hours elapsed before we were fairly under weigh, we busied ourselves in stowing away our fruit to the best advantage in our snug cabins. I found it rather puzzling in mine to know where to make room for anything more: when I had finished, it presented something the appearance of a garden—at least, I thought so; and I was fain willing to cherish the idea, for to pluck the fruit off the trees in one's own garden is always pleasant. Bunches of bananas hung suspended by rope yarns—pine-apples, dangling over the wash-hand-stand, sent forth a fragrant smell—cocoanuts and limes were stowed in various snug corners—some tall sugar-canes branched up from behind my black trunk—and oranges were everywhere pervading the vessel from the fore-castle to the stern. Whilst thus engaged, two large intelligent eyes, with whites upturned, suddenly peeped in upon me through the port-hole. Unaccustomed to a vision of the "human face divine" in such a situation, I started up and gave a more strict survey of the intruder's face: it was quite black. The eyes were fixed on me, and a grinning mouth, revealing a row of pearly teeth, was stretched by a most interesting smile—two thirds astonishment and one third recognition. Who could it be? It was no less a personage than Jokim himself, who was cruising about the vessel, and had just discovered me through my port.

We now bade adieu to St. Jago. Our white sails were filled by the swelling breeze, and the island quickly receded from our view, as we hastened fast to the southward. Before dark a wildly broken line of misty gray appearing above the horizon was all we could discern of St. Jago. After sunset, a waste of sweeping waves, and countless stars gemming the canopy of night, with the arch of the milky-way stretching across the clear heavens, were all we saw. There is something in the sight of the gay and smiling land that is peculiarly charming to the eye, weary of the expanse of the wide ocean—of the blue and level plain stretched all around to the distant horizon—that desert of waters, now dancing in huge ever-varying masses of surge, and anon deep slumbering like a wintry monster tired of combat and worn out with contending passions. The vexed and troubled billow, and the glassy calm of the smooth sea, are portraiture of human mutability; they are as a mirror in which we see reflected the pantomime of sunshine and shower, the tempests and calms of life. It was a sad feeling truly, to return, like a child unwillingly to school, to our rocking ship, and to settle ourselves contentedly down, for a still longer voyage, within the limits of its wooden walls.

CAPTAIN WARNER.—This gentleman has published another letter. In this the principal object of attack is Commodore Sir Charles Napier. He furnishes an amusing picture of that senator and warrior. "All the world knows," he says, "that Commodore Napier is apt to take credit to himself for having by his single arm won every victory in which he has taken part; but up to his speech in the House of Commons I thought him a frank and fair man. Sir Charles stated in the House that 'Captain Warner had told him that he could blow to pieces all the ships in Portsmouth harbor, from the back of the Isle of Wight.' The correctness

of this statement Capt. Warner denies. What really passed," he goes on to say, and what he is prepared to substantiate by two witnesses, was as follows:—

"Sir C. Napier observed that the constant complaint against me was, that I would never come to the point, but always receded from any tangible proposition. I asked Sir Charles to make some proposal; and he made the following:—The government to furnish a line-of-battle ship and anchor her at the back of the Goodwin Sands, out of the ship track, which I was to destroy by a projectile from a distance of five miles. I expressed my readiness to accept this offer if government would guarantee me £300,000 if I accomplished the deed. Sir Charles exclaimed that if he could do as much he would have £3,000,000, and that I should be a great fool if I acted without a guarantee, for I should certainly be robbed if I did, as all inventors had been before me. I said £300,000 would satisfy myself. The above proposition was put into writing, signed by myself, and emphatically pronounced by Sir Charles to be "something like business." This proposition was carried by Sir Charles to Sir R. Peel, who referred him to Sir G. Cockburn, who, as usual, threw cold water upon it, and expressed, according to Sir C. Napier's report to myself, something very much like an intention, of keeping me in the back-ground, an intention which I hope, by the powerful aid of the press, to frustrate. Sir Charles stated in the House of Commons, in his usual fashion of playing first fiddle, that he had offered me a ship to be anchored off Southsea Castle, and that he had offered to ensure me a handsome remuneration in the event of success, but that I had not accepted his offer. Not a word about the written offer carried to Sir R. Peel and Sir G. Cockburn. In the House Sir Charles joined the ranks of Lord Ingestre's opponents, and ridiculed, in unseemly language, that noble lord, for whose disinterested conduct in advocating and sustaining my cause, I can find no words sufficiently expressive of my gratitude; but he did not repeat the terms in which he spoke of Sir R. Peel and Sir G. Cockburn, neither will I encumber your columns with them."

He proceeds to state, "in the face of the world," what he did offer in the following terms, which offer he now repeats:—

I instructed Sir C. Napier, in terms of his own dictation, to submit to her Majesty's government:—If the government will anchor a line of battle ship at the back of the Goodwin Sands, out of the ship track, so that no harm may happen to passing vessels, I will from on board another ship destroy her at a distance of five miles. I am willing to take on board the vessel in which I operate General Sir George Murray, Captain Lord Viscount Ingestre, R. N., Captain Dickinson, R. N., and Captain Henderson, R. N., who shall have every opportunity of inspecting my mode of operation, and satisfying themselves that on this occasion I use a projectile.

The kind liberality of my friends enables me to exhibit this experiment without asking the government for a shilling towards it. If I fail, I am to receive nothing but ridicule; of which I have received quite enough to satisfy any reasonable man already.

But previously I require a guarantee from her Majesty's government for its purchase of my secret for £300,000, in the event of my destroying the ship and satisfying the four above-named officers of the feasibility and practicability of my plans.

Lastly, I invite Sir Howard Douglas, Sir Byam Martin, Sir George Cockburn, Colonel Chalmer, R. A., and Commander Coffin, R. N., to attend in another vessel and watch the proceedings.

From a letter, 25th August, of the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

THE JESUITS IN SWITZERLAND.

THE minority of the seven Catholic Cantons in the Swiss Diet, although the Argau Convent case has been regularly decided against them, continue to protest and to proclaim the decision a violation of the Federal compact. On the 19th instant the Diet entertained, at the instance of Argau, the motion for the expulsion of the Jesuits from all Switzerland. This measure, and the nature of the discussion, affect deeply the sentiments and pretensions of several of the cantons wherein the order is not merely tolerated, but religiously cherished—its seminaries being thought the best possible in every respect for the education of Catholic youth; and as the hue-and-cry against the Jesuits has not abated in France, politicians and religionists here are alive to the fate of a strong and sweeping proposition like that before the Diet. The debate was opened, in the affirmative, by an erudite, able deputy of Argau, a professed Catholic. He spoke four hours, and arrested, throughout, the attention of the whole assembly. It was time, he thought, to settle a matter which had agitated the country for twenty-five years. He travelled all history since the institution of the order, exhibiting whatever ill had been done by the Jesuits, or whatever had been imputed to them by their rivals and special adversaries. It was a universal bill of indictment, in which regulations, discipline, doctrine, conduct, books, character, designs, were comprised for utter defamation and proscription. This unlimited invective was pronounced in German. The orator ascribed even a present ubiquity to the Jesuits: everywhere they have emissaries, if not congregations; they are necessarily cosmopolites; they can have no patriotism, by reason of their vows and objects; they must be eminently dangerous, as they have uniformly proved, to republican and federal Switzerland; any good Catholic might concur with him in his opinions and purpose, because the Pope did not deem the order indispensable for any part of the earth or the church in general. His chief difficulty was the constitutional one. Had the Diet, by the compact, competency to expel the order from any canton that wished to retain the Jesuits? He contended for the competency, by reference to the clause which enjoined on the Diet the care of the general welfare. Cantonal sovereignty must yield when a measure could be shown to appertain to that clause. The entire number of the Jesuits in the confederation does not exceed two hundred and seventy-eight. Fribourg is their head-quarters. The majority of them are foreigners. In our federal and national system, the separation or distribution of powers is far more definite and determinable than in the Swiss patchwork. The deputy who came next in the debate, affirmed that in the cantons where the Jesuits are established the governments dared not pass any law obnoxious to them. Three long sittings were allowed to the subject; very sharp altercations took place between the Catholic speakers particularly, who were divided in opinion; the Protestants were charged with using the Jesuits as a

mere pretence for war on all Catholic creed and rite. The vote was had on the 21st instant, and the motion rejected by fourteen out of twenty-two cantons; the project of Argau was thought too broad and rather premature; but the fourteen states reserved the contingency of serious, ascertained machinations on the part of the Jesuits, or any grave danger to the union from their presence. Representing seven eighths of the population of Switzerland, they would not preclude themselves from adopting at any time any measure essential to the common weal. The order of Loyola found zealous and skilful advocates in the Diet; the president of the assembly signalized himself of the number. A considerable portion of the property of one of the convents suppressed by Argau lies in the contiguous canton of Lucerne, and Lucerne will not allow it to be sold, although the Diet has sanctioned the suppression; the Diet admonishes, and threatens force. I mention these Helvetic feuds, because of the analogies in the constitutions and tendencies of Switzerland and the United States.

THE APPROACHING ERA.

[Indications of the rapid approach of great changes in the condition of mankind, appear to attract the attention of observers upon all points of the horizon. Making it more and more necessary to be watchfully observant of the progress of Europe upon Asia, Africa and America.

The following extract is made from a (Bampton) Lecture delivered before the University of Oxford, by Anthony Grant, D. C. L.]

Pass to the particular aspect which the Pagan nations now present, and see if there be not in them a stirring in the elements of power, which seem gathering towards some great onward movement, and which must either meet in discord and dissolution, or, being drawn round the living centre of truth, move in harmonious concert along the lines of God's providential designs. The uncivilized races of the earth, the aborigines of America and the Southern islands, have been often mentioned; and it is sufficiently seen that European intercourse, unsanctified, tends to their extermination. There is but one power on earth that can save them, and that is the shelter and shield of the Church of Christ.* By its aid they may be converted, without it they will perish; and it may be that the church, if it overspread their land at a later period, will plant itself only over their forgotten graves. But the vast African continent does not appear reserved for such a destiny. Its pestilential climate secures it from European aggression, and the same cause would seem to shut it out from all hope of being evangelized. But a wonderful conjuncture of circumstances has arisen. * * * There seems an opening of which we cannot calculate the result. * * * Or observe, again,

* It is a cheering sight to witness the attempt which is made in New Zealand by the bishop, to rescue the natives from the too probable extinction which they would otherwise suffer from colonial aggression.

[It is no less cheering to observe the effort which the Church, it is to be hoped, is at last about to make to save the remnant of the aborigines of our own country. How different might have been the fate of that unhappy and injured race, had the blessed influence of Christianity been sooner brought to bear upon them!—ED. BANNER OF THE CROSS.]

the great Mahometan nations. No impression has ever been made on the creed of the Prophet. It may be that, like dispersed Israel, its followers have hitherto been reserved to bear some part in the eventual furtherance of the gospel, which has not yet been accomplished. But the power on which it rests is temporal; it has trusted to the sword, and by the sword it will perish. The Moslems of the East fix their gaze, as if under the power of a spell, on the Turkish dynasty as the centre of their hopes; they look there for a restoration of the Caliphate, and with it of their former glory. But they fix it on a power which is tottering, which is preserved only through the conflicting jealousies of European states; the keystone of the arch is ready to fall, and with its fall the whole structure must be shaken into ruins. Or, again, look at the condition of that vast empire which the providence of God has intrusted to our custody. The conversion of the Hindoos was long thought impracticable; it was opposed as impolitic. But the silent course of events has worked a different persuasion.

There is a progressive movement, then, among the pagan nations. And that a wonderful conjuncture is thereby presented for the advance of the church of Christ, will be made more apparent if we reflect on the manifold apparatus that exists, even in our own hands, for securing and directing it. For it is clear that the aggression on the heathen nations is being vigorously made by Europe and her colonies. * * * Daily is the influence of Christendom increasing. Even in point of numbers the disproportion between the Christian and pagan population of the world is daily lessening. * * * The language of England is spreading itself with a rapidity far exceeding any other. It is the tongue of half the Western hemisphere.

* * * We cannot reflect upon these elements of power, and not see in them the means provided for a fresh advance of the Church of Christ,—means which would scarcely have been equalled in the first ages of the promulgation of the gospel, if, instead of the few fishermen of Galilee, the learned and powerful of Greece and Italy had been its propagators, and, instead of Jerusalem, imperial Rome had been the centre of its diffusion.

But though these secondary means must be deemed powerless in themselves, yet tokens are they, and signs of His will towards the accomplishment of which all things surely tend. We may note that, in those onward movements which have marked particular periods in the history of the church of God, the lines of His providence have ever run concurrently with those of his grace; and that a combination of subordinate agencies have betokened "the fulness of the time." Was it not thus at the first coming of the Lord of Life! The general peace; the intercourse between nations along the highways of military conveyance; extended colonization; the application of the papyrus to the purposes of writing; the circulation of the Septuagint; a common language of communication; all conspired to aid the promulgation of the kingdom of Heaven. So was it at the subsequent religious crisis of the Reformation. The settling down of the nations into order; increased skill in navigation, by means of the mariner's compass; fresh commercial enterprise; emigration to a new world; the invention of printing; the translation of the sacred Scriptures; the use of Latin as the channel of thought; these combined to urge onward that fresh outbreak of re-

vived Christianity which agitated the whole of Europe. And can we close our eyes against the same concurrence of means now concentrating their force into one mighty effort;—the application of a new power to navigation; the rapid transit to every spot in the globe; the founding of new settlements, and of future kingdoms; the invention of arts, and discovery of new sciences; the circulation of the word of God; the ubiquity of the English language from Quebec to Canton, from New Zealand to the Himalayas; and lastly, the universal peace, so merciful and unexpected, which may seem to be hushing the world into stillness, and to resemble the silence that was “in heaven for about the space of half an hour” at the opening of the Seventh Seal? Shall we discern nothing in these conjunctures but the chance on-drivings of a restless world, aimless and uncontrolled? Or, as it watches the feverish strivings and agitations of men, can the eye of faith discern no Hand weaving out therefrom the web of the world’s destinies, and tracing upon it the legible characters of God’s eternal decrees?

And God does not bestow His gifts for naught. These leadings of His providence, these opportunities, powers, resources; this peculiar and singular contact into which we are brought with the heathen; what do they indicate, but that He seems to have designed our church for the special office and labors of an apostle?

From the Athenæum.

LEARNING TO READ.

The Prince of Wales’ Library, No. 1.—The Primer—Butter’s Gradual Primer—The Pictorial Primer—Pinnock’s Mentorian Primer—McCulloch’s First Reading Book—Green’s Universal Primer—Guy’s British Primer—The Infant School Spelling Book—Cobbett’s Spelling Book—The first Phonic Reading Book.

LEARNING to read has truly been said to be the most difficult of all human attainments, yet it is generally the first piece of direct instruction offered to the half-formed understanding of a child. It is most difficult under the best of systems; under the common method it seems to be almost impossible. Scarcely anything appears more unreasonable, illogical, contradictory, and perplexing, than the ordinary method of learning to read. With the view of seeing whether any improvement has been made of late years in children’s primers or first books, we have lately examined a collection of those in most common use.

In almost all of them, the antiquated practice of teaching first the alphabet, and then dry, uninteresting rows of words, by means of spelling, is pursued,—the process being, as Mr. Edgeworth remarked, “a dreadful task to learn, and, if possible, a more dreadful one to teach.” Of the inutility, not to say mischievousness, of learning the alphabet as a *step to reading*, no one who has bestowed any attention on the subject, or who has attempted practically to teach a child to read, will be skeptical, nor be disposed to dispute the accuracy of the shrewd remarks which Mr. Edgeworth published years ago on this subject:—“To begin with the vowels; each of these has different sounds, and consequently ought to have several names or different signs to distinguish them in different circumstances. In the first lesson of the

spelling book the child begins with a-b makes ab, b-a makes ba. The inference, if any general inference can be drawn from this lesson, is, that when *a* comes before *b* it has one sound, and after *b* it has another sound; but this is contradicted by-and-bye, and it appears that *a* after *b* has various sounds, as in *ball*, in *bat*, in *bare*. The letter *i* in *fire*, is *i* as we call it in the alphabet, but in *fir* it is changed, in *pin* it is changed again; so that the child being ordered to affix to the same sign a variety of sounds and names, and not knowing in what circumstances to obey, and in what to disregard the contradictory injunctions imposed upon him, he pronounces sounds at hazard, and adheres positively to the last ruled case, or maintains an apparently sullen or truly philosophic and skeptical silence.” Mr. Edgeworth’s remarks seem to have produced no effects at all upon our primers. We have not observed that any one of them even alludes to his observations. The oldest of them, such as Guy’s and Pinnock’s, pursue the track they started upon years ago; whilst the more recent seem to struggle for notoriety by the adoption of fictitiously attractive features which have no legitimate connexion with the avowed purpose of the book. The “Pictorial Primer,” though containing several woodcuts, which we recognize to have seen elsewhere, does not fulfil its title. The great majority of the pictures make no pretence to illustrating anything in the book. Of a somewhat similar style is the primer called “The Prince of Wales’.” The only feature here, and it is made a most important one, is the abundance of bad woodcuts, and an affected association of them with letters and words. This primer begins, “A’s like the steps open’d wide as this pair.” “B like a mast with two sails full of air.” Both the “steps” and the “mast” have the most strained and unnatural forms given them to suit them to the purpose. “G’s like the Dragon St. George did destroy.” We beg to say, that no traditions of the dragon ever handed down such a dragon as is here given—a most unnatural monster. “I’s [not] like a fox standing up on his tail.” Foxes never stand on their tails, and the fox here is not made to do so, but on his legs. Again, only the outline of a wine glass resembles Y, and it is a contradiction which every little pair of eyes will detect, to say it is like that letter. Let us assume for an instant that the association of a letter with the picture of an object is useful in impressing the letter on the child’s mind. The picture is given because the child is supposed to be already familiar with the object. But what a mistake it is to drag in those objects which not only are not familiar to children, but which many a child knows nothing about, and has never heard of! We question the universal knowledge among children of dragons, serpents, the monument, French horns, &c. Moreover, even the object where in one locality it is common is not universally known. The little child of a midland county knows nothing about ships, and many a one of the metropolis has never seen a scythe.

The same system is carried on with words and sentences, which must be quite unintelligible to children. Thus, to “Be,” there is a rude design of a lady holding a stick over the head of a man who is kneeling, intimating, we presume, that the man is to become something—a knight possibly. “Lo” is to be remembered by the representation of three boys playing at cards. “Am” is denoted by an awkward-looking boy in a chair with

feathers in his cap, and the child is of course to know that it signifies "am the Prince of Wales," as though his heraldic plume were a thing intuitively known to every British infant. A child pulling an old man's pigtail illustrates with great good taste and correctness the words "If ye do so I cry." "It is as shy as he is sly," is told by the design of a man tempting a horse with a sieve of corn. On the first publication of this work we simply announced the fact, not caring to subject such a thing to criticism; but the abundance of woodcuts, and a gaudy tasteless cover, have obtained for it a considerable popularity, which shows how little thought is exercised in purchasing a child's book. We cannot conceive a more troublesome and misleading task than an attempt to instruct a child by this book.

In learning to read, pictures are of no use at all; yet they are to be found more or less in all primers and spelling-books, even in Cobbett's, which is certainly the best according to the old plan. The pictures are in most cases very execrable, but even were they otherwise, they have nothing whatever to do with the process of learning to read. The child who learns the word "Dog" in association with an effigy of the animal, is more likely to be confused when it meets with the word unaccompanied by the picture, than one who has learnt the word without it. We are, therefore, no friends to primers having either good or bad pictures, and we are sorry to see that the Council of Education have fallen into the mistake of sanctioning their use in Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's impracticable attempt at a Primer—"The first Phonic Reading Book."

An attempt was made a few years ago, in a little work called the Anti-spelling Book, to introduce a more reasonable system of learning to read than the common one of analyzing words into their separate letters. This work obtained some little success for a time; but we believe it never got into any very extensive or permanent use. The work itself was certainly susceptible of much improvement, especially in the selected exercises, but we do not think it was on that account that it did not succeed better. The reason of its failure doubtless lay in the fact that the old mechanical jog-trot mode of learning to read by rote was found to be far the least troublesome to teachers. The old was the system by which they themselves had learned, and was therefore the most easy to communicate.

Upon the principle suggested by Mr. Edgeworth, the Anti-spelling Book adopted certain signs to indicate the various powers and sounds of the letters, and discarded the common practice of spelling the words into their separate letters before pronouncing them. We think it most likely that these arbitrary signs, indicating for instance where a should be sounded hard like k, and where like s, though by no means difficult for teachers to acquire, were a novelty too alarming to them, and prevented the success of this book as well as any extensive adoption of Mr. Edgeworth's suggestions. We are by no means sure that these signs are of much use, and our own experience tells us that they are not so. We see Dr. Shuttleworth adopts them, and we participate in the objections raised by the *Quarterly Review* to them. They certainly are not necessary for learning to read according to the anti-spelling principle; which we should say is the least troublesome to the child, though demanding considerable patience on the

teacher's part. We believe they have certainly tended to discourage the trial of the principle, sound enough in itself. Children learn to read words almost as imperceptibly as they learn to utter sounds, and do not pass through much analytic reasoning in the process of doing so. A little steady and patient exercise of repeating the sound of the word in connexion with its sign, is sufficient to make the child familiar with the word when it sees its symbol. The child learns to read by the eye, but Dr. Shuttleworth falls into the error of thinking it is by sound. This is the course we would recommend in teaching reading. Select a sentence of short words, the sounds of which are familiar and quite intelligible to the child. Name each sound whilst pointing out the word, and cause the child to do so after you. The child may even learn the sentence by its ear, and it will probably do so before it recognizes the words and is able to read them. Do not spell the words to the child, and it is not of the slightest importance that the child should previously know anything about the alphabet. But whilst this process of learning to read is going on, the child may be acquiring the alphabet, writing, and spelling, at the same time. It is a matter of very little importance that a child begin to read at a very early age. Five or six years of age with ordinary children is quite early enough for commencing reading, "the most difficult of all human attainments." But long before this age, and before the reading course begins, we would have a foundation laid for writing, by putting a pencil or piece of chalk in the child's hand; so that when reading does begin, it will have acquired the power of copying in a rude way the written signs of the sounds it is learning to know, and hence fixing them in its mind, not only the more easily, but almost imperceptibly and ineffaceably. Before reading is begun, the child's powers of observation and attention should have gone through a preparatory exercise, and perhaps the best elementary work of instruction for a very young child, is not any existing primer, but "Exercises on the Senses," published by Knight & Co. Cotemporary with these exercises, the child should learn to use its hands and fingers to hold and use a pencil, and in fact begin to copy the forms of letters, months before it is systematically taught their names or their combinations; and it may likewise proceed a few steps in counting and in understanding numbers before the arduous task of reading is begun. There is much in the "Infant Spelling Book and Pictorial Dictionary" which we cannot commend, but, on the whole, it will be found to offer more useful suggestions in a right direction than most of the works which head this short notice. As for spelling, it is learnt rather by the sight than by gabbling over, like an automaton, lists of syllables, which are never retained in the mind. Sound is a lame guide to spelling, and we believe the best and shortest process of learning to spell is by writing out not disconnected words, but sentences which have a meaning and interest. And whenever learning to read is begun, writing or copying the words, which ensures *silent* spelling, should be combined with it.

The *Cologne Gazette* says that Eugene Sue's *Juif Errant* has been stopped at the frontier, and all the German papers which published any part of it, seized.

From the Spectator, 7 Sept.

O'CONNELL AT LARGE.

THE last scenes of the parliamentary session, now formally closed, have been signalized by an unexpected event—the reversal of the judgment against Daniel O'Connell and the other repealers—the annulling of the whole proceedings! To the latest stages, the gigantic and complex process maintained its characteristic confusion and uncertainty. Three tribunals have pronounced solemn judgment on the case; each has treated the one below it with slight, if not with contempt; and the matter is left after all in a state of doubt balancing between conflicting authorities, of greater weight and number on one side and of greater technical rank on the other.

It will be remembered that the indictment against Mr. O'Connell and his coadjutors in the repeal agitation consisted of eleven counts, and was of enormous length; that it charged against the prisoners, *inter alia*, attempts to force a repeal of the Union by "intimidation" and display of physical force, to sow dissension between different classes of the queen's subjects, and to corrupt the army; that the trial in the Court of Queen's Bench of Dublin was delayed by endless technical objections; that the obstacles were finally surmounted; that the jury took great pains to shape their verdict accurately; that a judge gave them a draft of the "issues," which they adopted; and that the bench, pronouncing all the counts, particularly the sixth and seventh, to be "unexceptionable," sentenced the defendants to fine and imprisonment and to give sureties under heavy penalties to keep the peace for seven years. Loudly complaining of unfair trial, O'Connell went to prison; where he has been at the receipt of sympathy and cash, and whence, by the hand and mouth of the younger Daniel, he has continued to issue his mandates oral and epistolary.

An appeal was brought on behalf of the repealers before the House of Lords; and the lords referred certain set questions to the judges of England for their opinion. Though the majority of the English bench supported the original judgment, their declarations of opinion were startling; so much discredit did they cast upon the Dublin court and the conduct of the trial. Six of the eleven counts they all pronounced to be bad, or informal, for different reasons. The jury, in an inordinate desire to be exact, had not been content to return a simple verdict of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" upon each count; but had split the charges in the earlier portions of the indictment, which alleged most of the offences imputed, into divers degrees, by severally finding the prisoners guilty of greater or less parts of each count: thus they destroyed the unity of allegation which ought to exist in each count, and turned it into a charge of different kinds of conspiracy, whereas it is held that each count can only be taken to allege one offence; so that the "finding" on those counts was erroneous. In that way four counts were vitiated. The sixth and seventh counts alleged that the prisoners sought to gain their ends by "intimidation;" but as it was not stated who were to be intimidated or to be forced to obey the repealers, the English judges held these two counts to be bad in structure. Thus six of the eleven counts, pronounced by the Irish judges to be "unexceptionable," are pronounced by the English judges to be untenable! There is terrible

collision between the Irish and English benches. But now we come to discord among the English judges themselves. Seven of them held, that in spite of the bad counts, the judgment must stand; because the Irish judges must be presumed to know the bad from the good parts of the indictment; and as the punishment was at their discretion, it must be regarded as applied and apportioned to the good portions alone. It mattered not to the English judges that their Irish brethren did not know the bad from the good—that they pronounced the worst to be unexceptionable; for the judicial mind piques itself on a most dense ignorance *prepense*, and precludes itself from receiving useful information patent to all the world. The English judges therefore made-believe to think that the Irish judges exercised a discrimination which they knew them not to possess. This is what is called a "legal fiction,"—of which it may be said that it is not the kind of fiction that is truer than fact. Two of the judges demurred to that imaginative view, and insisted that as the judgment was given on a *whole* indictment, of which parts were unsound, and as no one could tell how much of the punishment was awarded in respect of offences not legally brought home to the prisoners, the whole judgment must be annulled. The judicial majority, however, was for upholding the award; and so stood the matter when the judges delivered their opinions on Monday. Everybody expected that the Irish judgment would be sustained: the repealers in Dublin affected the "utmost indifference" for the issue; sympathizers in London cried down the authority of the lords, anticipating that it would be adverse.

The lords met on Wednesday; and expectation was confounded by an inversion of the majority and minority. Lord Lyndhurst began, echoing the majority of the judges; and Lord Brougham followed, going a step further to vindicate the sufficiency of the sixth and seventh counts and the distinctness of "intimidation" as a crime. Three whig law lords succeeded, echoing the minority of the judges, and going also somewhat further in that opposite direction; for they concurred in the objection that the omission of names from the Dublin jury-book vitiated the panel, and therefore the jury drawn from it. Lord Denman was very emphatic and eloquently "constitutional" on that point. Lord Cottenham succeeded in bringing out distinctly the flaws in the doctrine that a general judgment may be taken on an indictment in which there are bad counts. Indeed, all the three whig law lords have suddenly discovered gross slovenliness in the existing practice of general judgments in criminal cases and of laxity in framing indictments; and Lord Denman pointed out the futility of indictments so monstrously bulky as to defy the grasp even of a lawyer's "learned" and practised mind, much more of a simple juror's. The law lords having delivered their speeches, a curious scene ensued. There stood the "noble and learned" lords, ready to vote—three to one against the Irish judges, the English judges, and ministers: some merely "noble" lords could not resist the impulse to redress the balance and vote. Here was a scandal! It is quite "constitutional" for the lords to vote; for they are, as Lord Brougham delights in telling them, the highest court of law and of appeal in the empire,—only they are so unfit for the office, that if they were really to exercise it, they could not very long enjoy it, without making the highest

the lowest in the scale of contempt, if not breeding a revolution. Lord Wharncliffe saw the danger, gave the lay lords some good advice, and they retired; leaving the matter to be decided by the preponderance of whig ex-chancellors. By that vote the judgment was reversed.

The "monster trial" seems doomed to cast discredit upon all concerned in it. The prisoners began, dallying and equivocating with sedition and treason, neither daring to be bold traitors nor yet scrupling to circumvent the law; the crown counsel came out with the vast and unmanageable indictment, offering in its unwieldy bulk a thousand vulnerable points of attack; the prisoners' counsel kept up the game of equivocation and mere lawyer-like shuffling; the judges have exposed themselves to a derogatory reversal of their confident decision; the English judges play fast-and-loose with the law, and argue from expediency; the lords settle the question by a vote which, to say the least, *coincides* with party divisions; the bulk of that high Court of Appeal stand by, confessing their own incapacity for the vaunted office; and the upshot is, that while the indictment fails on specialties, nobody can tell what on earth the law really is, so utter is the conflict and confusion of authorities. The matter was decided by chance. Repeal gambled with conservatism, law lords being the dice; O'Connell's genius threw deuce-ace, and he won. But there was no real triumph to either side. Ministers convicted their prisoner, but did not so contrive the business as to bring it to good fruit; O'Connell conquered, but only upon technical quirks and quibbles; for the judges do not absolve him from crime. Some of the main charges conveyed in the condemned counts, even the "intimidation" of the sixth and seventh, were restated in the eleventh, which was sustained by all the judges, in and out of parliament. Perhaps ministers might prevent the recurrence of such a disaster, by redressing the balance of law lords with a couple of successive new retirements and appointments in the chancellorship! But it is a more interesting question, what will be done in the matter now? What will O'Connell do in the unexpected freedom thrust upon him? Something ingenious, no doubt—something to signalize to the uttermost his miraculous deliverance after "martyrdom." And what will ministers do? The prorogation speech tells us nought. Perhaps their best course would be to turn over a new leaf; to let bygones be bygones; and to see if the arch-repealer has not learned a useful lesson, in what he must know to be condemnation, though the vulgar herd of his followers may think it victory.

14 September.

O'CONNELL is at large; repeal is up once more. Dublin escorted the liberator from his prison on Saturday; on Sunday he was the chief object at a religious ceremony, in which he was held up to the Roman Catholic people of Ireland as manifestly favored by Heaven; on Monday he was once more at the Conciliation Hall, recommencing the repeal agitation. He begins again in characteristic style, with unbounded confidence in his own resources, astute caution, imposing plans, and a flood of words, often disfigured by the vulgarist traits of his eloquence. He does not scruple to class his deliverance with rain vouchsafed in time of drought at the prayer of "faithful Christians;" and with those sacred, or rather sacrilegious allusions, he mixes coarse attacks on "that indescribable wretch, Brougham," that "vinegar-cruet on two legs," Mr.

Attorney-general Smith. Sir Robert Peel, "the monster liar in parliament," and the like. Being an astute person, it is to be supposed that he selects that kind of eloquence which is most suited to the Irish mind; and it appears to be so, not excepting even some educated Irish,—a fact not to be forgotten in considering the influence of his harangues. He assumed as a basis of the revived agitation, that he had beaten his prosecutors in law; and he had the hardihood to assert that the final judgment under which he was released was founded not upon technicalities, but upon "the merits" of his case! The proof which he advanced was, that the two counts, the sixth and seventh, which charged him with "intimidation" by multitudinous assemblages, were pronounced to be bad. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that those two counts were pronounced to be bad, not in substance, but in structure; that the same charge of "intimidation" was set forth in a subsequent count, unanimously sustained by the judges; and that he was released, not because the judges of appeal thought him absolved from crime, but because they could not tell how much of the punishment was founded upon the faulty counts; so that in truth he *was* let off upon technicalities. Still, for the time, the very fact of his being at large is a practical triumph; and his new plans need no apology from one whose will is so far law with the susceptible Irish. The repeal agitation is continued from the point where it was broken off by the proclamation against the Clontarf meeting and the prosecution; but with a difference. There is to be a deliberate consultation as to whether it is necessary still to hold the Clontarf meeting; Mr. O'Connell thinking that it is not necessary, as the "principle" has been sufficiently established. What "principle" is meant, we are not told; the "monster meetings" did not profess to be held in assertion of the right to meet in great numbers, for that was presumed, but for the purpose of "counting noses," which is not a principle but an application of arithmetic. However, it is clear that the monster meetings are not to be carried on; O'Connell has thought better of that; he has triumphed over his prosecutors, he declares; but he discreetly lets "I would not" wait upon "I may,"—implying some inkling of doubt as to the potential part. The next point is the assemblage of three hundred gentlemen as a "Preservative Society;" but here too with a difference. Whereas the three hundred were to form a sort of legislature to make laws for voluntary observance by the people, they are now to constitute a body to negotiate with government, and a sort of court of review over the Repeal Association—a drag upon it, not an extension of its usurped legislative functions. And even in that modified sense, the project is to be subject to a severe scrutiny, with the opinion of the ablest lawyers taken as to its legality and safety. Lastly, there is to be an impeachment of the judges by whom Mr. O'Connell was tried. This is an idle bravado, harmless, except in so far as it is a delusion of the Irish people; but it will serve to keep up the show of "important business" transacted by the Repeal Association. An impeachment is a very imposing measure; and for "a shilling a year, a penny a month, a farthing a week," every bogtrotter can have his share in it. Ministers are also to be attacked; the liberator threatens an agitation for support in England, with a view to drive Sir Robert Peel from office. Every agitator and projector can make sure of some following in England, from a Lord George Gordon or

a Wilkes to a Canterbury Thom or a Captain Acherly; and Mr. O'Connell may perhaps fairly count on a good market for his Irish grievances among the mere traders in opposition that invest every hustings and election-room. But, unluckily, he cannot speak in Ireland without being read in England; and his ambiguities are not relished by the downright English,—which must ever prevent his acquiring any very formidable influence on his own account with the English people. They go to see him, they listen to him; but they bear in mind his equivocations, and his denunciation of “the Saxon,”—who is eminently the plebeian, as contradistinguished from the aristocratic Norman. But, by an unprecedented display of conciliation, he courts other alliances. The Orangemen—no longer so called, but “Anti-Irish”—he invites with affection; and a decoy Orangeman, newly caught, is paraded as a member of the Association to attract others. The Protestants of Ireland are importunately asked to join in the repeal struggle; and one gentleman having betrayed some inclination, is clamorously besought to surrender himself in full. Mr. O'Connell exalts to the highest pinnacle the “rank” of this gentleman, Mr. Grey Porter; offers to yield to him the leadership of repeal; and treats the half-convert as if Ireland awaited his acceptance to signify its allegiance with “an obedient start.” It must be a temptation to any man thus to have Ireland offered for his rule; and every one asks who is this great person, thus commanding universal allegiance on the mere vouchsafing his presence? You suppose that you have suffered an unaccountable lapse of memory, and that some Irish Fox or Lambton, some Lord Edward Fitzgerald or some Charlemont at least, has lain perdu unremembered; you feel bound to know who Mr. Grey Porter is, and look modestly to the Irish papers to instruct your ignorance. It seems, however, that he is not familiarly known even in Ireland; where he has attracted notice by a recent pamphlet in favor of federalism. A leading repeal paper tells us that he is high sheriff of Fermanagh; adding—“We know nothing personally of Mr. Porter. We are told he is a young man—educated, and of much vigor of mind. The latter is manifest from his work; in which, however, even our ‘glance’ has shown us some errors.” Such is the recruit, to attract whose person to the Conciliation Hall Mr. O'Connell offers to give up the leadership of repeal. O'Connell aims at one still more powerful alliance—that of the “base, brutal, and bloody” whigs; whom he now cajoles with grateful flattery for appointing the three law lords by whose vote he was let loose. To conciliate these alliances, and especially the last, he declares in favor of a federal parliament, as an experimental step. He offers a new Lichfield House compact; and, after Lord John Russell's overtures, he does not make the offer quite unwooded. In short, the new campaign is to be signalized by a more measured caution, learned from the conviction and sentence, and by a more imposing vastness of resources and pageant measures, conceived in the inspiration of the final triumph. The agitator starts with victory over ministers as a lawyer and combatant on the ground of “the constitution;” he vaunts a compact alliance with Heaven; he is at the receipt of advances from discontented Orangemen, from mild theorists growing familiar to discussions about repeal, from whigs tired with exclusion from office. He seems ready to postpone the fanatical but neutral doctrine of absolute

repeal, and to aim at coping with the government by a revival of party, which had sunk, in the contests of whig and tory about distinctions without a difference, into the lowest stage of impotence. The whigs are no longer disowned; repeal is no longer a neutral but a party matter; will the whigs be able to resist the proffer of that aid in their extremity?

The question is preceded by another, of larger scope. What will be done by the leading English statesmen, of whatsoever party, and especially by the liberal leaders? Will they consent to any equivocal encouragement of a project to repeal the union? To an unequivocal encouragement, of course, they never would assent; because, as the English people would never submit to the severance of the British Isles, no English statesman would venture to be instrumental in such dismemberment. As to an equivocal dalliance, if their own conscience permitted it, will political opponents permit it; or will not an explicit declaration be extorted from the whigs, whether they really consent to repeal or not? Would Lord John Russell avow such consent? Would any mere party combination of liberals be possible just now without Lord John? So far as the whigs are concerned, these questions seem to answer themselves. But it is to be doubted whether in his new blandishments O'Connell will be easily repelled. He says not. Even should the whigs ease their consciences by disavowing repeal in every modification, he will probably support them in their projects; confident that if they do not in return give him direct support, they will again help him to frustrate the measures that may be taken to control him and bring him to account, as he now thanks them for having done.

The prospect for ministers is a troubled one at the best. It does not suffice to criticise O'Connell's speeches and find them trashy—his measures and find them foolish; for idle as may be the adventurer's projects, shifty as his allies, the whigs, may be, the premier can boast of no very felicitous combination of forces to oppose to them. There is a bad cohesion in his own party; portions of it hang loose; and none of it is so well under command but that any accident to the leader might subject him to the fate of the wounded hyæna, to be finished by his fellows. He may calculate on his party-majority; but parliament will be in its fourth session—two more years will bring it to an end, even should it attain the patriarchal ante-reform-bill age; and although a general election might not at once convert the majority into a minority, it might so seriously diminish his strength as to reduce him to the ridiculous level of the whig cabinet that he turned out. He has already sustained a session of mortification—of measures defeated or crippled; and especially in regard to Ireland, he has suffered another year to go by without doing anything. The old reproach against the whigs—promise mocked in shortcoming performance—grows upon him. He foregoes the only means of disarming the repeal or any other agitation—measures sincerely devised and vigorously urged to begin and carry forward extensive improvements in the condition of the Irish people. England will never enjoy a peaceful neighborhood, English ministers never have ease, except while Ireland is steadily advancing to a state of comfort.

Our last postscript indicated the tumult of excitement created among the people of Dublin by

the intelligence of the judgment reversed by the House of Lords, which reached that city on the Thursday afternoon. Mr. O'Connell's rooms in Richmond Penitentiary were at once invaded by a crowd of noisy congratulators. He is said to have borne the intelligence "with the same calmness that it was manifest he would have shown had it been of an opposite nature." The Repeal Association held a special meeting to concert measures for giving éclat to the occasion; and it was resolved to escort Mr. O'Connell from gaol in procession. It was then uncertain what day he would be discharged, but Saturday was fixed upon as the most probable.

The formal record of the reversal of judgment, however, was brought to Dublin on Friday evening, by one of the traversers' agents, and handed to the sub-sheriff; on which the order of discharge was made; and at seven o'clock Mr. O'Connell left the prison, privately and on foot, supported by his sons John and Daniel, and accompanied by Mr. Steele and some others. O'Connell was soon recognized; and as he passed along, a crowd collected and followed him; forming a great concourse when they all reached Merrion Square. Having gained his home, he came out into the balcony, and made a short speech: containing little besides an expression of thanks for the tranquillity which the people had maintained during his incarceration. On being dismissed, the crowd quietly dispersed.

Although the liberator had left the prison on the Friday evening, the good folks of Dublin were not to be disappointed of their procession; and, that it might have all due effect, early on Saturday morning Mr. O'Connell *went back* to his prison! It has indeed been suggested that he went back "in order that he might finish one of the devotions of the Catholic Church, which, continuing for a certain number of days, terminated that day. This devotion, entitled 'the Novena,' it seems was offered up for the purpose of beseeching Heaven that justice might be done. In this devotion it seems that all the Catholic traversers had united." The hour of public departure was fixed for noon, but the very size of the procession caused a delay of two hours; for although the head of the body reached the prison-gates at noon, and went past, it was two o'clock before the triumphal car drew up; and words of impatience escaped from the hero of the pageant. All the city seems to have been in motion, either marching in the line or standing to see it. The procession comprised the trades of Dublin, each trade preceded by its band; several repeal wardens, and private or political friends of O'Connell; many members of the corporation, and the lord mayor, in full costume; and then, preceded by wand-bearers, and "Tom Steele" with a branch in his hand, as head pacificator, came the car bearing the liberator. This car was constructed for the chairing of Mr. O'Connell some years ago; but out of Dublin its plan is probably unknown. It is a kind of platform, on which are three stages, rising one above the other like steps; profusely decorated with purple velvet, gold fringe, gilt nails, and painting. Six splendid dappled greys slowly drew the cumbersome vehicle along. On the topmost stage, elevated some dozen feet above the crowd, and drawn to his full height, stood O'Connell. Although grown rather more portly since his confinement, and wearing that somewhat anxious expression which has been often noticed of late, he

looked well. His head, thrown proudly back, was covered with the green gold and velvet repeal cap. He bowed incessantly to the cheering multitude. On the second stage was seated the reverend Mr. Miley; on the lowest were, Mr. Daniel O'Connell junior, two of Mr. O'Connell's grandsons, dressed in green velvet tunics and caps with white feathers, and a harper, in the ancient dress of his craft, inaudibly playing on his instrument. Then followed the other traversers, some with their ladies, and a few friends, in three private carriages; the subordinate repeal martyrs, also bowing and smiling on all sides; and finally, the lawyers in a coach, carrying the "monster indictment." The procession traversed the greater part of Dublin, and did not reach Merrion Square until half-past five o'clock.

Having entered his own house, Mr. O'Connell mounted the balcony, and addressed the people.

From the (Whig) Examiner.

JUSTICE however prevailed, and the Chancellor had the bitter task of declaring undone all that the government of which he is a member has been laboring for, through thick and thin, for nearly a twelvemonth.

And what have they done after all? They have disgraced the first tribunal in Ireland, they have shown their own pertinacity in injustice, they have exhibited themselves as the unscrupulous defenders of a judgment bad in law and worse in morality, they have infamized themselves as the vouchers and sponsors for all that was unjust and oppressive.

And what have they done towards the ends they had in view? They have shown that they could only combat O'Connell with foul weapons, and that he could beat them even at those iniquitous odds. The bunglers have played the game with loaded dice, and lost nevertheless. They have incalculably increased O'Connell's power and popularity, by first making him a martyr, and lastly, a conqueror.

He now appears to his millions of followers as the Samson breaking the puny bands cast around him, or the Daniel coming scatheless from the lion's den.

What was "the do-nothing policy" compared with this wonderful progress from bad to worse? We from the first predicted that the departure from the passive system would have these results, and that the attempts of these men to *do something* for the suppression of the Repeal agitation, would make all the country deplore their having abandoned the do-nothing system so suited to their capacities, and unsuited to the circumstances in which they were placed.

We foresaw that they would have the wolf by the ears, and would be unable either to hold or to let him go with safety. They had resolved, it is said, on sending the Queen to Ireland to let the wolf go, making her grace the cover for their own impolicy and pusillanimity, but before the trick could be played off, the wolf breaks away from their grasp.

And now, are they to begin again where they left off, with the arms of the law not only defeated, but worse, disgraced? No, such are not the terms, bad as they would be. The Repeal agitation is not now what it was last autumn. It has spread and taken a very different character in the excitement and wrath created by the monster prosecution, and is evincing a rebellious spirit of the most malignant character. On the other hand, the awe

of the law and of the government have been weakened. The fool's bolt has been shot; the worst attempted and defeated.

How different would have been the state of things, if government had been content to rest satisfied either with the advantage it had certainly gained over O'Connell after the proclamation, and before the prosecution, which set him up again; or, in the less judicious course of resort to the law, had they taken their measures at all hazards for a fair trial. Had he been acquitted upon a fair trial, his acquittal would have been no conviction of the first tribunal of the country, and no shame to the queen's government. Of all the disgraceful defeats the defeat of injustice is the worst, the most infamous and damaging.

Should a case hereafter arise requiring recourse to the laws, what prejudice and suspicion would attach, and reasonably, to the proceeding after the present example.

It is said that after all justice has been done. Yes, but *after all*; and after all through the presence and preponderance of three eminently able and fair lawyers in the House of Lords. In one of Eugene Sue's novels, a goblet of water is brought to his hero with a large centipede in it; the disgusted guest having rebuked the waiter for his dirtiness, the fellow turns aside, pulls out the centipede with his finger and thumb, and then returns, saying, "You cannot say there is a centipede in it now." But the illustration is too favorable to our minister, for he did not pull the centipede out of the glass. The injustice which the law officers and Irish court did, the ministry sanctioned and defended, and the majority of the English judges would have upheld; and it was in spite of all that it was overthrown by Lords Cottenham, Denman, and Campbell, whose names will be honored over the whole world, and through all history, for this signal and momentous act.

It might be a matter of wonder what motive could have influenced the judges to endeavor to maintain the judgment on such obviously rotten grounds, but for the simplicity of Mr. Baron Alderson, who let the truth escape in an exordium touching the importance of supporting the court below, an object with the bench too likely to blot out of view the ends of substantial justice.

The posture of the ministry would now be really almost touching, were there not so much of unworthiness in its course. How blank must be poor Sir Robert Peel's countenance! What a fine paragraph he had prepared for the Queen's Speech about asserting the majesty of the laws and all that, instead of which the administrators of the said laws stand in the pillory by judgment of the House of Lords.

Nothing happens according to expectation. Who could have imagined that the deliverance of O'Connell from injustice, and this heavy blow and great discouragement to the ministry, could come to pass through the Tory House of Lords!

Truly Lord John Russell had abundant grounds for his memorable declaration in Parliament, that Mr. O'Connell had not had a fair trial.

Allowing for the difference of manners, the Irish State Trials may be placed next in infamy to the worst trials in the time of the worst of the Stuarts. There has not, indeed, been the frank brutality in words, but the spirit and substance of the proceedings have hardly been better; and the difference

has simply been, that the advocate for the prosecution on the bench has had his tongue under the government compelled by the manners of the times, and that injustice has been tempered with more decency.

It is laughable to remember now the tears and sobs of Mr. Justice Burton when delivering the monstrous judgment which should never have been passed. Were his tears the tears of conscience! Certainly he might have spared himself the sorrow, by opening his eyes at the proper time to the glaring defectiveness of the very counts in consideration of which he awarded the punishment. But perhaps he said, as the French critic did on the first night of a tragedy, "How can I see faults when my tears blind me?"

The reception of the verdict on the bad counts, and the pretence that they were set aside in the consideration of the punishment (against the notorious fact,) would have made a more dangerous precedent, as Lord Denman remarked, in this particular case of the monster indictment, in which the counts were so many and voluminous. We likened it at the time to the Fieschi battery of the infernal machine, and the simile has been perfected by the bursting of some of the barrels, and the maiming of the engineer.

The pretence that the conviction on the bad counts went for nothing is indeed like the arrangement of the duellist who chalked out a part of his antagonist's body; and assured him that if he hit him out of those bounds it should go for nothing.

Discredited as the Irish court is by its conduct on this trial, yet the heaviest infamy is that of the ministry which was ready to avail itself of all the advantages so wrongfully obtained. We do not hesitate to impute to Sir Robert Peel sharpening injustice.

If his partisanship had not been incomparably stronger than his honor and justice, he would have caused the proceedings against O'Connell to be abandoned when the court had decided against the challenge to the array, and thereby condemned the traversers to a trial by an unfairly-constituted jury. This would have been an honest, a just, a magnanimous, and therefore a wise and politic course; and the government would in every way have gained by it, and held the *fair* powers of the law in double awe over the agitators.

But Sir Robert Peel is one of those men who suppose that the expedient must always be the crooked, and who rate advantages by the deviations from rectitude through which they are compassed. "A knave," says Coleridge, "is a fool with a circumbendibus."

And what has the crafty, shallow minister now got by all that he has procured to be done, and defended when done? He has had Mr. O'Connell wrongfully imprisoned for three months, and he has disgraced one of her Majesty's courts, and covered his government with shame,—balked in its malice, discomfited, defeated in the most infamous of all attempts, that of persisting in the infliction of injustice through the abused forms of law.

ADVICES from Alexandria, of August the 30th, announce that Mehemet Ali contemplated an expedition against the Abyssinians; "to punish them," he said, "for their frequent inroads on the territory of Aleche." The Pacha, quite restored in health, was about to return to Cairo.

From the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

FRANCE—BRITISH TREATY WITH HANOVER.

Paris, 29th August, 1844.

YESTERDAY every journal, except the four official and semi-official, vehemently incited and argumentatively encouraged the nation to war with Great Britain. We might have fancied that we saw fiery crosses and contending hosts in the deep cerulean. We were told of the precipitate return of the ministers; of a cabinet council of more than two hours, at which the king presided, to determine the answer to the British *ultimatum* concerning the Pritchard affair, and of a unanimous resolve with which the British cabinet could not be satisfied. Mr. Guizot anxiously visited Lord Cowley before and after the final deliberation, and conferences of both took place with the assembled representatives of the other great powers. The stocks fell deplorably: the depositors of the savings funds betrayed alarm for their money, which amounts to four hundred millions of francs in the stocks or hands of the government. The *Journal des Debats* and the *Globe* exert themselves to-day, to calm the public excitement and apprehension. The article of the *Debats* must have been concerted with Mr. Guizot's department, as follows:

"We have highly blamed the insulting and provoking language of certain English newspapers, and we must equally condemn such of our own journals as seem to take pleasure in crying out for war. The government has declared, in the most solemn manner, that, in repelling an unjust aggression, France did not intend to make a conquest of Morocco, and form permanent establishments in the country. This declaration has all Europe for its witness, and our national good faith for its guaranty. We add, that the opposition itself has become a party to it. It may then be said to be a settled point, a word of honor by which we are bound. War, no doubt, may compel us to occupy for the moment a port or town belonging to an enemy, or even a point of his territory. We, on this occasion, do occupy the island of Mogador, and the Prince de Joinville has landed some troops; we will go up as far as Fez, if we should find it necessary; we will, in fine, use every means which war affords us; but they will be employed only for imposing secure terms of peace, and not for conquest—to obtain the reparation and guaranties to which we are entitled, and not to aggrandize our possessions in Africa. In saying this we say nothing but what has been formally declared from the tribunes of the two chambers, and repeated by the press. England has much better than confidential promises, it has the public pledge of France! Confidential promises might vanish with the ministry that had the imprudence to make them—an engagement entered into in the face of the chambers, and ratified by them and by public opinion, becomes a national obligation. It is not a concession yielded to foreign influence; it is a resolution demanded in our own interest. To accomplish the pacification of Algeria, and to colonize it, is the great object of our present efforts; and the burden of this alone is sufficiently heavy for our budget. We have nearly 100,000 men in Africa, and to conquer and preserve Morocco we must have another 100,000 men; and while all the

blood and treasure of France will be absorbed by a land which cannot render any return for a long time, what would become of our position in Europe! where would be our political freedom! It requires no magic to answer this question."

August 31.

The public longing was indulged on the evening of the 29th instant, by the official emission of the Prince de Joinville's detailed reports of his operations before Tangiers and Mogador, and the grand despatch of Marshal Bugeaud from the scene of his triumph. You can scarcely conceive the avidity with which those documents were snatched and read in the streets, coffee-houses, and circulating libraries.

The *London Morning Chronicle* published last week a letter, which the *Journal des Debats*—no doubt speaking by authority—contradicted in these terms:—

"The *Morning Chronicle* publishes a letter, attributed to an Englishman who accompanied Mr. Drummond Hay on his mission to the Emperor of Morocco, in which it is said that the emperor received Mr. Hay on the 5th at Rabat, that he expressed the best intentions, and consented to all the conditions stipulated by France and Spain, and that Mr. Hay was astonished when, on the following day, he heard the cannonade of the French squadron. We cannot tell whether this letter be genuine or not; but, at all events, it is a tissue of inaccuracies, each self-evident. This letter must be apocryphal, or the person who accompanied Mr. Hay must have been most singularly misinformed. We have reason to believe that the reports of the English consul himself give the most directly opposite conclusions, and that it was only after having acquired a certain conviction that the emperor sought merely to gain time that the Prince de Joinville proceeded to take summary measures."

The Paris editors laugh at the moderation and kind qualifications with which the *London Times*—after so much bluster—treats the bombardment of Mogador and the occupation of the island, and gives itself doubly the lie in observing, (28th instant:) "No one—least of all a British officer—would deliberately charge Frenchmen, whether sailors or soldiers, with *cowardice*." The *Journal des Debats* has well remarked of the mighty London oracle: "The *Times*, certainly, says every now and then excellent things; but the force of its articles is materially lessened in general by what it said the day before, and may say the day after." It is, on nearly all occasions, so inimical and unjust to the United States, that I am not at all distressed by its absolute, manifold disgrace in the instance of the letters, and of its *casus belli*, upon which the *Chronicle* rallies it with equal pungency and truth.

Yesterday morning a general persuasion of peace reigned, owing to intelligence, in the most positive terms, from Marseilles and Toulon, by the way of Oran and of Algiers, that Emperor Muley, after the battle of Isly, submitted to all the conditions of the French *ultimatum*, and that Abd-el Kader was

actually captured by four hundred of the emperor's negro-cavalry, and about to be delivered up to Marshal Bugeaud. The *Journal des Debats* of this morning mentions the accounts as *pretended news*, with the addition that, as late as midnight, the government had received no advices of the kind. It is a subject of speculation here and in London whether the emperor will yield by reason of the French blows, or be obliged as well as exasperated to persevere indefinitely in the contest. A considerable booty—merchandise, fruit, and stores of every description—belonging to Muley, was found by the captors on the island at Mogador. The *Debats* announces to-day, semi-officially, that the government remains of the same mind since the victories; no acquisition of territory is meditated; it acknowledges that Great Britain has a much larger stake in the Morocco question than France ever had in the Chinese; and consequently better title to interfere, and prescribe limitations. The Opposition editors call this truckling to the British cabinet, and accuse the French ministry of having interpolated into Prince de Joinville's despatch from Tangiers several phrases meant to reassure the British. It is confidently affirmed that Gen. Athalin, the confidential aid-de-camp of Louis Philippe, is the bearer to London of a reasonable solution of the Tahiti problem. My inference from all that has passed and passes would be that neither the Tahiti nor the Morocco question will produce a rupture. The Legitimist journals dwell on the deficiency of the Moors in discipline and artillery, in order to show that the victory of Bugeaud, with such means as he had, was certain, inevitable. The *National* says: "If the Emperor of Morocco or Abd-el-Kader had beaten the French forces, all Algeria would have risen against us incontinently."

The treaty of commerce and navigation between Great Britain and Hanover, in which the Stade duties are modified, deserves attention at Washington. The *London Morning Chronicle* says of it:—

"British commerce passing up the Elbe will hereafter be placed in a much more favorable position, though not in that which it ought to occupy, while the concessions to Hanover exhibit how hard a bargain has been driven by the government of a little kingdom, once our petted dependency, and which, to say the least of it, owes as much to Britain as Britain does to it. The face of the treaty shows the higgling which preceded it. Every article in it bristles with 'reciprocity' and 'equivalent'; and Hanover is repeatedly warned that Britain will only continue the privileges it accords, so long, and no longer, as Hanover adheres to her bargain. So far, however, it is something to have our commerce, passing up the Elbe, delivered from the inquisitorial and vexatious regulations of the existing Stade system, as is secured by the sixth article of the treaty, which also provides that certain important articles of British produce and manufactures there enumerated, are only to pay two thirds of the duties specified in the new tariff."

We have bright and temperate weather; the vintage is now expected to be satisfactory in quantity and quality. In the afternoon of the 29th instant I happened to get a full, distinct view of Louis Philippe, at Versailles; he appeared to me to retain his best health and spirits.

From the Examiner.

THE MIRACLE.

It took three attorneys half-an-hour to convince Mr. O'Connell that the judgment on him was reversed. One of the attorneys kissed him, and notwithstanding even the kiss of an attorney—a thing, we believe, rarely given, as it could not very well be put down in the bill, (to kissing our client, so and so,) Mr. O'Connell remained incredulous. He knew, indeed, that the news must be true or the attorneys could not be there to tell it, but he could not believe it because the attorneys told it. It was enough to make anything untrue to have three attorneys agreeing in asserting it, and one embracing and kissing in a manner to call Judas to mind.

"When the account came to me of the decision in our favor, though the attorneys rushed into my presence, and one of them *did me the honor of embracing me*, still *notwithstanding that kiss*, and the words that accompanied it, and with the full knowledge that it was so or the attorneys would not be there, yet for a full half-hour afterwards I did not believe it."

The three attorneys had to convince Mr. O'Connell that there were three honest lawyers in the House of Lords; a most surprising fact, vouched for by the most suspicious of all human testimony.

Mr. O'Connell does not hesitate to declare the thing a miracle, referable to the prayers of the Catholic Church.

"Yes, I repeat it is not the work of man. It is a blessing bestowed by Providence on the faithful people of Ireland. (Hear, and cheers.) There is no superstition in representing it as the gift of Providence; no submission in bowing before the throne of God and accepting it as His act. I would not introduce such a topic here if it were contrary to the principles or doctrine of any religious sect represented here. But it is not. It is the doctrine of the Protestant church, as well as of the Catholic church, that God interferes with the concerns of man. As Christians they all believe that; and the book of Common Prayer contains, in every part, proofs that it is one of the tenets of Protestantism, for it contains prayers for heat in time of rain, and for other variations in the seasons, as well as for every temporal advantage. I cannot, therefore, hurt an individual prejudice by referring to this subject; and I would not do so, if it were possible that any such prejudice could exist. What I have been describing is clearly the doctrine of the Catholic church also. And let us recollect that millions of the faithful people of Ireland had lifted up their hands to God—that the priests of God offered up the holy sacrifice of the mass—that the holy secluded Sisters of Charity united their prayers with those of the

priests at the altars. The Catholics of England joined with us on the occasion. The entire Catholic population of Belgium offered up similar prayers, and along the shores of the Rhine the same voice of supplication has been heard."

It is to be lamented, then, that the miracle did not take place a little earlier in the proceedings, and manifest itself in the fairness of the jury list, the temper of the attorney-general, or the impartiality of the judges. In such case there would have been no "vinegar cruet on two legs" penning challenges in court; no Mr. Justice Crampton "squeezing up his face as if to strike the traversers with terror at his lion aspect;" and no penny-weight chief justice charging the jury against "the other side." And certainly the most wonderful miracle would have been a fairly-conducted prosecution of Irish liberals under a tory administration.

The present miracle must bear the name of the miracle of the three honest lawyers.

Voltaire being in a company amusing themselves with stories of robbers, and called on in turn for his tale, said, "Once upon a time there was a farmer-general," and there stopped. When called upon to proceed with his story, he said it was all told, all robbery being summed up in the fact that there was a farmer-general.

And so, when Mr. O'Connell has to tell his tale of the miracle of justice, it will all be narrated in the words, "Once on a time there were three honest lawyers."

Had Lord Abinger lived the miracle would have been marred by a full counterpoise for the three honest lawyers.

THE WORLD.—Sweeping the political telescope over the horizon abroad, we find nothing very striking for description; although there is movement in all quarters—a storm either subsiding or brewing. France and Morocco lie upon their arms, reposing, but not reconciled. Spain is reconciled to her African ally; but is now busied with some revolutionary murmurs at home. Italy trembles at the stifled sound of resurrection. In Egypt, Mehemet Ali has used the panic caused by his mad escapade, to make his ministers confess some delinquency in their rule, and in penance to mulct themselves for the benefit of his treasury. British India has no war upon her hands, but only a mutiny, and the distant sounds of barbarian contest in her slumbering ear. China is threatened with more intrusive negotiations, American and French; like boys who have seen one of their number rob an orchard, the American and Frenchman will noisily step in too, even at the risk of spoiling the sport for all. Fiscal differences have set the governor and people of Eastern Australia by the ears. All this is matter that little concerns us in England at present; but it promises to make incidents for the journals some day.—*Spectator*, Sept. 7.

A letter from Darmstadt, dated 2d September, in the *Ober Post Amts Zeitung*, describes a striking method newly invented for the cure of pectoral complaints—

"The surgical operations of Dr. Von Herff at present attract great interest here. These operations have in several instances effected a decided cure in cases of tubercular pulmonary consumption—*pithisis tuberculosa*. The seat of the ulceration having been ascertained by means of the stethoscope, the matter is discharged outwardly by an incision being made in the cavity of the breast, penetrating the lungs. The cure is finally effected by medicine injected into the wound by a syringe. We have hitherto refrained from making known these operations, as we wished to await the results; but we are now enabled to affirm with confidence, that in several instances the operations have obtained the most complete success, and in no case have been attended by any danger to life. We hope that Dr. Von Herff, after an extended series of experiments, will make the observations deduced from them the subject of a philosophic inquiry."

We observe it stated in a Liverpool journal, that several vessels have left that port for the Western coast of Africa, with sealed instructions, to be opened in a certain latitude; and each carrying an experienced practical chemist, furnished with tests for ascertaining the real qualities and composition of ores and salts. The destination of these vessels, probably the pioneers of a new traffic, is understood to lie between the 20th and 30th degree of latitude on the Western coast; and their object, the discovery of certain suspected veins of copper, lead, iron, or gold, stated to exist about forty miles from the sea-coast, and in a rich and fertile country.—*Morning Chronicle*.

THE most respectable booksellers, grocers, chemists, milliners, and other shopkeepers, excepting provision and refreshment-shops, have commenced now to open at seven in the morning, and close their doors at eight every evening, excepting Saturday night, then one hour later. Arrangements are also being made to close at seven o'clock in the months of November, December, January, and February.—*Standard*.

FRANCE.—After long denying the fact, the Paris papers admit that the Tahiti question between the French and English governments is settled. The *Courrier Français* states, that 25,000 francs will be the amount of compensation offered to Mr. Pritchard for the outrage inflicted upon him by M. D'Aubigny. Captain Bruat has succeeded to the rank of Capitaine de Vaisseau of the first class.

THE Municipal Council of Toulon have made great preparations to receive the Prince De Joinville in triumph on his expected return to France; having voted 20,000 francs for the purpose, besides 500 francs to be given to the widow of each sailor from Toulon killed at Tangier or Mogador. The prince is looked for in Paris about the 15th instant. There is a talk that he will be made Lord High Admiral of France; a post first filled, in 1270, by Florent de Varennes, and last borne by the Duc D'Angoulême.

THE *Morning Chronicle* mentions tokens of increasing the military force in Ireland—the "erection" of large guns at Cork, and the enlargement of Rock Barrack at Bally-shannon; adding, "Some regiments are daily expected, and the military force is to be increased beyond its amount during the state trials. Some detachments had been drafted off since that time, but their places are to be supplied."

From the Morning Chronicle.

RETURNS EXHIBITING THE OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE long-expected abstract of the answers and returns obtained in 1841, relative to the occupations of the people, has at length appeared, and a more important publication has rarely issued from the press. It places beyond the possibility of further doubt or cavil a mass of facts respecting the condition of the population, which must in no very long time settle the question of free trade. We can at present only advert briefly to one or two of the results which appear on the face of the returns.

In the first place, it is ascertained that between the years 1831 and 1841 the amount of employment afforded by the agriculture of Great Britain remained nearly stationary, notwithstanding the enormous increase in the population. The multitude of additional hands has been obliged to find work in other departments. The total male population of Great Britain, twenty years of age and upwards, was, in 1831, 3,199,984; and in 1841, 3,829,668, showing an increase in ten years of about 630,000 adult males. Hardly one of these additional men has been able to find employment in agriculture. The agricultural occupiers and laborers were, in 1831, 980,750, and in 1841, only 961,585. Allowing here for a correction pointed out by the enumerators, it still appears, that at the end of the decennial period there was either no increase, or a very small one, in the number of adult males employed in agriculture. Look, however, to the numbers employed in commerce, trade, and manufactures. In 1831 they were 1,278,283, and in 1841 they amounted to 1,682,044, showing that those branches of industry had found employment for more than 400,000 additional persons of the class before-mentioned. The preface to the abstract contains the following observations:—

"In columns 28 and 29 are given proportional tables of the two great classes of occupations, viz., agricultural and commercial (or trade and manufactures.) In the former are included all farmers, graziers, nurserymen, &c., together with the whole number of persons returned as agricultural laborers; in the latter, all shopkeepers and manufacturers, with those working under them; while from both classes are excluded those returned as domestic servants or general laborers, together with all professional persons. It will be seen, that for all England trade and manufacture includes rather more than double the numbers included under the head of agriculture. * * *

"The altered proportion which the agricultural bears to the commercial classes for Great Britain, generally, will at first perhaps excite surprise. The proportions which the agricultural, the commercial, and the miscellaneous classes bore to each other, were, in

	Agricultural.	Commercial.	Miscellaneous.
1811	35	44	21
1821	33	46	21
1831	28	42	30
while they were respectively in			
1841	22	46	32

"It should be noticed that these comparative statements refer in the three first decennial periods to families, but upon the present occasion to individuals. The latter mode gives a more accurate view of the amount of employment afforded in each division of labor; but inasmuch as there are

rather more of the younger branches of a family employed in trade and manufactures than in agriculture, it may have slightly augmented the difference here exhibited. The other facts shown by these returns are, however, so much in accordance with these results as to confirm their accuracy."

Thus, the agricultural class comprises less than one-fourth of the people, and it is stationary in point of numbers, while the other sections of the population are rapidly increasing from year to year. Can anything more clearly demonstrate the folly of legislation which checks the development of the only kind of industry which is found to be capable of expanding with the multiplication of laborers? Is this to go on forever? The foundation of that vast system of manufactures and commerce by which so many millions are maintained, is the interchange of manufactured goods for raw products. The great check upon our prosperity is the increasing difficulty of obtaining those raw products. With respect to the essential article of food, we deliberately enhance the difficulty for the sake, professedly, of this agricultural class, which is every year losing some portion of its relative importance. Is it possible, when the numbers on the one side and on the other are now authoritatively stated, that this grievous injustice can be suffered to continue? The injustice would be palpable, even if all those engaged in agriculture could be said to benefit by what is called agricultural protection; but when we know that they, like every other class, are interested in having the chief article of consumption abundant, we can hardly use language strong enough to condemn the nefarious policy which so openly sacrifices the many to the few.

The returns give what has probably never been given before, an accurate statement of the number of persons employed in various branches of manufacture. Those employed in the cotton manufacture are classed thus:—

Males, 20 years and upwards	138,112
Ditto, under 20	59,171
Females, 20 years and upwards	104,470
Ditto, under 20	75,909
Total	377,662

We extract also the total number engaged in each of the following manufactures:—

Hose	50,955
Lace	35,347
Wool and Worsted	167,296
Silk	83,773
Flax and Linen	85,213

The total number of persons engaged in the manufacture of textile fabrics in Great Britain is stated to be 800,246.

Of those employed in mines, there are in

Coal Mines	118,233
Copper ditto	15,407
Lead ditto	11,419
Iron ditto	10,949
Tin ditto	6,101

The total of persons employed in mines is 193,825.

Of persons employed in the manufacture and working of metals, there are, besides the miners, in

Iron	29,497
Copper	2,125

Lead	1,293
Tin	1,320

There are employed in

Pottery and Glass	32,238
Gloves	9,225
Engines and Machines	16,550

In considering the number of persons supported by any particular manufacture, it is to be remembered that the numbers given are of actual workers, and not of those who, as wives, children, &c., are supported by the labor of others. The total number of persons whose occupations were ascertained in Great Britain, was 7,846,569, leaving 10,997,865 as the "residue" of the population, which must be taken to consist of persons dependent on the former. Therefore to the number given under each employment we must add another number bearing to it the proportion of about 11 to 8, in order to ascertain the entire number of individuals whom that branch of industry supports.

To estimate with perfect correctness the value of the conclusions contained in these returns, it would be desirable to advert to the plan upon which the information was collected, but this topic we must reserve for another occasion.

A summary in the *Times* states:—

For the metropolis the general summary gives as the total of population 1,873,676, of whom 19,400 are paupers and beggars, 1,007,767 unaccounted for, 91,941 returned as of independent means. Some of the more striking returns for the metropolis are under the several heads—"army," 8,043; "aurist," one; "author," 163, of whom 15 are ladies; "barrister and conveyancer," 1,437; "boot and shoemaker," 28,574; "clergyman," 834; "coffeehouse-keeper," 708; "courier," 77, two of whom are women; "newspaper editor, proprietor, and reporter," 175; "gardener," 4,785, of whom 167 are women; "ice dealer," 5; "midwife," 127; "navy," 1,023; "nurse," 4,687, of whom 17 are males of twenty years and upwards, two are males under twenty years; "oculist," one; "domestic servant," 168,701; "tailor and breeches maker," 23,517; "West India merchant," one.

It appears that in Great Britain, on the night of the 6th of June, 1841, 22,303 persons slept in barns, tents, pits, and in the open air; 5,016 persons were travelling. The average number of inhabitants to 100 statute acres for England and Wales is 43; for Middlesex and Westmoreland, which are the counties of the highest and lowest averages, the numbers are 873 and 11 respectively. The average annual number of marriages for England and Wales to every 10,000 inhabitants is 78. In Middlesex, which is the most marrying county, it is 93; in Cumberland, which is least so, it is 57. The average of births to every 10,000 for England and Wales is 319; of deaths, 221; of inhabited houses, 1,850. It may be worth noticing that it is in the maritime counties we find the least comparative mortality.

For Scotland, the total population is returned at 2,620,184, of whom 58,291 are described as of independent means, and 17,799 as beggars, paupers, pensioners, and alms-people. These are some of the principal results of these returns, which will amply reward examination, for they teem with materials for deciding many questions of intense interest.

EXTRACTS FROM EOTHEN, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE PYRAMIDS.—I went to see and to explore the Pyramids. Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids; and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there: there was no change; they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient, than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stone was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down overcasting my brain.

THE TURKISH TONGUE.—The structure of the language, especially in its more lengthy sentences, is very like to the Latin. The subject-matters are slowly and patiently enumerated, without disclosing the purpose of the speaker, until he reaches the end of his sentences, and then at last there comes the clenching word which gives a meaning and connexion to all that has gone before. If you listen at all to speaking of this kind, your attention, rather than be suffered to flag, must grow more and more lively as the phrase marches on.

TURKISH DISCOURSE AND DEALING.—The Osmanlees speak well. In countries civilized according to the late European plan, the work of trying to persuade tribunals is almost all performed by a set of men, the great body of whom very seldom do anything else; but in Turkey, this division of labor has never taken place, and every man is his own advocate. The importance of the rhetorical art is immense; for a bad speech may endanger the property of the speaker, as well as the soles of his feet and the free enjoyment of his throat. So it results that most of the Turks whom one sees have a lawyerlike habit of speaking connectively and at length. The treatise continually going on in the bazaar for the buying and selling of the merest trifles are carried on by speechifying rather than by mere colloquies; and the eternal uncertainty as to the market-value of things in constant sale, gives room for endless discussion. The seller is forever demanding a price immensely beyond that for which he sells at last, and so occasions unspeakable disgust to many Englishmen, who cannot see why an honest dealer should ask more for his goods than he will really take: the truth is, however, that an ordinary tradesman of Constantinople has no other way of finding out the fair market-value of his property. The difficulty under which he labors is easily shown by comparing the mechanism of the commercial system in Turkey with that of our own country. In England, or in any other great mercantile country, the bulk of the things which are bought and sold goes through the hands of a wholesale dealer; and it is he who higgles and bargains with an entire na-

tion of purchasers by entering into treaty with retail sellers. The labor of making a few large contracts is sufficient to give a clue for finding the fair market-value of the things sold throughout the country; but in Turkey, from the primitive habits of the people, and partly from the absence of great capital and great credit, the importing merchant, the warehouseman, the wholesale dealer, the retail dealer, and the shopman, are all one person. Old Moostapha, or Abdallah, or Hadgi Mohamed, waddles up from the water's edge with a small packet of merchandise, which he has bought out of a Greek brigantine; and when at last he has reached his nook in the bazaar, he puts his goods *before* the counter, and himself *upon* it—then, laying fire to his *tchibouque*, he “sits in permanence,” and patiently waits to obtain “the best price that can be got in an open market.” This is his fair right as a seller; but he has no means of finding out what that best price is, except by actual experiment. He cannot know the intensity of the demand, or the abundance of the supply, otherwise than by the offers which may be made for his little bundle of goods: so he begins by asking a perfectly hopeless price, and thence descends the ladder until he meets a purchaser.

JEWS AT SMYRNA.—The Jews of Smyrna are poor; and, having little merchandise of their own to dispose of, they are sadly importunate in offering their services as intermediaries: their troublesome conduct has led to the custom of beating them in the open streets. It is usual for Europeans to carry long sticks with them for the express purpose of keeping off the chosen people. I always felt ashamed to strike the poor fellows myself; but I confess to the amusement with which I witnessed the observance of this custom by other people. The Jew seldom got hurt much, for he was always expecting the blow, and was ready to recede from it the moment it came: one could not help being rather gratified at seeing him bound away so nimbly with his long robes floating out in the air, and then again wheel round, and return with fresh importunities.

APPROACH TO THE DEAD SEA.—I went on, and came near to those waters of Death: they stretch deeply into the Southern desert; and before me, and all around as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb forever, the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air; but, instead, a deep stillness; no grass grew from the earth, no weed peered through the void sand: but in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these, grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms, all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long silent years.

SWIMMING IN THE DEAD SEA.—I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually, that I was not only forced to “sneak in,” but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt a dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply, that the pain which I thus suffered, acceding to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water;

but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake, that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore; and before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly incrustated with sulphate of magnesia.

SURVEY OF THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.

THIS is a report of a survey undertaken at the instance of a wealthy Mexican gentleman, Don José de Garay, for the purpose of determining the expediency of establishing a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The project of connecting the two oceans is by no means new. It originated with Christopher Columbus—was thought of by the renowned Hernando Cortes—has been discussed by the Spanish government at intervals with seeming earnestness, and in 1814 was actually authorized to be carried into effect. Nothing, however, appears to have been done, nor did the Mexican government, after the establishment of the independence, give its attention to the enterprise. Nevertheless, private merchants, aware of the vast commercial importance of shortening the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific, have frequently meditated the cutting a canal across the isthmus of Panama; but the distraction of political contests in Southern America has, to this moment, checked the realization of the scheme. At length, in 1842, the Mexican government gave to Don Garay the privilege of opening a communication over the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and as a remuneration awarded him the right of toll for fifty, the proprietorship of the waste lands for thirty miles on either side of the line of communication, and the establishment of colonies within fifty leagues of both sides of the line, together with other rights and privileges. Thus encouraged, Don José de Garay formed a scientific commission and dispatched it upon an exploratory tour. The result of its labors forms the subject of the present volume, and may be thus briefly stated. It premises that though the distances across the isthmus of Panama, and of Nicaragua, are less than that across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, the practicability of the work is in an inverse ratio to the shortness of the distance. It is “apparently impossible at Panama—attended with immense difficulties at Nicaragua, and practicable and easy at Tehuantepec.” Dismissing the two former projects, therefore, the report proceeds thus in regard to the latter—

“The greater part of the distance which separates the two seas in the isthmus of Tehuantepec is occupied on the south by the lagoons and extensive plains, and on the north by the course of the Coatzacoalcos, so that the principal works to be executed would be comprized between latitude 16 dg. 36 min. and 17 dg. 3 min. north, including a space less than 50 kilometres in extent, wherein no excavation whatever exceeding the usual limits would be required.

“As the object of our undertaking is a division canal, it was essential to convey to the point of division a requisite quantity of waters. Those of

the river Chicapa and its confluent, husbanded with care, would alone have sufficed, but desirous of being prepared for the contingency of an extraordinary drought, we have sought out the means of obtaining an increase, and have so far succeeded in our object as not only to acquire the necessary body of water to feed the canal, but even a surplus quantity, which may be employed in increasing the currents of the rivers which it may be considered advisable to render navigable.

"Our canal might have an excellent port at each of its extremities, and the materials for construction cannot be more abundant, superior in quality, or better distributed. A climate remarkable for its salubrity favors also the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and the departments of which it forms a part number a population of seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

"The admirable fertility of the soil and the abundance of cattle and resources of all descriptions would enable the vessels to renew their provisions at easy prices at the isthmus; therefore they might devote a greater portion of their hold to the storing of merchandize.

"Besides these purely local advantages, the isthmus of Tehuantepec offers over those of Nicaragua and Panama others of a more general nature for navigation, affording to vessels proceeding from Europe or the United States, which from their destination have not to descend to more meridional latitudes, a communication more direct and through a more genial climate. On their return, vessels navigating the Pacific are now obliged to seek a northern latitude in order to escape the influence of the trade winds, and for these also the course through the isthmus of Tehuantepec would be much less circuitous. Lastly, the fresh but not dangerous north and north-easterly winds are common to the whole of the American isthmus, but Tehuantepec is not subject to the protracted calms which at some seasons of the year paralyze navigation at Panama."

The cost of this undertaking is estimated at 85,000,000f. as thus:—

Cost of 150 locks at 200,000 francs,	30,000,000
" 80 kilometres of the canal at 475,000 francs,	38,000,000
" 25 kilometres of trench at 10 francs per cubic metre,	10,000,000
" 5 kilometres of trench at 15f.	3,000,000
Regulation of the Coatzacoalcas, lakes, and Boea barra,	4,000,000
Total cost, - - - francs	85,000,000

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

The Tree Lifter; or a New Method of Transplanting Forest-trees. By Colonel GEORGE GREENWOOD.

WE have read this treatise with great interest and satisfaction, both as regards the practical observations and advice, and the physiological reasonings and deductions. We must, however, observe that the system recommended by the author for transplanting trees of size with balls of earth can only apply to certain soils, and we presume that his experiments were made in clay; but, as we cannot in our *sands* retain a particle of earth on the roots, we are obliged to have recourse to the only other system which can be successful, and with great care and labor endeavor to trace out the

remotest fibres and small roots, and follow them up till we arrive at the stem of the tree: in this way we have never failed. When, however, the nature of the soil will allow, we still should recommend the old plan, of uniting a ball, with as many roots as can be conveniently preserved: this was the plan adopted with great success at Dropmore and at the Earl of Harrington's, who has moved (perhaps is now moving) trees of one to three hundred years old, with the most remarkable success. We scarcely remember a single tree, of all his "*ancient yewes*," that has failed; and thus his seat, which but ten years ago was comparatively on a naked area of ground, is now embowered in the "immortal umbrage" of venerable cedars and yews, and other evergreens; while two thousand *Deodora* cedars, and an avenue of *Araucarias*, will give in a few years such a character to Elvaston as no other place in England possesses. We do not take notice of the author's theory of trees *not* deriving food or absorbing from the spongioles or extremities of the roots, as we perceive it has been remarked on in the *Gardener's Chronicle*. As regards the season for *transplanting* trees, the author's remarks (p. 61) are well worthy attention, and of their justness we have no doubt. We have ourselves removed trees with success in the summer months; and we recollect that the large limes and other trees which were brought by Louis the Fourteenth, to form his garden at Marly, were all removed in the summer, and, for the most part, successfully. On the injury done by the roots of trees to masonry, the author says, in "*Greece, Italy, and through the East*," roots are the great dilapidators of the ruins of antiquity; he might have recollected that the Romans had a law against planting the fig-tree within a certain distance of buildings, on account of the injury done by it.

At p. 95 the author has given the marvellous measurements of some *Pinus Lambertiana* on the Columbia, of which the only part we hesitate at believing to be correct is, that, when the trees were only 15 feet diameter near the ground, they were 13 feet diameter at the height of 250 feet; if so, they did not assume the form of cones; and how much higher did they grow! for they could not terminate in that abrupt and truncated manner. The *Pinus Douglassii*, if taken on Mr. Douglas' statement, as to its girth and height, will produce near 400 loads of timber! while a large English oak will not bring 10!! but these are not the largest trees in the world, as they are exceeded by the *Tarodium Distichum* of Mexico, which are supposed to be the oldest trees on the face of the earth, and for an account of which we refer to Humboldt. As great pains and most praiseworthy have been taken by different writers to assist the planter, by recommending the best methods of transplanting large trees, so that men may see around them a well-grown forest of their own creation, we think the present author's hints as regards *shelter* and sheltered positions to be equal in value. Seldom a space of 5 or 10 years passes without some park in England or Ireland being denuded of its venerable and magnificent canopy of verdure by the effect of sudden and terrific storms; only a few years since, in this manner, Lord Petre's park at Brentwood suffered much injury by the uprooting of trees that had been there for centuries; and in Ireland we believe the ravage done in this way by the elements has been still more destructive. There is another point which we think might be more fully recommended in works of this kind, we

mean the good effect of *top-dressing* in promoting the growth of trees: if it is worth while to be at the expense of removing large trees, it is of equal value to give rapidity to the growth by manuring the surface of the ground; this we have done, and now practise with eminent success. As regards the author's observation (p. 104) on the *Araucarias* at Dropmore, we shall observe that the largest in England, all of which we have seen, are the following, given in the order they stand reciprocally for size:—1. At Kew; 2. two at Dropmore; 3. Lady Rolles, at Bicton; 4. Prince's nursery, at Exeter, in the specimen garden; 5. then come those at Mr. Baker's, at Bayfordbury; and one at Lord Harrington's, at Elvaston. We cannot close this little work without again expressing our thanks to the author for it; and we hope that it will be the precursor of others on the same important subject.

P. 16. "He who expects that a diminished root will support an undiminished head will be disappointed: this is the fundamental principle of transplanting." True, and so we have found; but it is directly opposed to the principle of Sir Henry Stuart, and to his practice, for he never touches the head of any transplanted tree. The large transplanted evergreen trees at Lord Harrington's, we believe, are never pruned or touched with the knife.

P. 31. The author's objection to Liebig, that, according to his hypothesis, "if trees are cut down at midsummer till the fall of the leaf, the heads would remain alive and the roots immediately die," does not appear to us satisfactory; for the cutting down the tree and separating it from the root would stop the circulation of sap, which we presume necessary for the vitality of the plant; nor do we see why, on the same reasoning, "the roots should immediately die." On this subject we may remark immediately, that the root of the silver fir, when the tree is cut down, having the power to grow and increase in size annually, is so curious a fact as led Mr. Knight to say, "that a tree might do without leaves."

P. 32. The author observes—"I think it possible that engrafting trees on stocks of minor growth may incline them to fruit instead of growth, on the same principle as ringing branches, or tying ligatures round them, does. In each case the natural supply of sap is diminished." What the author considers possible has been carried into effect on more than one species of trees. Mr. A. Knight grafted the sweet chesnut *on itself*, for the purpose of procuring fruit; and the consequence was, as we can testify, who had several of these trees, that when a few feet high they were loaded with fruit of remarkable size. We believe the same experiment has been tried on the walnut.

P. 33. "With the exception of the parts of the shoot of the current year, no other part of a tree makes any upward progress." This observation may be true, but it is in direct opposition to the authority of Gilbert White, who relates the fact of his observing the regular annual elevation of a tree (and he watched it, we think, over the line of the roof of a building) independent of its yearly shoot.

P. 75. We also much doubt the theory of injurious excretions for the roots of trees; nor do we believe it necessary to explain the phenomena attributed to it.

P. 83. On the subject of the injury trees receive from the force of winds in open situations, as near

the sea, we have no doubt but that the author is right in the causes he states,—the violence of the wind destroying the tender annual shoot. On our coast no trees stand the "buffeting of the storm" so well as the sycamore and the white poplar; but, if we had the opportunity given, we should try the Norway maple (*Acer Platanoides*), which we have heard is found on the rocky shores of Norway.

P. 95. With regard to the magnitude of some foreign trees, we may observe that no American trees attain their natural size in England, probably from deficiency in soil, certainly from the alteration of climate. The Deciduous Cypress is always a small tree with us, so is the Tulip tree; and how much like a shrub is the *white cedar*! Yet a botanist who has travelled all through the two Americas assures us that the white cedars of North America are of gigantic growth, and in fact are the largest trees he had ever seen. Our pale and languid summers do not act with sufficient force and vigor on the elements of growth. With regard to the new gigantic pines from California, &c., they will never attain any large growth here, or, if they do, will be blown down, as all the pine trees are in Guernsey, after they attain a certain height. We have heard from an intelligent traveller that the localities where the great Douglas pines grow in California, are deluged by watery tempests from the Pacific, so that the trees are sometimes as it were in a lake, and the whole soil and climate quite different from the comparative mildness and temperance of our own.

P. 97. "If there is an exception to this rule, it is the Italian pine." What is the Italian pine? Our late esteemed friend Mr. Loudon told us, that the flat-headed pine of Italy was not the stone pine, (*Pinus Pinca*), but the pinaster; if planted singly, both these trees will have lateral branches, and the stone pine especially, will grow like a large bush. We may remark (in passing) that of all evergreen trees, the stone pine bears best the smoke of towns, and seems hardly affected by it.

P. 102. The author says, "The Deodora cedar attains the largest growth of all trees:" this is far from correct, we never heard of any that girted more than 30 feet, which is not equal to the size of some of the few old cedars now left at Lebanon. As to its growth "being twice as quick as that of the common cedar," we do not know the point correctly, but our Lebanon cedars, watched for years by us, make their annual shoots from a foot to 15 inches. One great superiority the Himalaya cedar (or Beloo tree) possesses, is in the durable nature of its wood, which is said to be almost imperishable, while the wood of the Lebanon cedar is worth but little. With regard to the *Araucaria*, we understand that it is a very ugly tree when it attains a large size. The only park where we have found it planted out among the common forest trees, is at Lord Guildford's, at Waldershare, in Kent.

P. 102. As regards protecting single trees in parks from the ravages of cattle, we think the best, the cheapest, the most durable, and the most picturesque, is that used at Lord Talbot's at Ingestrie, where large slabs of stone or rock are thrown around all the thorns and other trees, so that no animal can approach to rub the stem, and they are so irregularly placed together as to have a pleasing effect.

From the Examiner.

WILLIAM THOM.

Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver.

By WILLIAM THOM, of Inverury. Smith and Elder, &c. &c.

IN these *Rhymes and Recollections* the recollections are of the most importance. The rhymes are to be read with interest and not without admiration; there being an earnest truth in them which shapes itself into words of beauty; a cry of real suffering which has broken into song. But what for its own sake the world has first to attend to, is the fact of the suffering.

This is told in Mr. Thom's recollections; with what unaffectedness and strong natural feeling, the reader will shortly judge. "It is no small share in the end and aim of the present little work," it is said in the preface, "to impart to one portion of the community a glimpse of what is sometimes going on in another; and even if only that is accomplished, some good service is done." Nay, it is the best service done; and we wish to help to do it. In the more active sympathy of each with all, we see the only chance of happier and safer days for every "portion of the community."

William Thom was a weaver employed in the village of Newtyle, near Cupar Angus, some few years since, when a sudden manufacturing distress in Dundee silenced, in less than a week, upwards of six thousand looms. He was reduced to a pittance of five shillings a week; himself, his wife, and four children.

"It had been a stiff winter and unkindly spring, but it passed away, as other winters and springs must do. I will not expatiate on six human lives subsisted on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth and too quickly declining age. These things are perhaps too often *talked of*. Let me describe but one morning of modified starvation at Newtyle and then pass on.

"Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any show an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond the mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprang up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, mother, gie me a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!"

The limit of endurance seemed to have come. He went to Dundee and pawned "a last and most valued relic of other days;" purchasing with the pawnbroker's ten shillings what is called a "pack" of saleable matters to be carried by his wife, and some small merchandise of second-hand books for himself. So furnished they left their miserable dwelling with four weary and fretful children; tramping the more miserable wayside for three days in the face of sour east winds and rain, and meeting only with human beings forlorn and starving as themselves, till the weakness of the poor mother and children brought them to a pause. "Jean was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at the breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also who had fairly broken down." It was the night of the third day, and there seemed no resource but to lie down and perish, when a large farm-house came in view, and the father hurried down from the road to implore shelter. The comfortable housekeeper refused it. "What! in the storm! in the night! Let pity not be believed." It is indeed difficult to believe, when we read such statements as these.

"I pleaded with her the infancy of my family, the lateness of the night, and their utter unfitness to proceed—that we sought nothing but shelter—that the meanest shed would be a blessing. Heaven's mercy was never more earnestly pleaded for than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion; but 'No, no, no,' was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

"I returned to my family. They had kept closer together, and all, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired the trembling woman; 'I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie,' she added; 'isna she waesome like! Let's in frae the cauld.'—'We've nae way to gang, lass,' said I, 'whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us.' Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits—when despair has loosed honor's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences! For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

The wretched man scrawled a note by the "gloamin' light" and carried it to a "stately mansion hard by." But "the servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule." On return to his perishing family he found a serving-man standing by them and giving what assistance he could. "It is always so," he says; "but for the poor, the poorer would perish."* This good fellow helped them to a common farm-house.

"The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an out-house. A man stood by with a lantern, while, with straw and blankets, we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean wakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be sustained by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat awhile and looked on them; comfort I had none to give—none to take; I spake not—what could be said—words? Oh, no! the worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, which had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did everything which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbors assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favorite, little Jeanie."

We cannot conceive a more affecting relation than that. Every word carries with it the assurance of simple unexaggerated truth.

In a breaker of stones on the road this appalling misery found its next patron and assuager. He bought a book for fivepence halfpenny, and would have bought a flute which poor Thom was possessed of. But the stone breaker's earnestness reminded Thom of the uses of this flute, and, like Goldsmith, he was able to beg his way by the help of it into better times, until, at the town of Inverury, he settled down once more to his loom. He had thus struggled back into decent means of

existence, when his wife died. "Jean, the mother of my family, partner of my wanderings, unmurmuring sharer in all my difficulties, left us as the last cold cloud was passing." It seems to have been this sorrow that stung the poor fellow into song. He afterwards described his loss in sending to a friend some verses he had written on it.

"Enclosed is one piece written about two years ago, my wife lately before having died in childbed. At the time of her decease, although our dwelling was at Inverury, my place of employment was in a village nine miles distant, whence I came once a fortnight, to enjoy the ineffable couthiness that swims around 'ane's ain fireside,' and is nowhere else to be found. For many months, we knew comfort and happiness—our daughter Betsy, about ten years of age, was in country service, two boys younger still, kept at home with their mother. The last Sabbath we ever met, Jean spoke calmly and earnestly of matters connected with our little home and family—bade me remain a day or two with them yet, as she felt a foreboding that the approaching event would be too much for her enfeebled constitution. It was so. She died two days thereafter. On returning from the kirkyard, I shut up our desolate dwelling, and never more owned it as a home. We were but as strangers in the village, so the elder boy and I put over that night in a common tramp house. A neighbor undertook to keep the other little fellow, but he, somehow, slipped away unobserved, and was found fast asleep at the door of our tenantless home. Next morning, having secured a boarding-house for him, (the youngest,) I took the road to resume labor at the usual place—poor, soft-hearted Willie by my side—a trifle of sad thinking within, and the dowie mists of Benachie right before me. We travelled off our road some miles to the glen where Betsy was 'herdin.' Poor Bet knew nothing of what had happened at Inverury. Her mother had visited her three weeks before—had promised to return with some wearables, for winter was setting in fast and bitterly. The day and very hour we approached her bleak residence *that* was their trysted time. She saw us as we stood on the knowe hesitating—ran towards us—'O whaur is my mither! foo is nae she here! Speak, father! speak, Willie!' Poetry, indeed! Poetry, I fear, has little to do with moments like these. Oh, no! When the bewildering gush has passed away, and a kind of grey light has settled on the ruin, one may then number the drops as they fall, but the cisterns of sorrow echo not when full—hence my idealized address to Willie was written long after the event that gave it existence. With feelings more tranquil, and condition every way better, it came thus—

The ae dark spot in this loveless world,
That spot maun ever be, Willie,
Whaur she sat an' dauted yer bonnie brown hair,
An' lithely looket to me, Willie;
An' oh! my heart owned a' the power
Of your mither's gifted e'e, Willie.

There's now nae blink at our slacken'd hearth,
Nor kindred breathing there, Willie;
But cauld and still our hame of death,
Wi' its darkness evermair, Willie;
For she who lived in our love, is cauld,
An' her grave the stranger's lair, Willie.

* The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor groan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give.
Well-a-day!—HOLCROFT.

The sleepless night, the dowie dawn,
 A' stormy tho' it be, Willie,
 Ye'll buckle ye in yer weat wee plaid,
 An' wander awa wi' me, Willie;
 Yer lonesome sister little kens
 Sic tidings we hae to gie, Willie.

The promised day, the trysted hour,
 She'll strain her watchfu' e'e, Willie;
 Seeking that mither's look of love,
 She ne'er again maun see, Willie;
 Kiss aye the tear frae her whitening cheek,
 An' speak a while for me, Willie.

Look kindly, kindly when ye meet,
 But speak nae of the dead, Willie;
 An' when yer heart would gar you greet,
 Aye turn awa yer head, Willie;
 That waesome look ye look to me
 Would gar her young heart bleed, Willie.

Whan e'er she names a mither's name,
 An' sairly presseth thee, Willie,
 O tell her of a happy hame
 Far, far o'er earth an' sea, Willie;
 An' ane that waits to welcome them—
 Her hameless bairns an' me, Willie.

These are simple, earnest lines, with a manly pathos in them. "Shepherd's pipes, Arcadian strains, and fabled tortures quaint and tame," this poor man has as hardly earned the right to laugh at, as the great Burns himself: and only of what he knows and feels he tells us in his verse.

Something he had sent to an Aberdeen paper, attracted the notice of a benevolent Scotchman, Mr. Gordon, who sent the writer five pounds. It arrived opportunely—distress having come again to the loom—"on a cold, cold winter day, when we sat alone, my little ones and I, looking on the last meal procurable by honorable means." Mr. Gordon afterwards put some questions to the humble poet, a few of which, with their answers, the reader will thank us for extracting.

"What was you bred to?" Born in Aberdeen, the son of a widow unable to keep me at home idle, I was, when ten years of age, placed in a public factory, where I served an apprenticeship of four years, at the end of which, I entered another great weaving establishment, 'Gordon, Baron & Co.,' where I continued seventeen years. During my apprenticeship, I had picked up a little reading and writing. Afterwards, set about studying Latin—went so far, but was fairly defeated through want of time, &c.—having the while to support my mother, who was getting frail. However, I continued to gather something of arithmetic and music, both of which I have mastered so far as to render further progress easy did I see it requisite. I play the German flute tolerably in general subjects, but in my native melodies, lively or pathetic, to few will I lay it down. I have every Scotch song that is worth singing; and, though my vocal capability is somewhat limited, I can convey a pretty fair idea of what a Scotch song ought to be.

"So much for 'acquirements.' You next ask my 'age and state of health?' I am forty-two—my health not robust but evenly; a lameness of one leg occasioned by my being, when in infancy, crushed under the wheel of a carriage. This unfits me for work requiring extra personal strength; and, indeed, it is mostly owing to little mechanical appliances of my own contriving, that I am enabled

to subject the more laborious parts of my calling to the limits of my very stunted bodily power.

"The number and age of my family?" Three: Elizabeth, aged ten and a-half years, William eight, and James five. My wife died in childbed, last November; my girl does the best she can by way of housekeeper; the boys are at school. I cannot spare the lassie, so she gets a lesson at home.

"Description of my dwelling?" I occupy two trim little garrets in a house belonging to Sir Robert Elphinstone, lately built on the market stance of Inverury. We have everything required in our humble way—perhaps our blankets pressed a little too lightly during the late severe winter, but then we crept closer together—that is gone—'tis summer now, and we are hopeful that next winter will bring better things. 'Means of Living?'—employed, seven or eight months yearly, in customary weaving—that is, a country weaver who wants a journeyman sends for me. I assist in making bedding, shirting and other household stuffs. When his customers are served, I am discharged; and so ends the season. During that time, I earn from ten to twelve shillings a week, pay the master generally four shillings for my 'keep,' and remit the rest to my family. In this way, we moved on happy enough. Ambition, or something like it, would, now and then, whisper me into discontent. But now, how blest would I deem myself, had I my beloved partner again, and the same difficulties to retrace. I eke out the blank portions of the season by going into a factory. Here, the young and vigorous only can exceed six shillings weekly. This alone is my period of privation; however, it is wonderful how nicely we get on. A little job now and then, in the musical way, puts all right again.

"I had nearly forgot that you ask me whether I possess 'Good common sense, as well as poetical ability?' Well, really, sir, I cannot say—most people erect their own standard in that matter, and, generally, award to themselves a pretty fair share; and few are found grumbling with the distribution. I have looked, as closely as my degree permitted, upon man; his ways and his wishes; and I have tasted, in my own experience, some of life's bitterest tastings; hence I have obtained some shrewd glimpses of what calls common sense into action, and what follows the action wherein common sense has no share."

This was three years ago. We cannot very well trace his subsequent history. He seems to have been brought to London by his kindhearted patron, but for no very intelligible reason. He is now at his loom, again, in Scotland, and, we fear, again neighbored by distress. "Amid the giant waves of monopoly," he says, at the close of his recollections, "the solitary loom is fast sinking. Thus must the lyre, like a hencoop, be thrown on the wrecking waters, to float its owner ashore." A desperate venture: but let us say of the little volume, since it has momentous service of this kind to discharge, that the reader, who can spare so many pence for so many rhymes, will do well to spare them in this instance. Mr. Thom is not a prodigy, but he is a true man; and any hand that helps to lift him up, will strengthen and honor itself in the doing it.

Here are two further specimens of his poetical quality. The first, the most fanciful subject in the little volume: the second, of that sterner stuff which gives it greater value.

THE LAST TRYST.

This nicht ye'll cross the bosky glen,
Ance mair, O would ye meet me then?
I'll seem as bygone bliss an' pain,
Were a' forgot;

I winna weep to weary thee,
Nor seek the love ye canna gie;—
Whaur first we met, O let that be
The parting spot!

The hour just when the faithless licht
O' yon pale star forsakes the nicht;
I wouldna pain ye wi' the blicht
Ye've brought to me.

Nor would I that yon proud could ray
Should mock me wi' its scornfu' play;—
The sunken een and tresses grey
Ye maunna see.

Wi' sindered hearts few words will sair,
An' brain-dried grief nae tears can spare;
These bluidless lips shall ne'er mair
Name thine or thee.

At murky nicht, O meet me then!
Restore my plighted troth again;
Your bonnie bride shall never ken
Your wrangs to me.

A CHIEFTAIN UNKNOWN TO THE QUEEN.

Auld Scotland cried "Welcome your Queen!"
Ilk glen echoed "Welcome your Queen!"
While turret and tower to mountain and moor,
Cried "Wauken and welcome our Queen!"

Syne, O sic deray was exprest,
As Scotland for lang hadna seen;
When bodies cam bickerin' a' clad in their best—
To beck to their bonnie young Queen.

When a' kinds o' colors cam south,
An' scarlet frae sly Aberdeen;
Ilk flutterin' heart flitted up to the mouth,
A' pantin' to peep at our Queen.

There were earls on that glitterin' strand,
Wi' diamonded dame mony ane;
An' weel might it seem that the happiest land
Was trod by the happiest Queen.

Then mony a chieftain's heart
Beat high 'neath its proud tartan screen;
But one sullen chief stood afar and apart,
Nor recked he the smile o' a Queen.

"Wha's he winna blink on our Queen,
With his haffets sae lyart and lean?"
O ho! it is Want, wi' his gathering gaunt,
An' million of mourners unseen.

Proud Scotland cried "Hide them, O hide!
An' lat nae them light on her een;
Wi' their bairnies bare, it would sorrow her sair!
For a mither's heart moves in our Queen."

It was the fashion, some years ago, to patronize the poetry of housekeepers, butlers and dairy-maids; and a very unwholesome fashion it was. We do not want more people to write: people that can read, are more sorely wanted. It is, however, no wail of neglected genius raised in this book of Mr. Thom's, but a cry that more nearly concerns us all. Is the deeply-seated disease, from which it comes, to be left forever without a remedy? Is the near and neighborly concern for each other's comfort and happiness to be only from the poor to the poor!

Very earnestly do we hope that the pathetic history we have taken from this humble little volume, may help to indicate the necessity of some practical answer to such questions. We are glad, as well as grieved, to think that the picture it presents to us is not of rare occurrence. The same patience, good sense, strong human feeling, and quiet manful endurance, are daily tried in the same extreme distress. And for the single desperate swimmer that gets to land, even drenched and bare-footed as this poor Thom appears to be, how many sink forever. Let not our readers fancy it too dreadful to think of. With fair play allowed—not generosity, not charity, not indulgence of any kind—but with bare and dry fair play, would it be possible that their fellow-creatures could perish thus! Let them think of it.

From Punch.

THOM, THE WEAVER POET OF INVERURY, VERSUS SCOTLAND.

THE Scotch press is even at this time hardly silent on that great national ceremony—mingling of triumph with self-humiliation—the Burns Festival. Scotland, however, is repentant Scotland, and will sin no more. Let us test her sincerity. Let us try the honesty of her sighs and groans at the banks of the Doon, by the activity of her sympathies at Inverury. Let us, if we can, discover the real amount of her affection for the dead Ploughman, by her tenderness towards a kindred, if a lesser, spirit—the living Weaver. In fine, let us see how Scotland—enthusiastic, genius-loving Scotland—stands towards Robert Burns, deceased, and William Thom, living and suffering.

It is obvious that our limits compel us to be brief. Otherwise, we would reprint the whole of Thom's story, written, as much of it is, in the very tears of domestic anguish. We must confine ourselves to brief extracts. William Thom is a hand-loom weaver; he is a native of Aberdeen, and was born in 1800. He lived with his family at the village of Newtyle, when, some years since, he was left to struggle on five shillings a week.

"I will not expatiate," he says, "on six human lives subsisting on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth and too-quickly declining age."

With no employment, he pawned "a most valuable relic of better days" for ten shillings, with which he bought a few books to trade with. He and his family then left their breadless home. They travelled three days.

"Sunset was followed by cold, sour east winds and rain. The children becoming weary and fretful, we made frequent inquiries of other forlorn-looking beings whom we met, to ascertain which farm-town in the vicinity was most likely to afford us quarters. Jean was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at her breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day."

Thom, we should have premised, is a cripple. When seven years old, his ankle and foot were crushed beneath the carriage of the Earl of Errol, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. No pleasant thought this, to the Earl, we should imagine,

when he heard—for as a Scotchman, of course, he has heard—of the multiplied miseries of the *unassisted* poet. But to proceed: Thom seeks shelter at a “comfortable-looking steading,” but is denied the hospitality of an out-house and straw.

“I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and all, except the mother, were fast asleep. ‘Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?’ inquired the trembling woman, ‘I’m dootfu’ o’ Jeanie,’ she added; ‘isna she waesome like? Let’s in frae the cauld. ‘We’ve nae way to gang, lass,’ said I, ‘whate’er come o’ us. Yon folk winna hae us.’ Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbled with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it,—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits—when Despair has loosed Honor’s last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing on-looker is deemed an enemy—who *ruen* can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature’s holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.”

He is no common man who writes thus. However, to finish this terrible narrative. The wretched family obtain admittance about eleven o’clock at the farm-house of John Cooper, West Town, of Kinnaired, and were led to an out-house.

“In less than half-an-hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o’clock when Jean wakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their dead sister. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame.”

The child is buried—the family wander on. One night they arrive at a lodging-house at Methven. Thom is required to pay sixpence for the accommodation; the rule of the house being payment before the parties “tak’ aff their shoon.” This demand induces Thom to have recourse to his flute. He leaves the lodging with his wife:—

“‘A quarter of an hour longer,’ said I, ‘and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit.’ The sun had been down a good while, and the gloamin’ was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. ‘The flowers of the forest’ brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another.”

His music touched the hearts and pockets of the Methven folk.

“There was enough to encourage farther perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that ‘ease and grace’ indispensable to him who would successfully ‘carry the gaberlunzie on.’ I felt I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.”

After a time, trade revived a little—he got tired of “this beggar’s work”—and settled at Inverury:—

“Nine months after our settlement here,” he says, ‘She died—Jean, the mother of my family, partner of my wanderings, the un murmuring sharer in all my difficulties—left us, too, just as the last cloud was passing, ere the outbreak of a brighter day. The cloud passed, but the warmth that followed lost half its value to me, she being no partner therein.”

In 1841, Thom sent a poem, *The Blind Boy’s Pranks*, signed “By a Serf,” to the *Aberdeen Herald*. The simple beauty of this poem attracted the attention of Mr. Gordon, of Knockespoek, one of those men of true heart who wait not until genius shall become churchyard clay, ere they can feel for its past agonies. This gentleman became the fast friend of Thom, and has stood by him until the present time. Thom is now at his loom at Inverury. “Alas! for the loom though,” he says, “amid the giant waves of monopoly, the solitary loom is fast sinking. Thus must the lyre like a hen-coop be thrown on the wrecking waters, to float its owner ashore!”

We have no space to quote any of Thom’s poems. They possess great natural grace and tenderness; though their dialect will prevent their popularity on this side of the Tweed. For which good reason, Thom more especially belongs to Scotland; it is the more *her* duty to foster him.

Be it understood, that in the above we have made no discovery. Two years ago the narrative was published in Scotland; nay, it adorned the pages of *Chambers’ Journal*—a work peculiarly addressed to Scotch sympathies,—and what has Scotland up to this time done for Thom? Why, in the words of a correspondent, “Scotland, with but few exceptions, has felt proud and sorry, and has given a return of *nil*!”

But the time is not yet come. In some eight-and-forty years, perhaps, there may be a Thom Festival. A descendant of Errol’s Earl—of the family whose carriage made a hopeless cripple of the poet—may honor the solemnity with his presidency; a Professor—some Jupiter from the great Saturn—may discourse

“Like that large utterance of the early gods!”—

and all be jubilee and gladness. Then may the weaver’s house at Inverury be visited—then may the roadside where the mother watched her dying infant be deemed consecrated ground—the flute on which the poet played for meals and shelter, a priceless relic! Wait eight-and-forty years, William Thom, and such glory shall be yours. For the present, starve. It is cheaper—thinks economic Scotland—to give bays to the dead, than bread to the living.

It has been insinuated that—*rivâ voce*—we called the Burns Festival, a “hollow humbug.” We have no recollection that such a phrase ever escaped us. If, however, Scotland continues to neglect the weaver of Inverury, we shall no longer doubt the hollowness of the late festival, as a national demonstration. Add every Scotch coronet to that of Eglintoun—let Professor Wilson—

“Was that thunder?”

No: we can name Professor Wilson, and the heavens still be tranquil! Let Professor Wilson, we say, utter the eloquence of all Olympus,—why, even then, with Thom neglected, we would most unhesitatingly pronounce the words attributed to us, and in the very teeth of Scotland groan, "HOLLOW HUMBBUG!"

But no, Scotland will do otherwise; she will be genial, generous towards the weaver of Inverury. She will sympathize with his wants, she will be proud of his genius. Yes, in the case of William Thom a miracle will be worked; for he will find that he "can gather figs of Thistles."

A FRENCH "MODEL FARM" IN AFRICA.—The French, having possessed themselves of Algiers, have in the most praiseworthy manner set about cultivating the soil. This is nothing but right—the proper payment of a debt due to dear, ill-used mother earth. Having committed a hundred *razzias* (a new word in the rich vocabulary of military glory) upon the Moors, having burnt their crops, destroyed their villages, and carried away everything that could be made into rations, they have now turned farmers themselves, in the sincerity of their compunction determining to eat of the fruits of their own labor—the fruits of pillage having become scarce and so uncertain. To follow out this noble intention, numbers of model farm-houses have been constructed in France, and shipped for Algeria. We give a correct sketch of one of these abodes of rustic peace and happiness, and are furthermore enabled to lay before the reader the translation of a letter, sent by a cultivator of the soil to his kindred in France. It is valuable, as showing that whatever the difficulties of the farming interest may be in England, they are, nevertheless, not to be compared to the agricultural struggle in Africa.

Aug. 25, 1844, *Mon Repos, Algiers.*

MY DEAR PARENTS,

Your kind letter, strange to say, found me alive. You ask me to send you an account of our Model Farm. I inclose a picture of it, by which you will see the happy security we dwell in. The farm is surrounded by a stockade, and we mount not less than fifty forty-two pounders; these are constantly double loaded with grape of the very best vintage. Thus, our guns bear upon our fields, if nothing else does. Indeed, everything about us may be said to be shooting, except the crops. Still I do not despair. Two months ago we ploughed two hundred Arabs into a field of four acres, and find they are coming up very nicely in turnips. For agricultural glory, there is nothing like bonedust.

Indeed, it is amazing to see how glory blesses us in this country. We feed the Gallic cock upon small-shot; and, strange to say, the hens lay nothing but bullets. Indeed, such is the vigilance of the Arabs, that we are compelled to stand to our guns at milking time, and feed the pigs with fixed bayonets. We are, however, exercising the milkmaids in platoon firing, and trust they are quite able to take the field with the cows, now that the guns, which they are to carry, have been provided us.

We yesterday held a court-martial on the sentinel who mounted guard at the duck's house; a party of the enemy having scaled the wall at night, and carried off our only brood of ducklings.

The drake and duck were found with their throats cut. Were there ever such barbarous villains as these Arabs? The sentinel was shot this morning at six, with all the honors. Although the villains stole our ducks, they fortunately missed the onions; I say fortunately, for they might have found, at least, a rope apiece.

We are, however, preparing for a grand operation. We have deposited an immense quantity of gunpowder under the dunghill. We purpose to appear off our guard—shall suffer the enemy to scale our stockade, plant their banners on our dunghill, and then—as they think, in the moment of victory—blow them to atoms! Thus may true glory be obtained, like mushrooms, even from a dunghill!

You will, from the above, judge of the charming excitement of our country life; of the delightful employment of cultivating beet-root and laurels in the same field. You will —

— But I am called away. Our shepherd has just returned without his nose and ears. Our two sheep are carried off! We hasten to make a *sortie* to avenge the honor of outraged France! *Vive la gloire, vive la France, jusqu'à la mort!*

ALEXIS BONHOMME, Pig-Adjutant.

P. S. The villains are conquered—but we have lost our Goose-master General (Monsieur Jacotot,) who, you may inform his relatives, will be irrevocably bound in Morocco.—*Punch.*

SONG OF THE SPORTSMAN.

HURRAH for the cover! Hurrah for the field!

Let others to study their faculties yield,

Or their minds to professions or business apply;

No employment, no mental resources have I.

Hurrah!

I'm completely wrapt up in my dogs and my gun,
And exist for no purpose or object but one;—

To bag as much game in a day as I can:

Occupation enough, I should say, for a man.

Hurrah!

Oh! talk not to me of the comforts of home,

I prefer with my good double-barrel to roam:

With his Juno, and Carlo, and Brush by his side,

Little recks the true sportsman of children or bride.

Hurrah!

All your tea-parties, dances and stuff, I detest,
When I come home at night what I wish for is rest;

Hang your harps, and pianos, and fiddlededee!

The crack of my MANTON's the music for me.

Hurrah!

On the beauties of Nature your muffs may dilate,
For my part I never attend to their prate;

Altogether intent upon beating the ground,

I care not a straw for the prospect around.

Hurrah!

Copse, turnips, and stubble all day let me tread,
No thought but of sport ever ent'ring my head:

Then homeward, at evening, to supper repair;

And when I've had that, go to sleep in my chair.

Hurrah!

Punch.

LETTER FROM SATAN MONTGOMERY TO PUNCH.

PUNCH,—You have behaved like an impetiginous¹ scroyle!² Like those inquisite,³ crass sciolists⁴ who, envious of my moral celsitude,⁵ carry their nugacity⁶ to the height of creating symposically⁷ the facund⁸ words which my polymathic⁹ genius uses with uberty¹⁰ to abrogate¹¹ the tongues of the weetless!¹² Punch, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams.¹³ I will not coacervate¹⁴ reproaches—I would obduce¹⁵ a veil over the atramental¹⁶ ingratitude which has champfered¹⁷ even my undiscerptible¹⁸ heart. I am silent on the fossillation¹⁹ which my coadjuvancy²⁰ must have given you when I offered to become your fautor²¹ and adminicle.²²

I will not speak of the lippitude,²³ the ablepsy,²⁴ you have shown in exacerbating me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental disalcation.²⁵ So I tell you, Punch, syncophically,²⁶ and without supervacaneous²⁷ words, nothing will render ignoscible²⁸ your conduct to me. I warn you that I would vellicate²⁹ your nose, if I thought that any moral diathrosis³⁰ could be thereby performed—if I thought that I should not impignorate³¹ my reputation by such a digtadiation.³²

Go! tachygraphic³³ scroyle!³⁴ band with your crass, inquisite³⁵ fautors³⁶—draw oblectation³⁷ from the thought, if you can, of having synachronically³⁸ lost the existimation³⁹ of the greatest poet since Milton, and drawn upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it.

Knowledge is power, and power is mercy—so I wish you no worse than that it may prove an eternal hypnotic.⁴⁰

SATAN MONTGOMERY.

. English words to be found in Walker's Dictionary.

¹ Impetiginous, scaly. ² Scroyle, wretch. ³ Inquisite, corrupt. ⁴ Sciolist, imperfectly knowing. ⁵ Celsitude, height. ⁶ Nugacity, trifling. ⁷ Symposically, relating to merry-making. ⁸ Facund, eloquent. ⁹ Polymathic, knowing many arts. ¹⁰ Uberty, abundance. ¹¹ Abrogate, tie up. ¹² Weetless, unknowing. ¹³ Tangram, cant word. ¹⁴ Coacervate, heap up. ¹⁵ Obduce, draw over. ¹⁶ Atramental, inky. ¹⁷ Champfered, furrowed. ¹⁸ Undiscerptible, unfrangible. ¹⁹ Fossillation, comfort. ²⁰ Coadjuvancy, help. ²¹ Fautor, countenancer. ²² Adminicle, help. ²³ Lippitude, blindness of eye. ²⁴ Ablepsy, blindness. ²⁵ Disalcation, act of taking off shoes. ²⁶ Syncophically, with contraction of words. ²⁷ Supervacaneous, superfluous. ²⁸ Ignoscible, capable of being pardoned. ²⁹ Vellicate, twitch. ³⁰ Diathrosis, an operation whereby crooked limbs are straightened. ³¹ Impignorate, pawn, forfeit. ³² Digtadiation, combat. ³³ Tachygraphic, fast writing. ³⁴ Oblectation, pleasure. ³⁵ Synachronically, at the same time. ³⁶ Existimation, opinion. ³⁷ Hypnotic, opiate.

THE journals of Aix la Chappelle, Cologne, and Augsburg, and the *German Universal Gazette*, and also several other German journals, all concur in stating that it is a custom in the Province of Silesia for the forest-keepers to shoot such poachers as they find in *flagrante delicto*, and burn their bodies. The statement as to this unparalleled atrocity is confirmed by the *Silesia*, published at Leignitz, the capital of the principality, and subjected to the censorship. This journal states that during the last winter, on one domain in Silesia, more than ten poachers were sacrificed in this manner.

LORD NON-CONTENT.

Lyndhurst.—CONTENT OR NON-CONTENT?
Brougham.—Oh! NON-CONTENT, OF COURSE.

Oh! no, I say; don't mention it,
'Tis really too absurd;
I don't admit a single thing;
I won't believe a word.
From all that noble lords have said,
In toto I dissent;
Why, does n't everybody know
I'm always "Non-Content?"

They tell me I'm an obstinate,
Impracticable man;
I'm open to conviction—but
Convince me if you can.
I blame your views, deny your facts,
Dispute your argument;
Then why the question put to me?
Of course I'm "Non-Content."

Content, indeed! I never was,
From childhood's dawn till now;
And I should greatly like to see
The statement I'd allow.
To differ only I'll agree;
On that I'm firmly bent.
I am, I will, I must, I shall,
Be always "Non-Content."—Punch.

THE NAME OF A PRINCE.—Our contemporary, the *Court Journal*, lately put forth a very beautifully written article on the probable name of the last new prince. The rake of recollection had been poetically plunged into the garden of history, or, to drop all metaphor, the writer had hooked up one or two leading events in Hume and Smollett, upon which he had hung the glorious conclusion that the public would be electrified if the prince were to be called Alfred. Now if electrifying the public is to be the grand object in selecting a name for a prince, we should suggest that the public would be much less electrified by his being called Alfred, than if he were to be christened Ebenezer Samuel James Timothy Benjamin. Such a name as that would be what might be termed, figuratively—a stunner to the entire nation.—Punch.

ACCIDENT TO THE LIBERATOR.—When all the preparations were made to liberate O'Connell, it was discovered to be impossible for the martyr to quit the prison by the same door that he entered it. The truth is, he had become so enormously fat, in consequence of the culinary presents of a grateful people, that another opening had to be made in the walls before he could wend his way to Merrion-square. This circumstance is not generally known; but those who recollect—and who does not?—our portrait of O'Connell in his captivity, cannot for a moment doubt it.—Punch.

AN ALDERMAN WANTED.—The ward of Billingsgate will want an alderman. May we beg to recommend a certain law lord, whose peculiar knowledge of the language of the district renders him singularly worthy of the gown.

EARLY HOURS.—The movement for the early closing of all places of trade is gaining strength. That two or three publishers may be shut up very early, the author of *The Great Metropolis* has resolved to write books for them.—Punch.

From Punch.

LOVE IN REASON.

FROM A WIDOWER TO A WIDOW, WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your kind looks and cordial words have accompanied me all the way home, and—the truth is, I write this before going to bed, I shall sleep the more soundly for having the matter off my mind. It is true, we have met but once; but we are both of us at that rational point of life, when people know the most value of time; and as all ceremony is but an idle waste of existence, I beg herewith to offer you my hand, and, with it, though I have been married before, an entire heart. There are hearts, madam, allow me to say, all the better for keeping; they become mellow, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things, too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them. I have been married to one wife, and know enough of the happiness of wedlock to wish it to be continued in another. The best compliment I can pay to the dear creature now in heaven is to seek another dear creature here on earth. She was a woman of admirable judgment; and her portrait—it hangs over my chimney piece—smiles down upon me as I write. She seems to know my thoughts and to approve of them. I said, madam, she was a woman of excellent judgment.

My means are tolerably good; more than sufficient for my widowed state. Of the truth of this, your solicitor shall have the most satisfactory proof. I have also heard—casually heard—that fortune has not, my dear madam, been blind to your deserts, and has awarded more than enough to keep the wolf from the door. I rejoice at this: for whatever might be my disappointment, I would not entail upon you the inconvenience of marriage unaccompanied by an agreeable competence. What is enough for one—it has been said—is enough for two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid, who never could learn figures. Now Hymen—as you must know, dear madam—is a better arithmetician; taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for girls and boys; but men and women like a larger mansion, with coach-house and stabling.

You may urge against me that I have incumbrances. By no means. My daughter having married a beggar, has ceased to have any natural claim upon me. If I am civil to her, it is solely from a certain weakness of heart that I cannot wholly conquer: and something too, moreover, to keep up appearances with a meddling world. I have told her that she is never to expect a farthing from me, and I should despise myself not to be a man of my word.

I have, too, a son; but when I tell you that I have once paid his debts, incurred in his wild minority, you will allow that except my blessing, and, at times, my paternal advice, he can expect nothing more. I know the duties of a father, and will never satisfy the cravings of a profligate. Nevertheless, he is my own son; and whatever may be his need my blessing and my counsel he shall never want.

My health, madam, has ever been excellent. I have worn like rock. I have heard of such things as nerves, but believe it my fate to have been born without any such weaknesses. I speak thus plainly of essentials, as you and I, madam, are

now too wise to think consumption pretty—to tie ourselves to ill-health, believing it vastly interesting. I can ride forty miles a day, and take a hedge with any fellow of five-and-twenty. I say, I speak of these things, that you may know me as I am. Moreover, I assure you I eat with my own teeth, and grow my own hair. Besides this, I am only two-and-fifty.

What do you say, madam? As for vices, as I am an honest man, I do not think I can lay any to my charge. I may have my human weaknesses—such, indeed, as I have touched upon above; but, madam, it has ever been my study through life to be respectable. I have the handsomest pew in the church, and don't owe any man a shilling.

Well, my dear madam, it is getting late, and I must conclude. I hate to be out of bed after eleven—it is now past twelve. Hence, you must perceive how very much I am interested in this business. In another ten minutes I shall be asleep, and dreaming of you. May I wake to find my dream—for I know what it will be—a reality!

If our solicitors are mutually satisfied, will you name the day? I am superstitious about days—say then, say Thursday week, and believe me your devoted lover till death.

NICHOLAS BLACKTHORN.

P. S. May I see you to-morrow?

THE WIDOW'S ANSWER.

SIR,—Your favor of last night, has I own surprised me. What! after one meeting, and that at a card-party, to make such an offer! Well to be sure, you men are strange creatures! What, indeed, could you have seen in my conduct to think I could look over such coldness?

As for the rational point of life you speak of, I must confess I know not when that exactly occurs; do you think it—at least with women—at two-and-thirty: or if not, may I beg to know what age you consider me! Perhaps, though, my early and irreparable loss may have brought a look of premature age upon me. It is very possible—for what a man he was!

As for what you say about hearts, sir, I know but little; I only know the one I have lost. If I did pluck it green, like the winter-apples in my store-room, it grew riper and riper in my care.

You say your wife's portrait smiled while you wrote. *His* dear miniature is now before me; I think I see the tears starting through the ivory as I look upon the precious features. If he ever could have frowned, surely he would frown now to think—but I will not pursue the theme.

As to your means, sir, I am happy to hear they are sufficient. Although I can by no possibility have an interest in them, nevertheless I myself too well know the blessings of competence not to congratulate you. True it is I know but little of the ways of money; but am blessed in my solicitors, Messrs. Grip and Nip, No. —, Furnival's Inn.

You speak of your incumbrances; my husband dying, left me without a single one. That your daughter should have forgotten her duty, is an affliction. I am glad, however, to find that you know the true source of consolation, and refuse to lend yourself to her improvidence. Truly, indeed, do you say it is a meddling world. I have found it so; as some of my lamented husband's poor

relations will answer for me. However, as I could not endure the sight of anything that reminded me of my dear lost treasure, I have left them for ever in Cornwall. It is now some months since they have ceased to distress me.

Your son may mend. If you will allow me as a stranger to speak, I think you should still act with tenderness towards him. How very little would pay his passage to Australia!

Health is, indeed, a treasure. I know it. Had I not had the robustness—pardon the word!—of a mountain nymph, I had never survived the dreadful shock that cruel death has inflicted on me. As it was, it struck me down. But, as the poet says, "the bulrush rises when the oak goes crash."

You are partial to hunting! It is a noble recreation. My departed lamb followed the hounds, and, as sportsmen say, would ride at anything. He once broke his collar bone; but with good nursing, we put him in the saddle again in a month. Ha! you should have seen him in his scarlet coat!

In this fleeting life, how small and vain are personal gifts compared to the treasures of the mind! Still, if there is anything I admire, it is fine teeth. A wig, at least in a man, is detestable.

You say you are two-and-fifty. Well, I must say, you don't look *that* age.

You speak plainly of vices, and say you have none. It would be ill manners in me, on so short—I may say, so very trivial—an acquaintance, to doubt you. Besides, it has been my faith—and what I have lost by it I have not time to tell—to think well of everybody. Weaknesses we all have. One of mine is, a love of a pew. We think but very little of religion, when we forget proper hassocks.

I have, however, delayed you too long; and indeed, except for politeness' sake, know not why I should have written at all.

I therefore remain

Your obedient Servant,

RUTH DOUBLEKNOT.

P. S. I shall be out all day to-morrow. At present—I say at present—I know of no engagement for the next day; no, not next day—the day after, for I hate a Thursday.

TO THE WOULD-BE GENTEEL.—The termination of the season has enabled *Punch*, through extensive negotiations with the butlers and footmen of the nobility and gentry, to offer to his subscribers, on the most moderate terms, a large assortment of Aristocratic Visiting Cards. Any gentleman or lady, desirous of gaining credit for titled and fashionable acquaintance, will find this an eligible opportunity for gratifying their pride or vanity. Physicians, surgeons, and other professional men, who may wish to appear to have a good connection, will also do well to avail themselves of it. Cheap De Veres, Montgomerys, Montagues, Mortimers, Melvilles, &c., (a large stock,) at the smallest figure. At *Punch's Office*, 194, Strand.

N.B. Observe the Statue of *Punch* in the window.

STATE OF THE MATRIMONIAL TRADE.—LOVERS.—A large cargo of fine lively Lovers just landed, in prime condition. Dressed every day by Moses and Son, in the highest perfection, and sent to any part of town or country. Allowances to Widows, or to families having two or three daughters, according to the quantity taken.—*Punch*.

THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

OVER the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the Ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand;

A steamer brave
Is on the wave,
Bound, positively, for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Bulloigne, and thou,
Richard, lion-hearted King,
Candidly inform us, now,
Did you ever?
No you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations
Enter'd your imaginations
As the ensuing—

"Ease her, stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"Mascus, 'Mascus!'" "Ticket, please, sir."
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem! 'lem!'"—"Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, Sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"
"Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady's for the Nile,
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes! Sir!"
"Steady!"
"Now where's that party for Engedi?"—
Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,
Had ye e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say,
"Buss," perchance, to Jericho;
"Only sixpence all the way."
Cabs in Solyma may ply:—
—'T is a not unlikely tale,—
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by "rail."—*Punch*.

A NEW IRISH MELODY.

(To an old Air, viz. "Brian O'Lin.")

DANIEL O'CONNELL 'd no mischief to brew,
So he started Repeal just for something to do,
And the watch-word like mad through Hibernia
ran;

"Och! the rint is a mighty fine income," says Dan.
Daniel O'Connell found nothing would do
But to keep up a regular hullabaloo,
Till he found himself frying like fat in a pan;
"Faith, I'm thinking I'd like to be out on't,"
says Dan.

Daniel O'Connell said rather too much,
About blackguards, and tyrants, and Sassenachs,
and such,
Till the government shut up the turbulent man;
"Arrah! here's a gintale situation," says Dan.

Daniel O'Connell had friends to his back,
So he got out of prison again in a crack;
And he now is exactly just where he began,
"Arrah! What in the world will I do now?"
says Dan.—*Punch*.

From the Examiner.

A Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation and the Arts of Naval Warfare. With a brief Notice of Ericsson's Caloric Engine. Delivered before the Boston Lyceum, by JOHN O. SARGENT. New York and London. Wiley and Putnam.

ERICSSON, an ensign in the Swedish army, and a man of remarkable mechanical genius, worked in London with Braithwaite nearly twenty years ago. After some admirable inventions, of which he did not enjoy the fruits, he submitted to the Board of Admiralty a steam-boat moved by the propeller instead of the paddle-wheel. It was tried on the Thames, and the admiralty were cordial and sympathizing, and thought it very interesting, and shook Ericsson by the hand with every kind of attention and respect. But they would have nothing to do with the invention. Ericsson took it to America, and the lively picture which opens Mr. Sargent's *Discourse* tells us the result.

"Some five or six years ago I was a spectator of the departure of the *Great Western* from the port of New York, on her first transatlantic voyage. The event excited universal interest. Quite a gala day was made on the occasion. When the hour of her departure approached, Castle Garden, and the battery, and the piers in the neighborhood, on the North and East Rivers, were crowded with their thousands of curious and anxious spectators. The numerous ships in the harbor displayed their national flags. Scores of sail-boats and row-boats were darting about among the large craft, with which the bay and rivers were alive. When this magnificent vessel started on her voyage, she was followed by a fleet of steam-boats laden with dense masses of human beings, while the floating streamers and gay music animated a scene which is, at all times, one of surpassing natural beauty.

"The *Great Western* continued to come and go, with the regularity of the returning months, and her departure had, of course, ceased to be a subject of much more interest than that of an ordinary London packet.

"On the 20th of October last, however, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the tide of life that was pouring down Broadway towards the Battery, indicated that some spectacle was anticipated of similar interest with that which I have described. The Battery and the piers were again thronged with an expecting multitude. At her appointed hour the *Great Western* came ploughing her way down the East River, under circumstances which manifested more than ordinary effort. She was enveloped in clouds of steam, and of dense black smoke; her paddle-wheels were revolving with unusual velocity, leaving a white wake behind her, that seemed to cover half the river with foam:—and with her sails all set, she was evidently prepared to do her best in an anticipated race. As she passed the Battery she was greeted with three hearty cheers, and a fair field with no favor was all that she seemed to challenge, and the least that all were willing to allow her.

"She had left Castle Garden about a quarter of a mile behind her, when a fine model of a sailing ship, frigate-like, appeared gliding gracefully down the North River, against the tide, without a breath

of smoke or steam to obscure her path—with no paddle-wheels or smoke-pipe visible—propelled by a noiseless and unseen agency, without a rag of canvass on her lithe and beautiful spars—but at a speed that soon convinced the assembled thousands that she would successfully dispute the palm with the gallant vessel, celebrated throughout the world, and everywhere admitted to be the queen of the seas.

"Such is the march of improvement in the arts. The new comer was the United States war-steamer *Princeton*. The agent by which she was moved was ERICSSON'S PROPELLER. She soon reached and passed the *Great Western*, went round her, and passed her a second time before they had reached their point of separation. In a moment practical men began to speak lightly of their hitherto favorite paddle-wheel—and the propeller, that they had shrugged their shoulders at, and amused themselves with for some years of doubtful experiment, rose into altogether unexpected favor."

The advantage to a ship of war is that the propeller is noiseless, and, with a vessel of good draft, acts below the surface. Thus she gives no warning in a night approach, is protected in her motion from missiles, and can use her sails.

Mr. Sargent's pamphlet gives an interesting memoir of Ericsson, and an account of his *Caloric Engine*. He has constructed it on the theory of those mechanical forces in nature which undergo no change. Atmospheric air, which at each stroke of the piston returns the heat, and uses it over and over again, works this engine. The subject is strikingly introduced, and deserving of attention.

WHO LIBERATED O'CONNELL!—Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the real author of the Liberator's liberation. At first it was attributed to the three Whig Law Lords in the House of Peers: but this simple and natural account of the matter did not long satisfy the curious inquirers of our age. An ulterior cause, a *primum mobile*, has been sought for. *The Morning Chronicle*, modestly hints that its "leaders" did the job. *The National* is decidedly of opinion that the terror of French Democracy was "the cause of this effect." O'Connell and a majority of his friends piously attribute it to a special interference of the Virgin Mary in his behalf; while the graceless Smith O'Brien avows the Epicurean doctrine that it was all owing to "Chance." Discordant and irreconcilable though these opinions are, they seem all clearly traceable to a common conviction that the liberation did not take place, like ordinary gaol-deliveries, "in due course of law."

SEVERAL deaths of persons well known by name or by association are mentioned in the papers. That of Captain Basil Hall, some time buried from the world in Haslar Asylum, will be regretted by all. Others recently dead are Dr. Gillespie, Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrews, and brother-in-law of Lord Campbell—known for his verse and classical attainments; Mr. Frederick Sugden, eldest son of the Irish lord chancellor; and M. Theule, formerly member of the legislative assembly, who expired at Paris in his eighty-eighth year.

From Punch.

GALLANTRY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

OUR contemporaries have stated that letters recently passed between Lady Aldborough, at Paris, and Louis Philippe. Her ladyship wished to know if war was likely, and like a true woman applied at once to head quarters. We have been exclusively favored with a copy of the correspondence, which we subjoin:—

LADY ALDBOROUGH TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

SIRE,—I have just returned home from my morning drive, and having seen "*Mort aux Anglais*" chalked on walls and other places—besides having remarked many significant gestures on the part of your excellent people—I am desirous to learn of your courtesy, when you think the war between England and France will really commence. It would much oblige me could I have the earliest notice, as I have much packing.

Your obedient servant,

P. S. In the event of a war, I wish particularly to know if my poodle will be suffered to depart with me, or if he will be claimed as a French-born subject!

LOUIS PHILIPPE TO LADY ALDBOROUGH.

MY DEAR LADY ALDBOROUGH,—It penetrates me with the greatest distress to learn your uneasiness. Assure yourself, my dear madam; assure yourself. As for the words "*Death to the English*," they mean nothing. They merely indicate the literary yearnings of my people. They must always be writing something; and it is one of their characteristics to choose death and such horrors; they being, as they conceive, peculiarly national. As for the chalk, I assure you, odd as it may seem, it is that very article that will prevent any rupture between England and France. We can't afford it; we must fight upon credit—and then how is the chalk to be wiped off—how is the score to be paid afterwards?

Besides, is it likely that we should be going to war, when I have just sent a *char-à-banc*—a sort of French omnibus—to my sweet little friend, Queen Victoria! It is one of the largest kind, not only capable of accommodating her Majesty, the prince, and the children; but all the philosophers, authors, artists, and men of science, who, as I understand, are continually guests at Windsor.

Trust me, my dear Madam, we shall have no war; no, you are in Paris safe—safe as though you were in Eden.

Yours,

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

LIGHTING THE METROPOLIS.—The following statistics, prepared by one of the principal gas companies, will give some idea of the means at present employed for lighting London and its suburbs:—There are eighteen public gas works, conducted by twelve companies; their capital amounts to upwards of 2,800,000*l.*, employed in pipes, tanks, &c. The revenue derivable therefrom is estimated at 450,000*l.* per annum. There are about 180,000 tons of coal used annually; there are 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made; 134,300 private lights; 30,400 public lights; 380 lamp-lighters, 176 gasometers, several of them double, and capable of storing 5,500,000 feet; and about 2,500 persons are employed in various ways.

BROUGHAM'S PENAL SETTLEMENT.

[In the Collection of States now exhibiting at Westminster Hall, Lord Brougham is placed between two "sleeping nymphs." *Vide* Catalogue, Nos. 166, 167, 168.]

UNHAPPY Brougham! doomed to silence long,
Muzzled in marble that unruly tongue;
In pensive plight, two slumbering nymphs between,
Unwilling partner in a passive scene.
What skilful judge the happy contrast chose!
Their calm, and thy compulsory, repose!
Or sleep the nymphs on either side to try
If thou *canst* hold thy peace—in courtesy!
Perhaps the anxious junco, half in doubt,
And fearing lest the very stone cry out,
Designed to fix thy active legal sense
On some distinction without difference;
Set to decide in meditation deep,
Between a sleeping nymph and nymph asleep.
Oh! cruelly ingenious to invent
For Brougham such a penal settlement.
All that could tempt the rhetorician's rage,
A lofty audience, and of every age,
Bound to be still, at least, if not to hear,
None to oppose, object, or interfere,
And yet be dumb! How far hast thou outgone
The stony writhings of Laocoon;
For in thy penalty combined we see
At once a Tantalus* and Niobe.†—Punch.

M. JOBARD, of Brussels, who has devoted much attention to pyrotechnic works, has communicated to the French government what he states to be the composition of Capt. Warner's destructive power. It consists, he says, of a Congreve rocket, made in this way; the head of it is composed of a hollow iron cone, of great strength, containing a kilogramme of fulminate of mercury, on which is placed the usual charge of the rocket, of which the body is twice as long as those in general use. He discharges his projectile from a directing-tube from the port-hole of the vessel and on a level with the water, so that his projectile, skimming along the waves, which support a part of its weight, fixes itself in the side of the enemy's vessel, where it bursts, when the fire reaches the fulminating powder, and, making an immense opening in it, sinks it at once. The proper range of this rocket is only three or four miles, but Captain Warner imagines he can send it five or six by discharging it from a cannon. He does not say that he will attain his object in the first attempt, but he will try on until he succeeds.

THE *Revue de Paris* says: "Accounts have just been received from Messrs. Garella and Cortines, the engineers who were sent some time since by the government to survey the Isthmus of Panama. The full results are not yet known, but it is said that they reject the idea of a railroad and decide in favor of a canal; the great object being not the mere conveyance of merchandise across the Isthmus, but a union of the Pacific and the Atlantic so as to enable ships to pass from one to the other in a few hours, instead of having to go round South America after doubling Cape Horn."

* Tantalus, a gentleman in ancient fable, represented as always trying to do something, and just not succeeding in doing it.

† Niobe, a lady in ancient fable, very boastful, and turned into stone on account of her vanity.